April 7, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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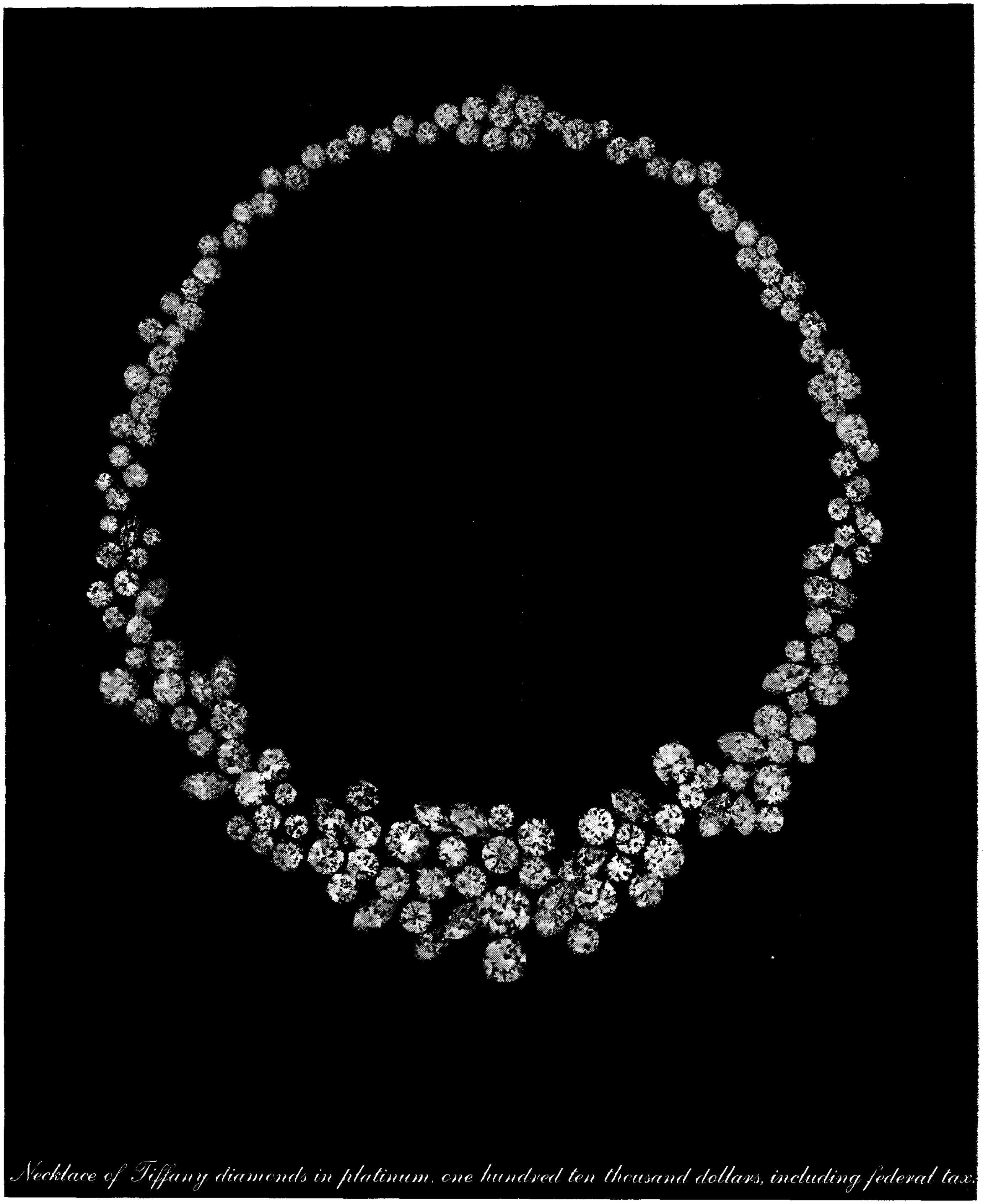

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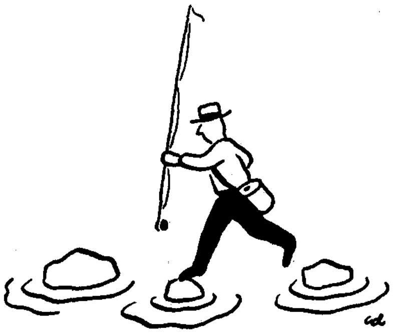
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Aspern Papers—Maybe there isn't too much substance in Michael Redgrave's adaptation of Henry James's story about a publisher who wants to lay hands on the manuscripts of a defunct American poet—the papers now presumably being in the possession of the poet's mistress, a centenarian resident of Venice—but the acting, by Maurice Evans, Françoise Rosay, Augusta Merighi, Jen Nelson, Clifford David, and, most particularly, Wendy Hiller, is a joy to behold. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gideon—A Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky in which Fredric March, as a Lord both wrathful and whimsical, tries to make Douglas Campbell, as Gideon, appreciate the fact that a lover of God has to put all traces of selfish pride behind him. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, and is acted with enthusiasm by the large cast. However, the central idea grows a trifle thin before the drama has run its course. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Gift of Time—One large redeeming feature of this generally footless account of a man slowly dying of cancer is the performance of Henry Fonda, as the victim. Mr. Fonda is assisted meagrely by Olivia de Havilland. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Great Day in the Morning—A rather amorphous drama having to do with some Irish-Americans resident in St. Louis in 1928. However shapeless, though, the play, written by Alice Cannon, has a number of diverting scenes in the course of which Colleen Dewhurst and the other performers—all of them effective—romp about in a gay and gaudy style. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Man for All Seasons—It's a good bet that this is the best play you'll encounter all year. The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, and Paul Scofield plays him with enormous persuasiveness. He is ably assisted by Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, David J. Stewart, and, in the highest degree, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex, and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel, and the cast includes Margaret Leighton, Shelley Winters, Alan Webb, and Patrick O'Neal. They are all quite fine, especially Miss Leighton, who really glows as a spinster tied to a durable grandfather. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Monday, April 9, at 8:40; on Sunday, April 8, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Passage to India—Santha Rama Rau's adaptation of E. M. Forster's celebrated 1924 novel about the uneasiness of the relationships between the British and the Indians under their control. Eric Portman, Gladys Cooper, Zia Mohyeddin, and Anne Meacham perform admirably, but the play is not as effective as its source. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie Victorious—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in Mr. Davis's farce about some spirited Negroes and their obsolete white boss on a plantation in Georgia. As a playwright Mr. Davis is uneven, but as an actor he is fine. Miss Dee does some expert clowning as a wide-eyed country girl. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ross—A sketch of Lawrence of Arabia, told in flashbacks from the time he was allegedly seeking anonymity as an obscure airman at an English base to the days of his glory as the terror of the Turks. John Mills is arresting as the hero of Terence Rattigan's play, but the main question about Lawrence—was he a fake or a genius, or maybe a bit of both?—is never satisfactorily resolved. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shot in the Dark—A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama (adapted by Harry Kurnitz from "L'Idiote," by Marcel Achard) in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. Proving Miss Harris's guilt or innocence is a lengthy and not too interesting procedure, but Walter Matthau gives a first-rate comic performance as her wealthy employer, who has shared her favors with the chauffeur. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sunday in New York—A girl's difficulty in remaining virginal and still keeping the boys on edge is explored relentlessly in the first act of this endeavor by Norman Krasna; the second act affords a funny fifteen-minute relief. With Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Dartmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play, written by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Write Me a Murder—Although this homicidal exercise by Frederick Knott may not be as tense as his "Dial 'M' for Murder," it is full of the tantalizing complications so dear to the hearts of mystery-drama fanciers. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies do well in the leading roles. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—Come Blow Your Horn: Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. With Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Mary, Mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Scott McKay (substituting for two weeks for Barry Nelson), Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

All American—Ray Bolger, penetrably disguised as a refugee professor at a Southern football college, gets a few chances to give his old, soft shoes a workout. Even so, the show is strident and unappealing, in spite of Mr. Bolger, some pleasant songs by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, and some handsome sets by Jo Mielziner. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it gets going, this spoof of commercial mores is quite funny. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, and Paul Reed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of the life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy, young crook; Harold Rome has written lively and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 7, April 7, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1962, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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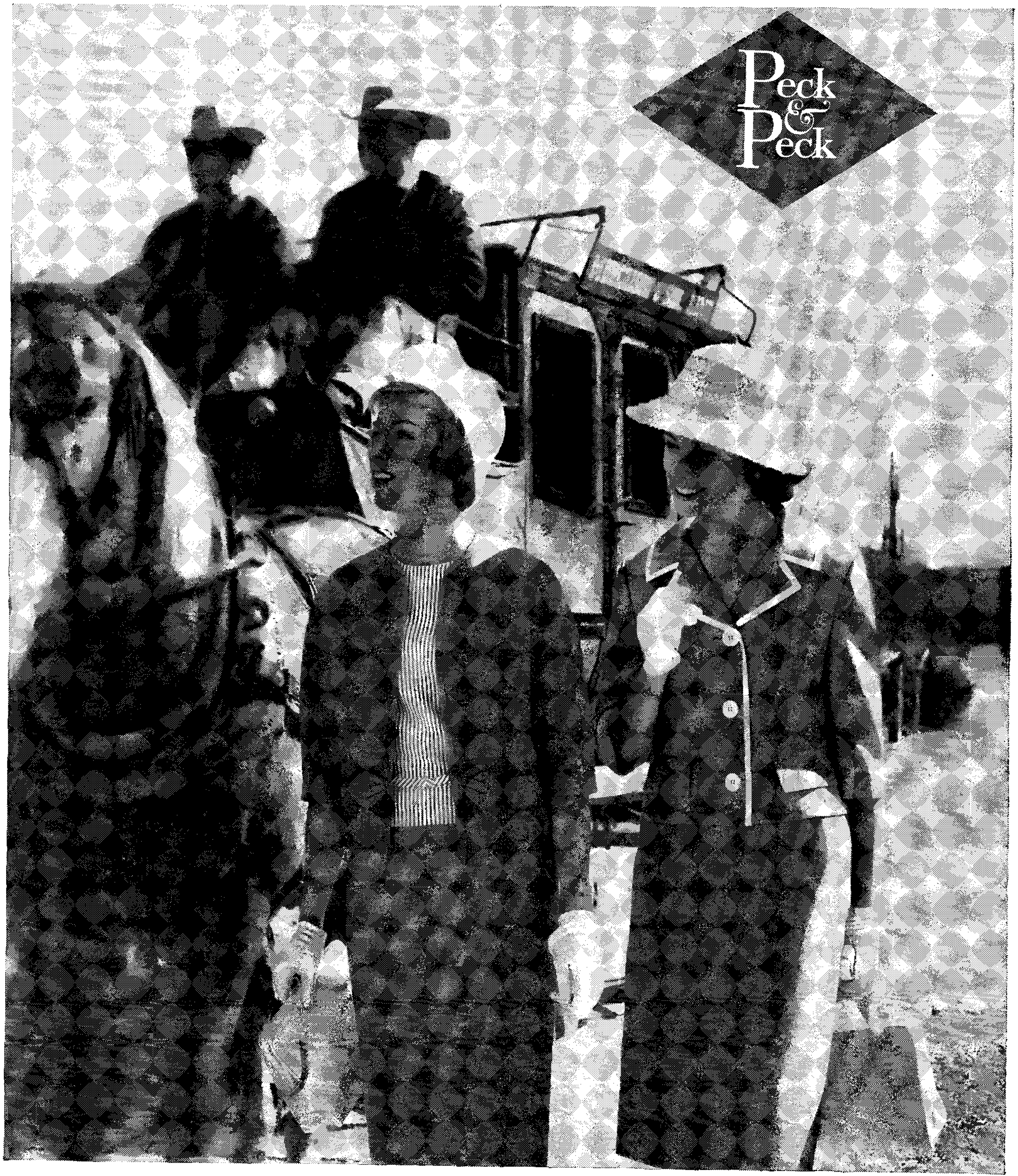

On a western movie set near Phoenix, Arizona

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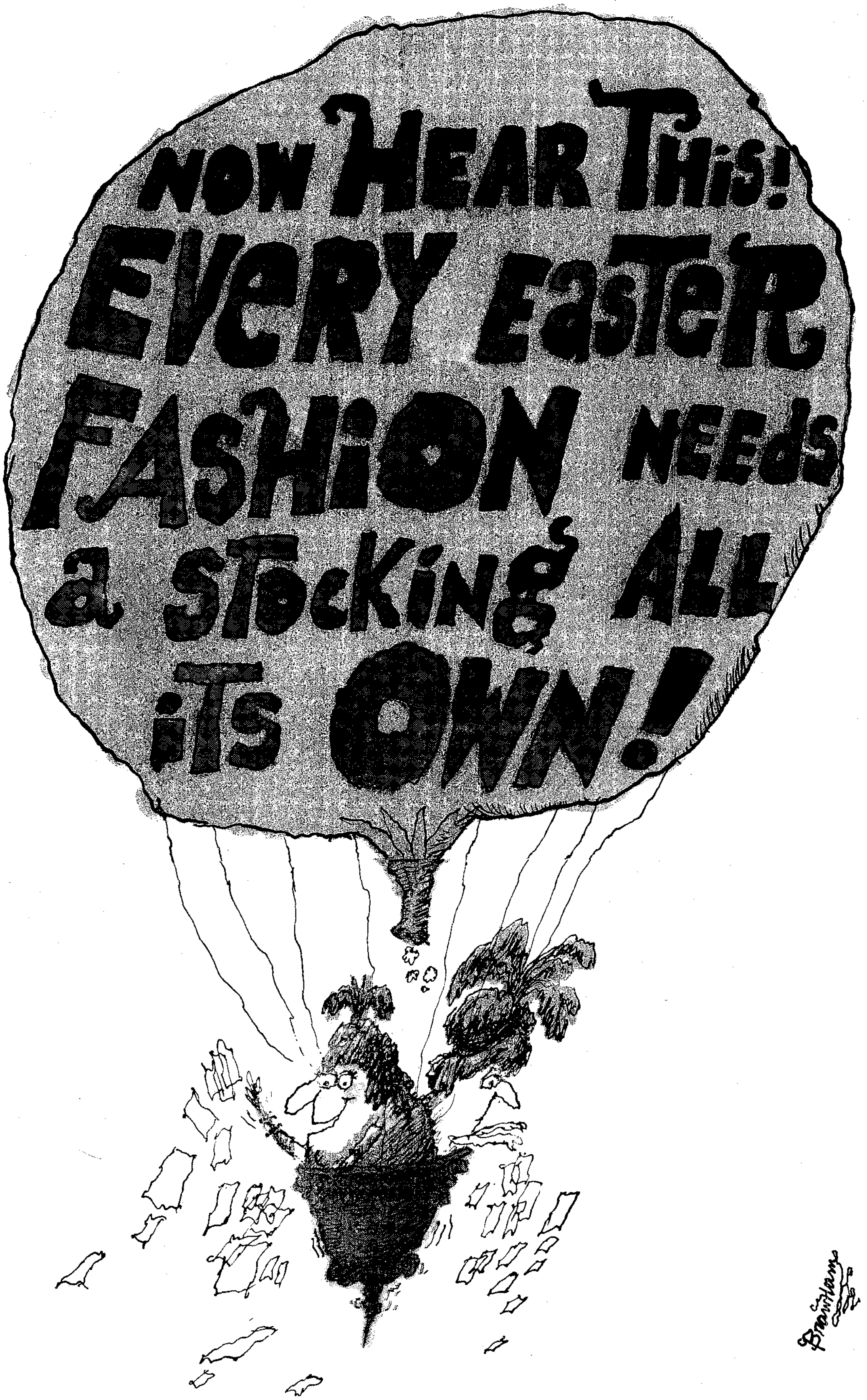
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly exciting, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist, prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A rickety vehicle, constructed by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, that induces little but somnolence as it bears a cargo of indigents all around Manhattan. The music, by Jule Styne, is something less than rousing, but a number of the sets, by Will Steven Armstrong, are clever. Orson Bean and Phyllis Newman provide a few comic interludes, and Carol Lawrence and Sydney Chaplin a few romantic ones. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** Is there a royal road to geometry? William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet tell us that there is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.). . . **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Julie Migenes (filling in for Anna Maria Alberghetti), James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Maxwell Bodenheim's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Evans and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., in a comedy by Herb Gardner. Produced by Fred Coe (who also directed it) and Arthur Cantor. Opens Thursday, April 5. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Venus at Large—A comedy by Henry Denker, starring David Wayne and William Prince. The producer is Joel Schenker, the director Rod Amateau. Opens Tuesday, April 10. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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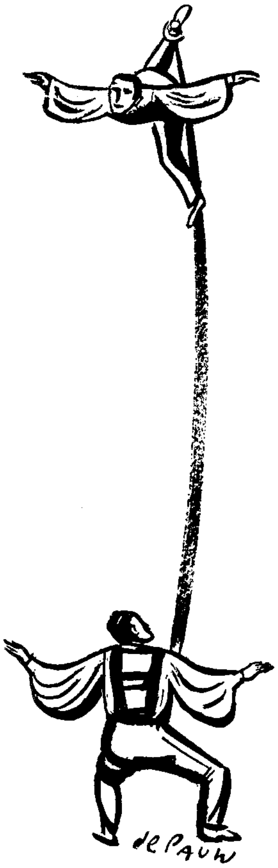
City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Opening performances of a two-week season that will continue through Sunday, April 22—Tuesday, April 10, at 8:30: "Iolanthe" (preview). . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 8: "Iolanthe" (company première). . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 12-13, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 14, at 2:30: "H.M.S. Pinafore.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 15, at 1 and 5:30: "The Mikado." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

APA Repertory Company—A limited engagement of a three-play repertory by a very good company. The schedule through April 14: George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," Thursday, April 5, at 8:30; Saturday, April 7, at 7 and 10; Sunday, April 8, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 12-13, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 14, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," Friday, April 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Seagull," Sunday, April 8, at 3, and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 10-11, at 8:30. (Folksbiene Playhouse, 175 East Broadway. AL 4-2211.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Anne Jackson, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)



A Chekhov Sketchbook—A tramp on his way to Siberia, a dried-up deacon with a juicy wife, and a mild, henpecked husband are the roles that Joseph Buloff plays—and occasionally overplays—in an amusing trio of farces adapted from short stories by Chekhov. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and Cavada Humphrey in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of G. B. Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Fly Blackbird—A spirited musical comedy whose theme is civil rights for Negroes but whose tone is frisky almost throughout. Avon Long is especially frisky as the cagey father of the first Negro girl to run the student council at Sarah Lawrence. C. Jackson and James Hatch wrote the music, lyrics, and book. Their songs are varied and pleasant, and a lot of their jokes pay off. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Half-Past Wednesday—A musical based on the fairy tale "Rumpelstiltskin," with a book by Anna Marie Barlow, music by Robert Colby, and lyrics by Mr. Colby and Nita Jonas. Preview Thursday, April 5, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, April 6. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is especially good in this satisfactory revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Long and the Short and the Tall—There are some lively moments in this rather familiar war play about a British patrol in Malaya, but you may find yourself several steps ahead of the action, all the way. The actors, a troupe from Canada, are uniformly competent. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Moon on a Rainbow Shawl—A scruffy back yard in Port of Spain is the setting and the only unfamiliar element in this play, which is compounded of laughter and tears in fairly standard proportions. The performances by almost all concerned, though, are shrewd, lively, and refreshing. Vinnette Carroll, as a stalwart Trinidadian matron, and James Earl Jones, as a young bus driver determined to emigrate to Liverpool, head the cast. (East Eleventh

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Street Theatre, 206 E. 11th St. SP 7-8383. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Red Roses for Me—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Spanish Armada and **Man Out Loud, Girl Quiet**—Two comedies by William Herman. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Storm and **Don Carlos**—Alexander Ostrovsky's "The Storm": Wednesdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Schiller's "Don Carlos": Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350.)

This Side of Paradise—An impressionistic play, based on Fitzgerald's novel about undergraduate days at Princeton and post-graduate days among the débutantes, during and after the First World War. Paul Roebling, as Amory, and the other members of the cast perform ably under Herbert Berghof's imaginative and light-fingered direction. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11:25. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas—Flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30 and Sunday, April 8, at 2:30.)

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Friday, April 13: "Les Sylphides," "The Comedians" (New York première), "Grand Pas Classique," Act II of "The Nutcracker," and "Gaîté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 14: "Swan Lake," "España" (New York première), and "Don Quixote Pas de Deux." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Evenings at 8:30.)

Ceylon National Dancers—Returning to New York for a single performance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hymn to spring. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 13. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Oscar Hammerstein II Musical Festival—Helen Hayes, Mary Martin, Celeste Holm, Richard Rodgers, and Alfred Drake will be among those taking part in a tribute to Mr. Hammerstein, for the benefit of the United World Federalists. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. Sunday, April 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TE 8-0294.)

ANTA Program—Two short plays ("The Squirrel," by Jack Dunphy, and "Sweet of You to Say So," by Page Johnson) presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the last in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, April 10, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

NIGHT LIFE

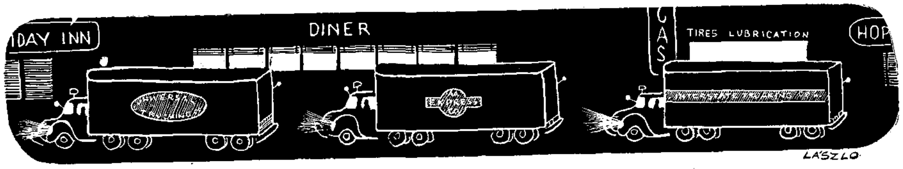
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

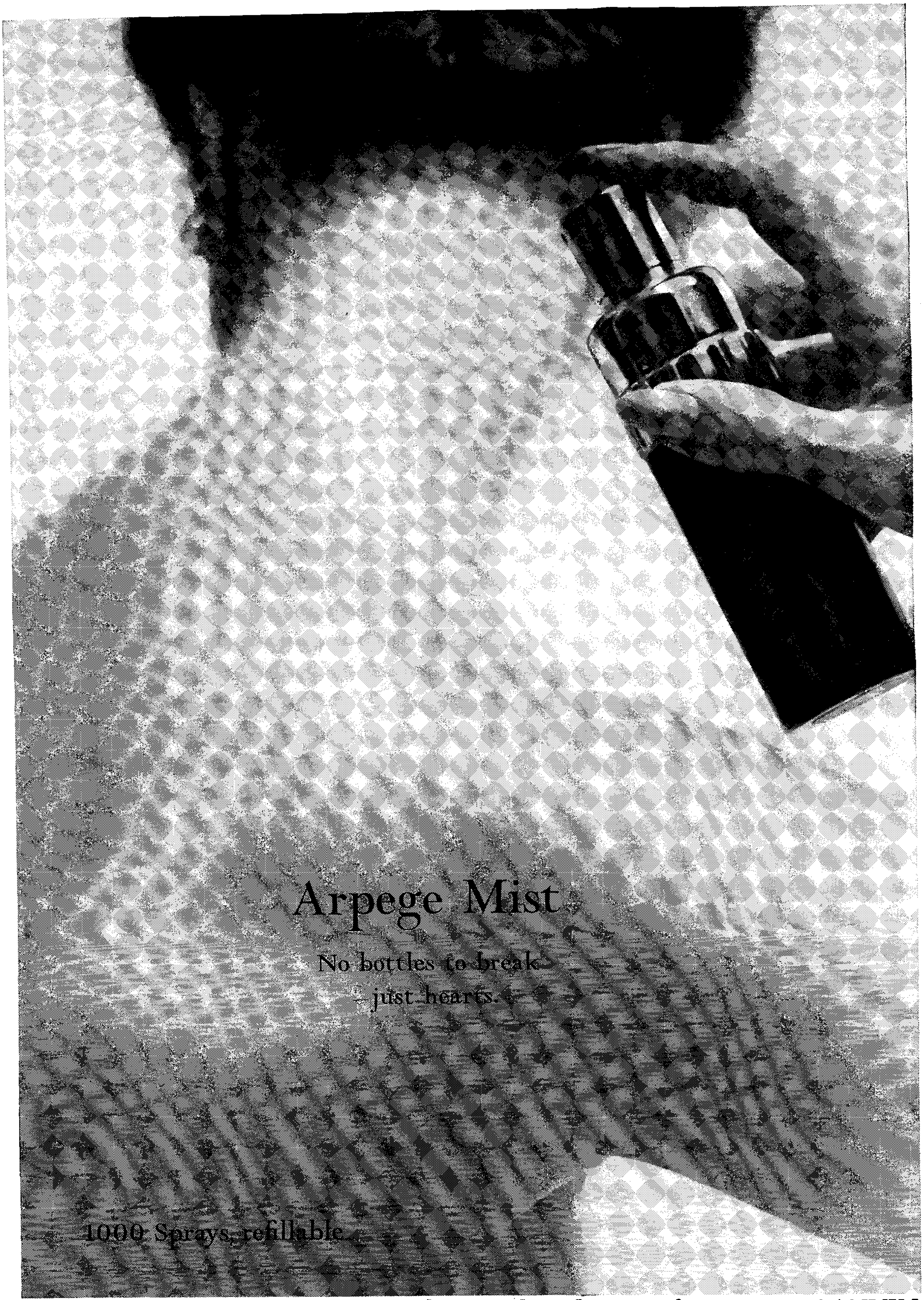
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Perpetual motion, the secret of which has been in the management's family for two generations, is given a real whirl here. Some of the motive power is Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has returned to the notion of innocent merriment—the patter of the tiny feet of Bill and Midge Haggett, who dance, and the earnest strivings of Betty Madigan, who sings—at the dinner and supper hours. Phil Wayne's pulsing trio and Stanley Melba's band make it possible for others to dance, too. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion, every night but Monday, when another band fills in.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, a salon in the grand manner, there's energetic singing at dinner and supper by Shani Wallis, a perky and pretty new redhead from London. Her manner and a lot of her ballads are American, and the superimposition of an overseas accent enhances the quaintness of the whole operation. All evening, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte roll out a carpet of dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Kurt Maier, a sentimental sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven-thirty to nine-thirty in the Edwardian Room every night but Monday. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico's bands dis-

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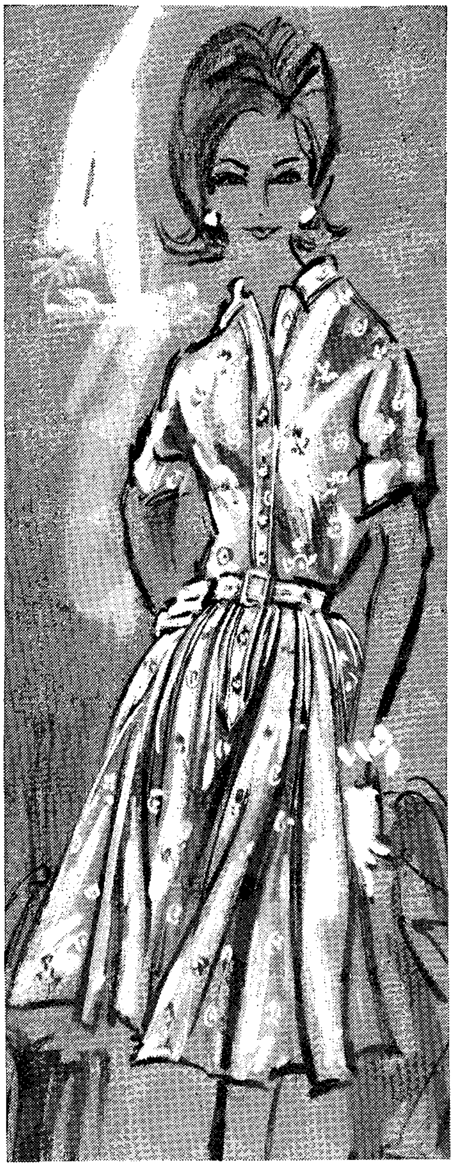

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Lenny Herman's band rattles along for the benefit of dancers. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, a close approach to a throne room, there are song recitals, sweet and *soufflé*, by the well-remembered voice of Evelyn Knight. Her last chirrup occurs on Wednesday, April 11. Next evening, a new tenor from Denmark, George Ulmer, settles in for a stay. Chauncey Gray's small orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band will continue to burble happily from early evening until curfew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A small furlong due west sits La Boite, a plush new place (and bright-red plush, at that) for anyone who wishes a dash of violin and piano with each course. It, too, is closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seekers of space find enough of it in the middle of the Columns, a beautiful and moonlit pavilion, for the most expansive dance forms. Gunnar Hansen's little band does knife-and-fork music from seven to eight-thirty, then alternates with the breezy trio of Arturo Arturos in the production of dance music at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper, every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two state occasions operate side by side belowstairs: the suitably widespread Embassy Club (*on y danse* to the orchestras of Roger Steele and Lazaro Quintero from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Alan King, the monologuist who speaks his mind firmly and clearly in the Empire Room twice a night, piles semiprecious gems on the top of his market basket, but they're only a cover for the real ones underneath. His spirited discourses are surrounded by myriad dance tunes from Milt Shaw's large band and Emery Deutsch's small one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Joan Bishop plays sedate piano every night but Sunday between five and twelve-thirty.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A New York cityscape made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the Union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by Budd Gregg's piano. Mondays are dedicated, if that is the word, to the Twist. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms who abet this state of mind perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The new Roman Empire is at its zenith in this banquet hall, which is completely encircled by a crew of mobile violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist, a tenor, and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A small, comfortable cul-de-sac at the southwest corner of a celebrated hotel. The theme, which is part Vienna and part Tyrol, is carried out to a certain extent by the chef and the sommelier. There's zither (which could be expected, after all) from six to ten, and following that there's the unexpected pleasure of Greta Keller, who is Vienna to her fingertips and to the ends of her calm vocal cords. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Status quo ante, not penny ante, is the favorite game. George Feyer's Christmas-candy piano ambles along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): In the town's smallest art gallery, after ten, there are words and music from Andy Hamon, a night-owl crooner, and just music—the new kind—from Ronnell Bright's trio. Cecil Young's bang-bang duo replaces the Brights on Monday, April 9. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Conrad Monjoy's tiptoe piano emulates the scrollwork that's the trademark of the Moorish architects who left this restaurant as their monument. He functions from six to midnight during the week and until one on Saturdays. Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The tranquil landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano between cocktails and supper, except on Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Vicky Autier, who is all girl and only a few inches wide, does her Gallic arias with excelling grace. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The cup that cheers, the violin and the zimbalon that dwell on the good old days in Mitteleuropa, and the voices (soprano and tenor) that recite chapter and verse. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a pride of Spaniards present, a couple of times an evening, a small music festival full of local color and local thunderstorms. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. Tea dancing on Saturdays and Sundays from two to seven. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A crossroads tavern, set forth with a certain amount of

night flight

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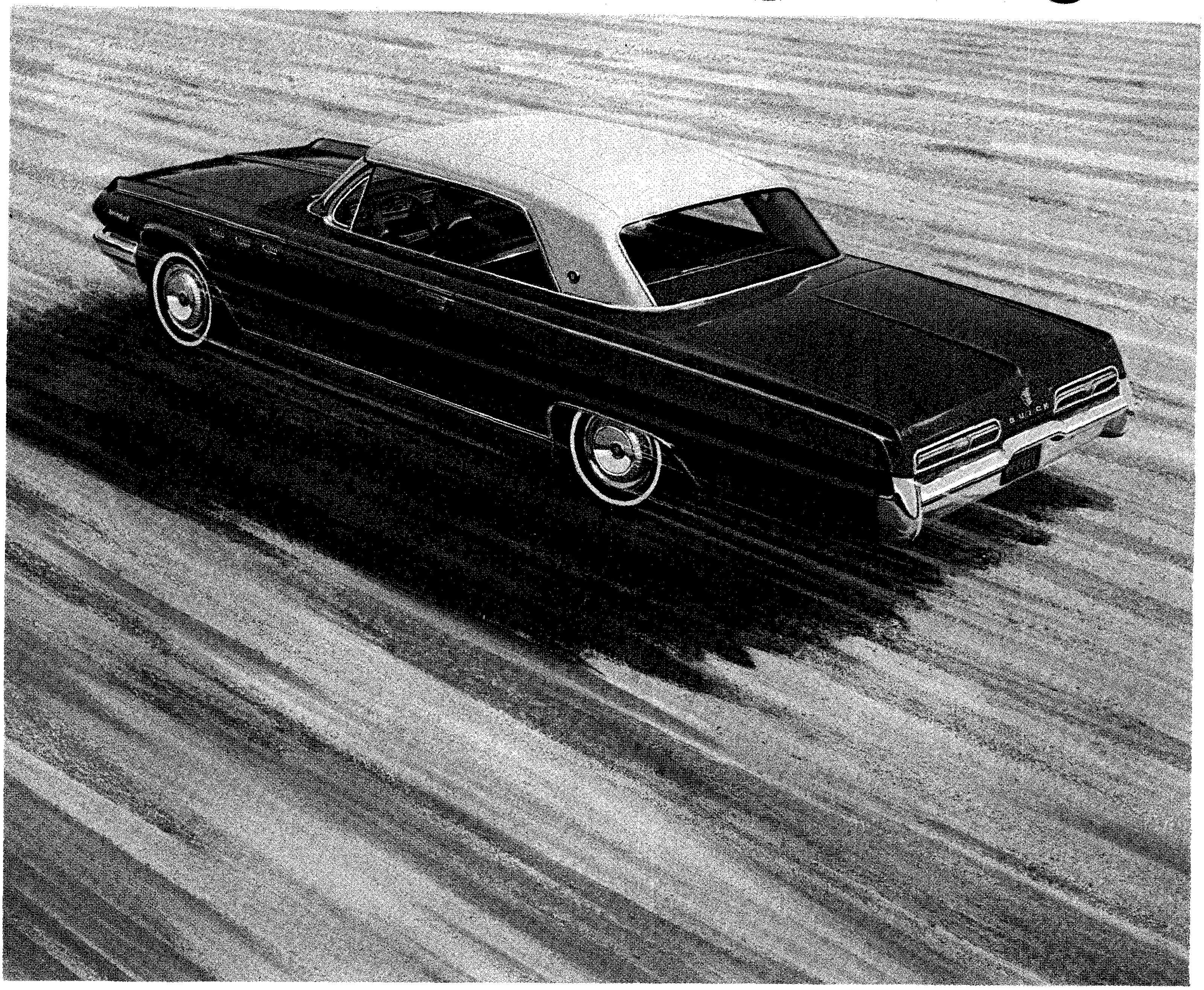

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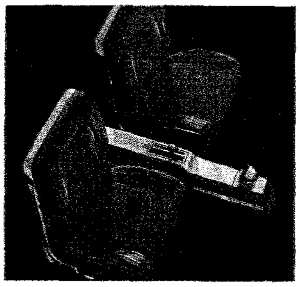

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opulence in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): This spic-and-span new efficiency apartment (bar and kitchen) presents idle strummings of piano and guitar through the evening and an occasional burst of song, done family-circle style, by Rita Dimitri, who used to live in musical comedy. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A tiny museum of modern art, dominated by Miró, in which Gustavo Lopez sits across from the bar, guitar in hand, from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, some of whom—the Wallendas—fly through the air with the greatest of ease. Among other things, there is Liberace, the well-known piano tuner, and a prize pantomimist, George Carl. Liberace will be replaced on Wednesday, April 11, by Helen Traubel, an Isolde *emerita* who's now not averse to a pop tune or two. Dancing. The performances on Sunday, April 8, are (by the way) non-public. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The McGuire Sisters (sing, sing, sing!) and Lenny Maxwell (one joke after another) hold this great big fort. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Four reasonably wild Irishmen—the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—are roaring all sorts of native verse, from down-the-hatch ballads to up-the-rebels chants; Fay De Witt is extracting a bit of nervous humor from here and there; Phil Foster is extracting parochial humor from the Lower East Side and Brooklyn. Mr. F. will be succeeded on Thursday, April 12, by Dick Gregory, who speaks with pertinence and wit from his editor's uneasy chair. Otis Clements and Peter Daniels rarely stray from their pianos. . . . ¶ The lounge is the playground for Bobby Short, whose hey-nonny-nonny ditties and night-march piano—available from ten until as late as the law allows—make New York once again a twenty-four-hour town. He skips Saturdays, but does a Sunday matinée from five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his outfielders. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's most recent revue, "Seven Come Eleven," reduces to rubble the pillars of society without raising even a smidgen of dust. Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, the heads of this reform administration, lead a set of bright-as-buttons troupers, including Rex Robbins, Steve Roland, William Bogert, and Donna Sanders. William Roy and Carl Norman bring the two-piano orchestra thoroughly to life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Another agreeable (and earlier) example of the small revue, also done in the customary wise and witty style of Mr. Monk. The dramatis personae are a lissome girl named Lovelady Powell, a girl firecracker named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Robert Colston and Robert Milrad play piano all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Restoration comedy (i.e., a full-strength revival of the Victorian music halls of London) is the point of "Time, Gentlemen Please!," whose second edition, now in flower, is Merrie, Merrie England. Fred Stone, Sheila Bernette, and Archie Harradine are the triumphs of a tongue-in-cheek cast from London's Players Theatre. They show up at nine on Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays, and at seven-thirty on Sundays. Mondays, they're at leisure. In the bar, Fred Silver plays piano from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until blackout time. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Roberto Iglesias and his crack regiment (girls as well as boys) of Spanish cavalry often sing with as much glee as they dance. Pupi Campo's dance band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers. On Wednesday, April 11, a new fiesta sets in. Its principal is Angel Mancheno, a dancer of such ebullience that he has not only his head but his feet in the clouds on almost a permanent basis. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): A troupe of bright Chicagoans (Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan, Howard Alk, and—for the late shows—Barbara Harris and Alan Arkin) are simultaneously doing a jolly revue and thumbing their smart little noses at a long list of irks. Guests should be at table by eight-thirty and eleven on Tuesdays through Thursdays; by eight-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays; by seven, nine-thirty, and midnight on Saturdays; and by seven and nine-thirty on Sundays. The late shows on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays are all impromptu. Recess on Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The attempt to revive this Village institution is a success while the stage is occupied by Isobel Robins, one of our sauciest and sweetest-singing soubrettes, or by Adam Keefe, a wit whose science fiction is stranger than truth; the pantomime of Tony and Eddie, though, seems to have taken leave of its senses—the sense of taste, anyway. T. and E. depart on Sunday, April 8; Phyllis Diller, who is perfectly furious, and funny, about everything, arrives on Tuesday, April 10. The music comes from, as usual, the Three Flames. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti's quintet, which has Sammy Price on piano, is communing with a happy if noisy yesteryear. Mr. Condon sits in when the spirit moves. Sundays, sad to say, are for Twisters. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Along with the music—the convolutions of Bill Rubinstein's trio, which spring from original sources, and the singing of Carol Sloane—there is the tumbling, tumultuous thinking-out-loud of Lenny Bruce, who can't yet tell when the world will come to an end but knows precisely why it should. Afternoon sessions are held every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The area's last refuge for early settlers whose music comes out with the bark left on. Danny Barker, Lee Blair, and Johnny Windhurst are among the contributors. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Mondays, Cecil Scott and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity some competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Bill Evans, as concise and literate a pianist as the new school has turned out, makes every note amount to something as he parades his trio, in which Chuck Israel plays bass, along the circular bar. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The irresistible force of Wild Bill Davison's trumpet is sufficient unto the night even without its supporting cast of old-time blasting caps. Mondays are holidays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Midtown's most rampageous supermarket. Dizzy Gillespie's roguish band and Cozy Cole's bouncy quartet are now on display. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of what's left of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Beer and hero sandwiches go into the care and feeding of the listeners; a great deal of thought goes into the care and feeding of the music evolved by Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, and their two sidemen. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Slide Hampton, who runs an octet, puts his orchestrations together with the care (and the ornamentation) of a Biedermeier cabinetmaker; Junior Mance, who runs a trio,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

just sits at a piano and lets his facile fingers fall where they may. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Roy Eldridge's quartet puts up a good fight against the room noise; the rest of the bill of fare doesn't matter. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): An unbalanced diet is often available; to wit—at the moment—flamenco guitar by Sabicas and (on Friday and Saturday, April 6-7) the bull-in-a-china-shop quartet of John Coltrane. Everyone disappears on Sunday, April 8; on Tuesday, April 10, the Modern Jazz Quartet arrives. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. The exhibits on Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, should include Buck Clayton, Tyree Glenn, Max Kaminsky, Cutty Cutshall, Eddie Barefield, Pee Wee Erwin, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Mark's Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Sunday, April 8, is the last night for Chico Hamilton's feverish quintet and the lamentations of Joe Williams, who cries the blues to the tune of Harry Edison's quintet. On Tuesday, April 10, there'll be a complete change of cast—the foursome of Sonny Rollins, that noble experimenter, and James Moody's sextet. Mondays are for extra hands. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): This pillar of progress is more conservative these nights; i.e., Roy Haynes' trio (off Mondays) and Roland Kirk's quartet (off Tuesdays).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

JOHN ANGELINI—Paintings of Italian scenes; through Tuesday, April 10. (Highgate, 827 Third Ave., at 50th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

YVONNE BACKUS—Small abstract bronzes; through April 21. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNST BARLACH (1870-1938)—A loan exhibition of sculptures and drawings by the German artist; through April 20. (St. Étienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

THOMAS BLAGDEN—Semi-abstract landscape paintings; through April 21. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARLES BUCHMAN—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 7. (Barzansky, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

LAWRENCE CALCAGNO—Abstractions based on nature; through April 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Mobiles and stabiles; through April 21. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

NICOLAI CIKOVSKY—Landscapes, still-lifes, interiors, and figures; through April 21. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

CARROLL CLOAR—Realist landscapes and figures; through Saturday, April 14. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

ALPHAEUS P. COLE—A retrospective show of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Friday, April 13. (Roerich, 319 W. 107th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5.)

LOVIS CORINTH (1858-1925)—Expressionistic landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 7. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

LEON DABO (1868-1960)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings; through April 21. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

HORIA DAMIAN—Non-objective oils; through April 21. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENRICO DONATI—Abstract paintings done in a mixture of sand and oil; through April 21. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX ERNST—Paintings and sculptures; through April 28. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Woodcuts and drawings on Bertolt Brecht; through April 21. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

ESTELLE GOODMAN—Semi-abstract sculptures, mostly cast in bronze; through Saturday, April 14. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

BALCOMB GREENE AND DAVID HARE—Landscape and figure paintings by the former, figurative metal sculptures by the latter; through April 21. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHAIM GROSS—Bronzes and drawings, in his first exhibition in five years; through Saturday, April 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LÉON HARTL—Still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, April 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—An exhibition of oils, drawings, and pastels that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum (ending Sunday); through Saturday, April 14. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

PATRICK HERON—Abstract oils by a British artist; through April 21. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

IRVING KAUFMAN—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, April 14. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

PAUL KLEE—Forty-two paintings (none of which have been shown here before) from the collection of Klee's son, Felix. For the benefit of the Rudolph Steiner School Scholarship Fund. Through April 21. (E. & A. Silberman, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—Abstract paintings by a member of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, April 14. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

JOHN LAURENT—Still-lifes and landscapes; through April 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

EDWARD MELCARTH—Figure paintings and pictures of Venetian, New York, and other scenes; through April 21. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—A ten-year survey of fifty-nine bronzes by the British sculptor; through April 21. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

SIMON MOSELSIO—First one-man show in New York of non-objective paintings by an artist better known for his sculptures; through April 21. (Juster, 154 E. 79th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, April 14. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

I. RICE PEREIRA—Geometrical abstractions; through April 28. (Amel, 63 E. 57th St.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Oils and drawings on cloth; through Saturday, April 7. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

LEO RABKIN—Non-objective oils and water colors; through Saturday, April 14. (Alexander, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN RICE—Abstract Expressionist oils; through April 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RIDLEY AND LICIO ISOLANI—Large canvases by the first and sculptures in plastic by the second; through April 19. (Carmel, 84 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

SAL ROMANO—Abstractions; through Thursday, April 12. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

KURT SCHWITTERS—Fifty collages; through May 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—An exhibition of drawings and water colors being shown in conjunction with the publication of his book, "A Painter's Pilgrimage;" through April 21. (Crystal, 54 E. 58th St.)

GEORGE TOOKER—Paintings; through April 21. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

DAVID WEINRIB—Abstract sculptures in enamelled steel and painted wood; through April 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

TARO YAMAMOTO—Large non-objective canvases; through April 21. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

MANOUCHER YEKTAI—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through April 21. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS SEARS YOUNG—Technically exquisite abstract welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 7. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-fifth annual of water colors, gouaches, caseins, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States, supplemented by the first exchange exhibition of London's Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours; through April 22. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: "Abstract Painting in America 1903-23," an exhibition of sixty-five works by such gallery artists as Davis, Demuth, Hartley, and O'Keeffe; through April 21. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Part II of a show entitled "The Continuing Tradition of Realism in American Art," with paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Richard Diebenkorn, Charles Burchfield, and Laura Ziegler; through April 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Barabbas by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and four other artists; through Saturday, April 7. . . . **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.: "Tenth Street—1952," a show of paintings and sculptures by Elaine de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, and William King (to mention a few); through Thursday, April 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: "Dynamics of Black and White," paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Lyonel Feininger, Ezio Martinelli, and others; through April 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"The Selective Eye" is the title of an exhibition of small works by artists ranging from Modigliani to Jim Dine; through April 26. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Oils, water colors, drawings, and prints by twelve artists; through April 21. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Rowlandson's England," an exhibition of prints, water colors, and book illustrations (from the Museum's collection) by the satirist Thomas Rowlandson and his contemporaries, depicting English life in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings, assemblages, drawings, and sculptures by Jean Dubuffet, one of France's leading artists; through Sunday, April 8. . . . ¶ Two hundred and fifty drawings by Frank Lloyd Wright—perspective renderings, elevations, designs for automobiles and coffee cups, and so on—make up a retrospective of his work from 1895 to his death in 1959; through May 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising examples by about a hundred and twenty-five artists from every section of the country; through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five large canvases by the French Cubist Fernand Léger, together with some hundred preliminary and related paintings and drawings; through April 29. . . . ¶ Large abstract paintings by Antoni Tàpies, one of the younger Spanish artists; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of paintings by Marsden Hartley, pioneer modernist and Expressionist, covering his career from 1908 to 1943, the year of his death; through Sunday, April 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Hartley showing at the Babcock Galleries, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ "Geometric Abstraction in America," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and hanging constructions by seventy artists, including Stuart Davis, I. Rice Pereira, and Sidney Gordin; through May 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, April 5: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 6: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Nell Rankin, Laurel Hurley, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 7: "Tosca," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 7: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Teresa Stich-Randall, Rosalind Elias, Roberta Peters, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, and Frank Guarrera. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.) . . . ¶ Following an expedition to Boston, the company will enter its final week of the season here on Monday, April 16.

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of a season of contemporary opera—Thursday evening, April 5: "The Consul." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 6, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 7: "Porgy and Bess." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 8: "The Ballad of Baby Doe." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 8: "The Consul." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Norma," with Herva Nelli, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, April 5, at 8:30; Friday, April 6, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 8, at 3 (all with Glenn Gould, piano); Saturday, April 7, at 8:30 (with André Previn, piano); and Thursday, April 12, at 8:30; Friday, April 13, at 2:15; Saturday, April 14, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 15, at 3 (all with Isaac Stern, violin).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 2:15.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Max Rudolf conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Adriana Dalmare, soprano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, April 8, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Strauss program, with Johanna Meier and Lucille Kailer, sopranos; Robert Eckert, tenor; and others. The final concert of the season. (Town Hall. Monday, April 9, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Nicola Rescigno directing the first of two performances of Rossini's "La Cenerentola" in concert form, with Elizabeth Carron, soprano; Teresa Berganza and Edith Evans, mezzo-sopranos; Charles Anthony, tenor; Fernando Corena, bass-baritone; and Ezio Flagello, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of "La Cenerentola" at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (TR 9-5512), on Sunday, April 8, at 8:30.

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting the final concert of the season, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Milton and Peggy Salkind—Piano, four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 6, at 8:30.)

New York Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, April 7, at 5:30.)

Renata Tarragó—Guitar. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 5:30.)

Eileen Farrell—Soprano, in a recital postponed from March 17. (Hunter College Assembly

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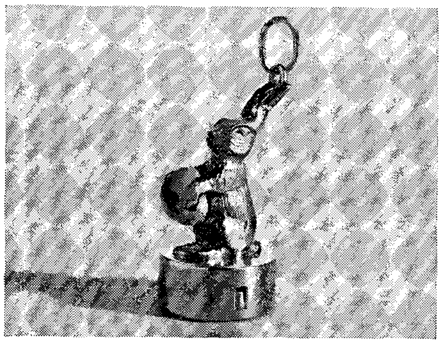

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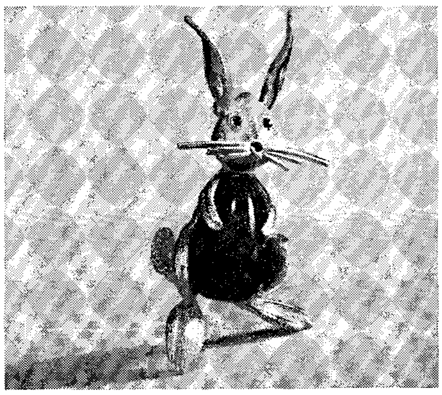

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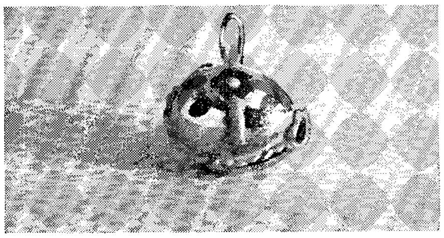

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Andrius Kuprevicius—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 8:30.)

LaSalle String Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, April 10, at 8:30.)

The Romeros—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 10, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-62—The sixth in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Walter Trampler, viola; the Dorian Quintet; and composers Otto Luening and Stefan Volpe. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Gary Graffman and Berl Senofsky—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Instrumental Ensembles—A program of Renaissance music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—First league games here—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Tuesday, April 10, at 2. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at 2.

Boxing—Terry Downes vs. Paul Pender, middleweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. Saturday, April 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesday, April 10, at 8, if the tug of war is still on.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Spring Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday, April 7.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 7.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 14.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 14.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 31. The Gotham, Saturday, April 7, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 14. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 3. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 14.

Trapshooting—Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 7, at 11, and Sunday, April 8, at 9:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, May 19. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:43 and 7:06, and Saturdays at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concert of the season, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 7, at noon.) . . . **MILTON AND PEGGY SALKIND:** Piano music for four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 7, at 3. Children under eight not admitted; adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Stage Shows—By **CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS:** "The Three Pigs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Saturdays at 11 and 1.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30. For tickets, call JU 6-3707.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . ¶ "Sleeping Beauty." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 7, at 11.) . . . ¶ "The Pied Piper." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 14, at 2:30.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE:** "Punch and Judy" and "The Circus." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in Color." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"Sitting Pretty," with Clifton Webb and Maureen O'Hara. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, April 7, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

New York Antiques Fair—The annual spring show will feature antiques from many countries, including French Easter eggs, Meissen figurines, English commemorative plates, and New England hooked rugs. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, April 9-13, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 14, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 7, at 1:45: Decorative French furniture, Oriental ivories, paintings and drawings, bronzes and other objects of art, textiles, and Oriental rugs; the property of Mrs. John T. Remey and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 10, at 1:45: Manuscripts and autographs, including the Einstein-Mayer correspondence on the Unified Field Theory, music manuscripts by such composers as Mozart and Beethoven, and letters of Lieutenant Colonel John Glenn; from the collection of the late Germaine Montabert and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Buffet, Matta, Modigliani, Epstein, and others; from various sources, among them the American Federation of Arts. Exhibition starts Friday, April 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** April 15-19, April 27-29, May 1-2, May 11-13, and May

15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: April 21-22, April 24-25, May 5-6, and May 8-9.

Crew—Child's Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. April 28.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Philadelphia. May 5.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. May 5.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. May 5.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis, Md. May 12.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 12.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett. May 4-6.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 28-29.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown, Pa. May 5.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 11-13.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 21.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 21.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 28.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 5.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 12.)

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: April 28-May 30. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 5.

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. May 11-13.)

Track—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 27-28.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 12.)

Music—At CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 20. . . . ¶ Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, April 15. . . . ¶ Ars Nova Orchestra, April 16 and May 11. . . . ¶ American Opera Society. April 17. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra and Chorus, April 20. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air, April 23 and 30. . . . ¶ Final performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, April 24. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, May 2. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, May 8. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Miriam Burton, soprano, and Vivian Scott, piano, April 15. . . . ¶ Town Hall Festival of Music concert, April 19. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 28. . . . ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer, May 9. . . . ¶ Interracial Fellowship Chorus, May 13. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Anna Moffo, soprano, April 15. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Rudolf Serkin, piano, May 5.

Ballet and Dance Programs—New York City Ballet, at the City Center. April 24-May 13. . . . ¶ Ukrainian Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 24-May 12.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Cut Loose!," a revue with Pete Seeger. The sketches are by Eric Bentley, Arnold Black, and others; Alford Lessner turned out some of the music; and Michael Agran wrote some of the lyrics. . . . ¶ "Infidel Caesar," a modern version of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," by Gene Wesson, starring John Ireland and Michael Ansara. . . . ¶ Zero Mostel in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," a musical with a book by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim.

Poetry Readings—April 15: Robert Frost. . . . ¶ April 29: Kathleen Raine. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. AT 9-2400.)

Other Dates—Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1961 and estimates for 1962 are due Monday, April 16. . . . ¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 21-29. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 22. . . . ¶ April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, April 25. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 29. . . . ¶ United States World Trade Fair, at the Coliseum, May 11-22.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

La Belle Américaine—Robert Dhéry and company have a high old time with a vast American car in a working-class corner of Paris, where bicycles are still à la mode. A practically perfect family comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 11, tentative.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A silly affair, slickly photographed. Audrey Hepburn makes us excuse it many of its sins, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Martin Balsam are other mitigating factors. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 11.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—Too many bombs bump the world out of orbit and head it into the sun. Do we survive? A good question, ingeniously posed in this English import. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A powerful debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if drugged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—The scandalous eighteenth-century best-seller by de Laclos has been brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe play the corrupt couple bent on destroying innocence in others. A highly moral comedy. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

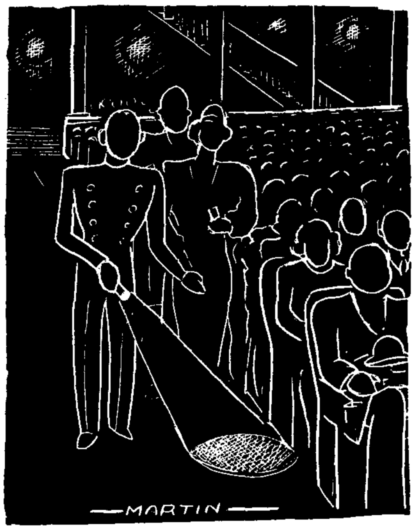
Murder She Said—Margaret Rutherford, who is as roly-poly as West Sussex and twice as funny, stars in a high-spirited version of an Agatha Christie mystery. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Night—A very long, scrupulous, and, alas, finally tiresome study of a married couple in Milan, who find nothing to believe in, even themselves. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney plays the manager of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in West Berlin, and by the time the director, Billy Wilder, gets through inventing preposterous situations for him to blow his stack in, West Berlin seems every bit as suitable a subject for ridicule as Atlanta, Georgia. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through April 10....¶Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 11.... ¶Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 11, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. Funny dialogue, artfully thrown away. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Outsider—Tony Curtis plays the part of one of the young men who raised the flag on Iwo Jima and thus gained fame and misery. A touching quasi-documentary, well directed and well acted and very much to Hollywood's credit. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; through April 8, tentative.... ¶R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through April 9....¶Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through April 9, tentative....¶R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; April 8-9.)



Purple Noon—The French have notions about Americans that are as rum as American notions about the French, and in this thriller we are given their concept of some rich young Yankee playboys on the loose in Italy. One is a murderer and two others are murderees. Tagging along after them is a delightful girl, who suffers. Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet are the leading men, and Marie Laforet is *la jeune fille souffrante*. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 10, tentative....¶Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 11, tentative.)

Through a Glass Darkly—The latest Ingmar Bergman, and possibly the most beautiful in its setting and the most heartbreaking in its theme. Four members of an unhappy family go downhill together, though the road seems to turn up a fraction of an inch toward the end. With the dazzling Bergman repertory group. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. On Monday, April 9, only, the last showing will begin at 4:40.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. Remarkable for acting, direction, and photography, and containing, of all things, an urgent plea for international fraternity. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 11, tentative.)

Town Without Pity—Kirk Douglas stars in a courtroom drama that manages to make us care very much how it turns out. The case hinges on a rape and is not for the tender-hearted, young or old. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 8-10.)

A View from the Bridge—An Italian dockworker in Brooklyn is unwittingly in love with his wife's niece, who is wittingly in love with someone else. Arthur Miller made a strong play of this sorry situation, and the movie is even better, owing to brilliant direction by Sidney Lumet and fine acting by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431....¶Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting April 11.)

Viridiana—From Spain comes Luis Buñuel's frightening, masterly account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1947)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 6-9.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 10-11.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 5.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting April 6.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 10.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; starting April 9, tentative.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 5.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 6-7.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—A murder sketch, with Robert Montgomery as a lurking assassin, and Dame May Whitty as a victim. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 7.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 10-11.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 10.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 6-9.)

Zero for Conduct (1947)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 7: "Viva L'Italia" (1960), in Italian, with Renzo Ricci and Paolo Stoppa; no English titles. The last film in a series directed by Roberto Rossellini....¶Starting April 8: "Dead End" (1937), with Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea; and "The Memphis Belle" (1944), a documentary film. The first two films in a series directed by William Wyler. (Showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.**

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) "Satan in High Heels," Meg Myles, Grayson Hall.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) Through April 9: "Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker. From April 10, at 8:30: "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin. (Opening night will be a benefit for MEDICO. For tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) **WEST SIDE STORY.**

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) Through April 10: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin. From April 11: "All Fall Down," Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.**

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through April 11 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th (GR 3-2277) Through April 8 (tentative): **THE OUTSIDER**; and "Portrait in Black," revival, Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn. From April 9 (tentative): **THE KING AND I**, revival; and "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through April 10 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French); and "Next to No Time," revival, Kenneth More, Betsy Drake. From April 11 (tentative): **ONE, TWO, THREE.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) Through April 10: "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine. From April 11: "All Fall Down," Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through April 7: "Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "X-15," David McLean, Charles Bronson. April 8-9: **THE OUTSIDER**; and "Portrait in Black," revival, Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn. April 10-11: "Carry on Nurse," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton; and "Carry on Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish). On Monday, April 9, only, the last showing will begin at 4:40.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) **MURDER SHE SAID.**

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Through April 9: **THE OUTSIDER**; and "Portrait in Black," revival, Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn. From April 10: "Carry on Nurse," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton; and "Carry on Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through April 10: "Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "X-15," David McLean, Charles Bronson. From April 11: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**; and "The Deadly Companions," Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210) **L'ATALANTE** and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (both in French and both revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through April 7: **NIGHT MUST FALL**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore. April 8-10: **TOWN WITHOUT PITY**; and "Pocketful of Miracles," Glenn Ford, Bette Davis. From April 11: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "The Happy Thieves," Rex Harrison, Rita Hayworth.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) Through April 11 (tentative): **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) Through April 8 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms. From April 9 (tentative): "The Testament of Orpheus" (in French), a Jean Cocteau film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through April 10: "Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "X-15," David McLean, Charles Bronson. From April 11: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**; and "The Deadly Companions," Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through April 11 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French); and "Next to No Time," revival, Kenneth More, Betsy Drake.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) April 5: "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms. From April 6: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) **THE NIGHT** (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through April 10: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe. From April 11: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**; and "The Deadly Companions," Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) April 5: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **GUNGA DIN**, revival. April 6-7: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER**, revival; and "Taxi," revival, James Cagney. April 8-9: "The Fountainhead," revival, Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal; and "Gold Diggers of 1935," revival, Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert. April 10-11: **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival; and **THE GREEN MAN**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through April 10: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and "The Most Wanted Man in the World," Fernandel, Zsa Zsa Gabor. From April 11: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**; and "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) April 5: "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand. April 6-9: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent). From April 10: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) Through April 9 (tentative): **THE OUTSIDER**; and "Portrait in Black," revival, Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn. From April 10 (tentative): "Carry on Nurse," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton; and "Carry on Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through April 11 (tentative): **PURPLE NOON** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) Through April 10: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "Saintly Sinners," Don Beddoe. From April 11: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**; and "The Deadly Companions," Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210) Through April 9 (tentative): **THE OUTSIDER**; and "Portrait in Black," revival, Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn. From April 10 (tentative): "Carry on Nurse," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton; and "Carry on Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell.

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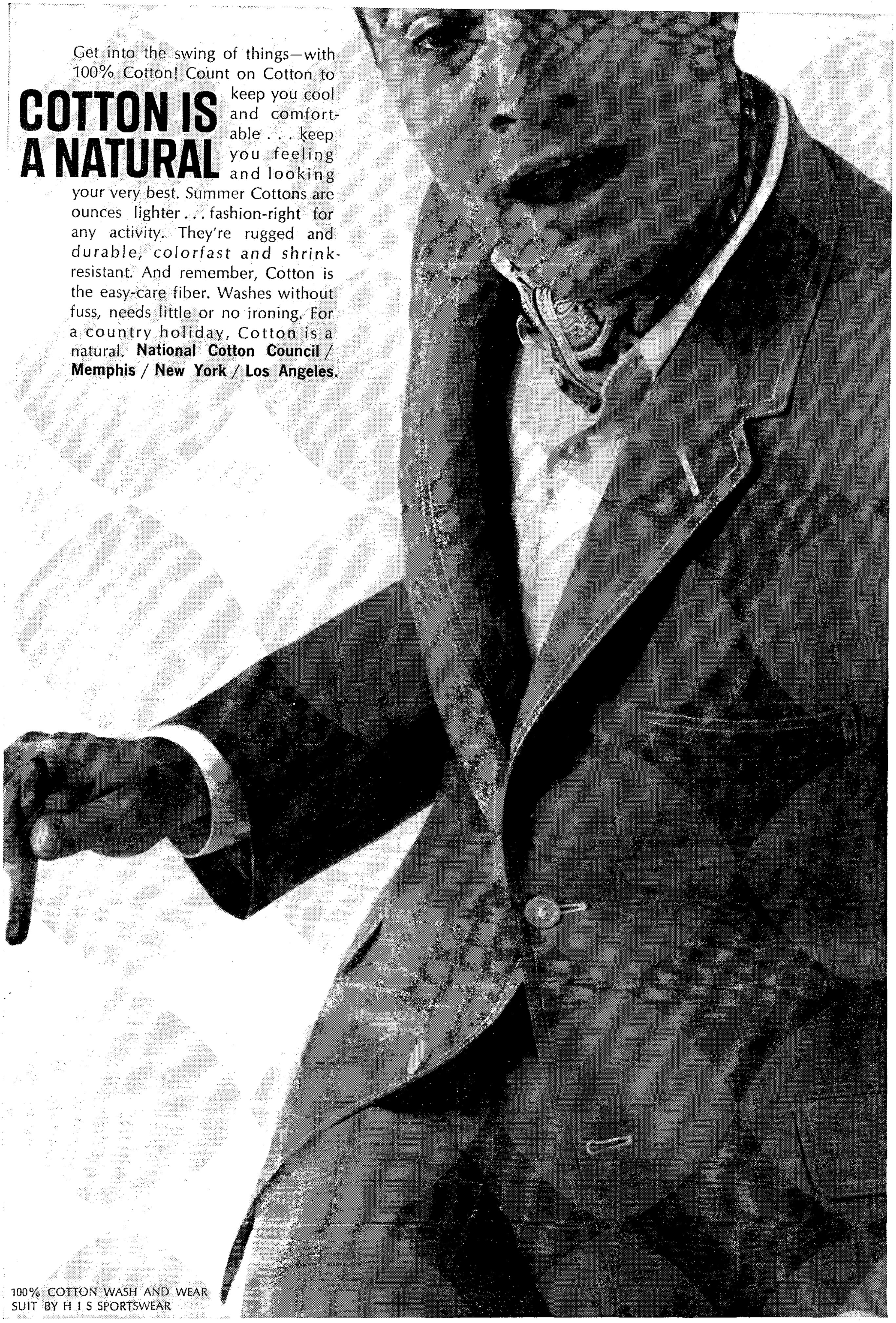

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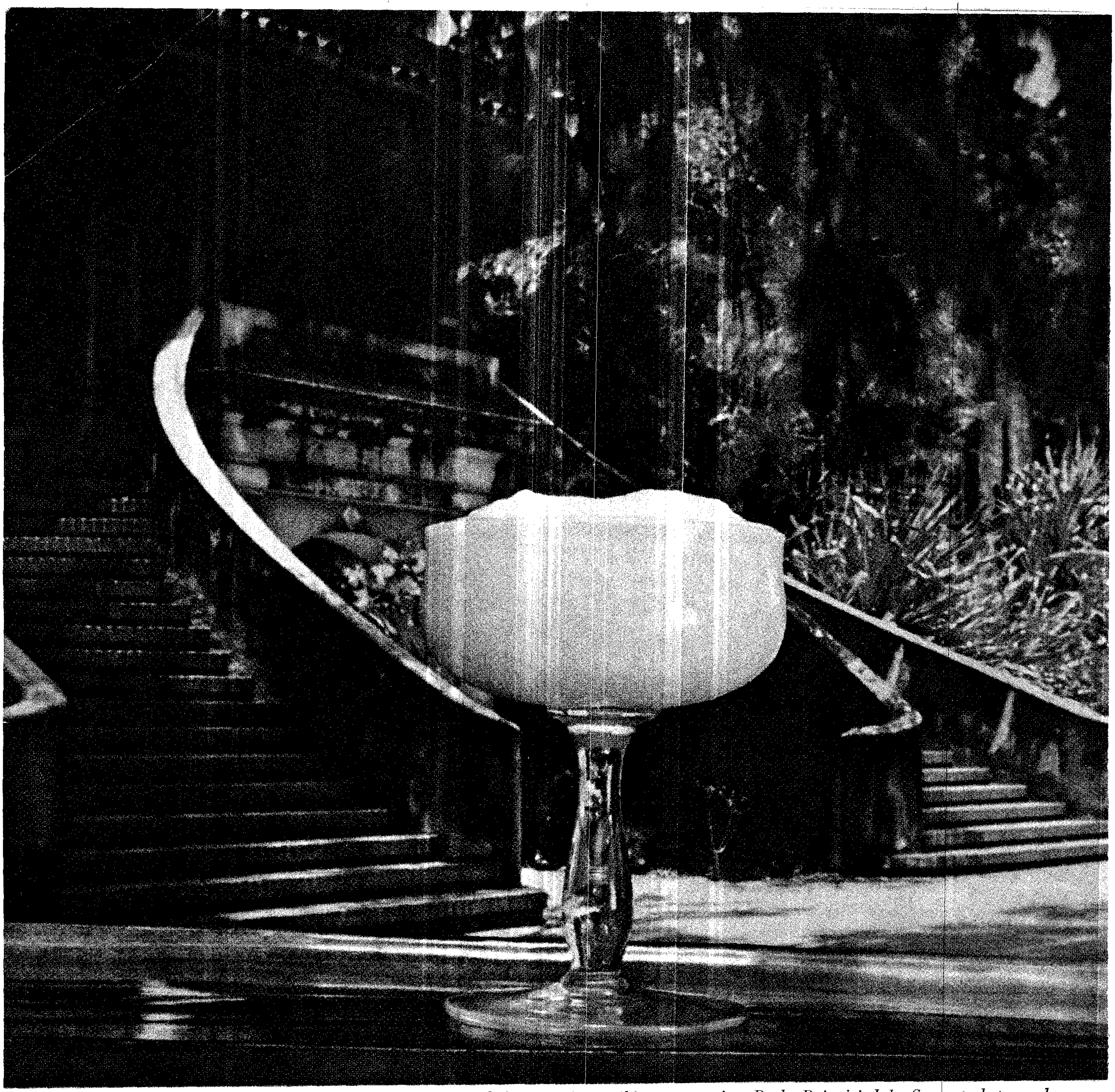

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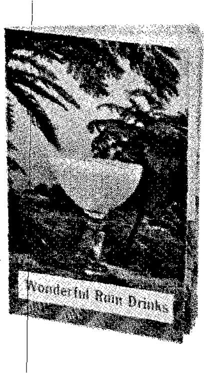

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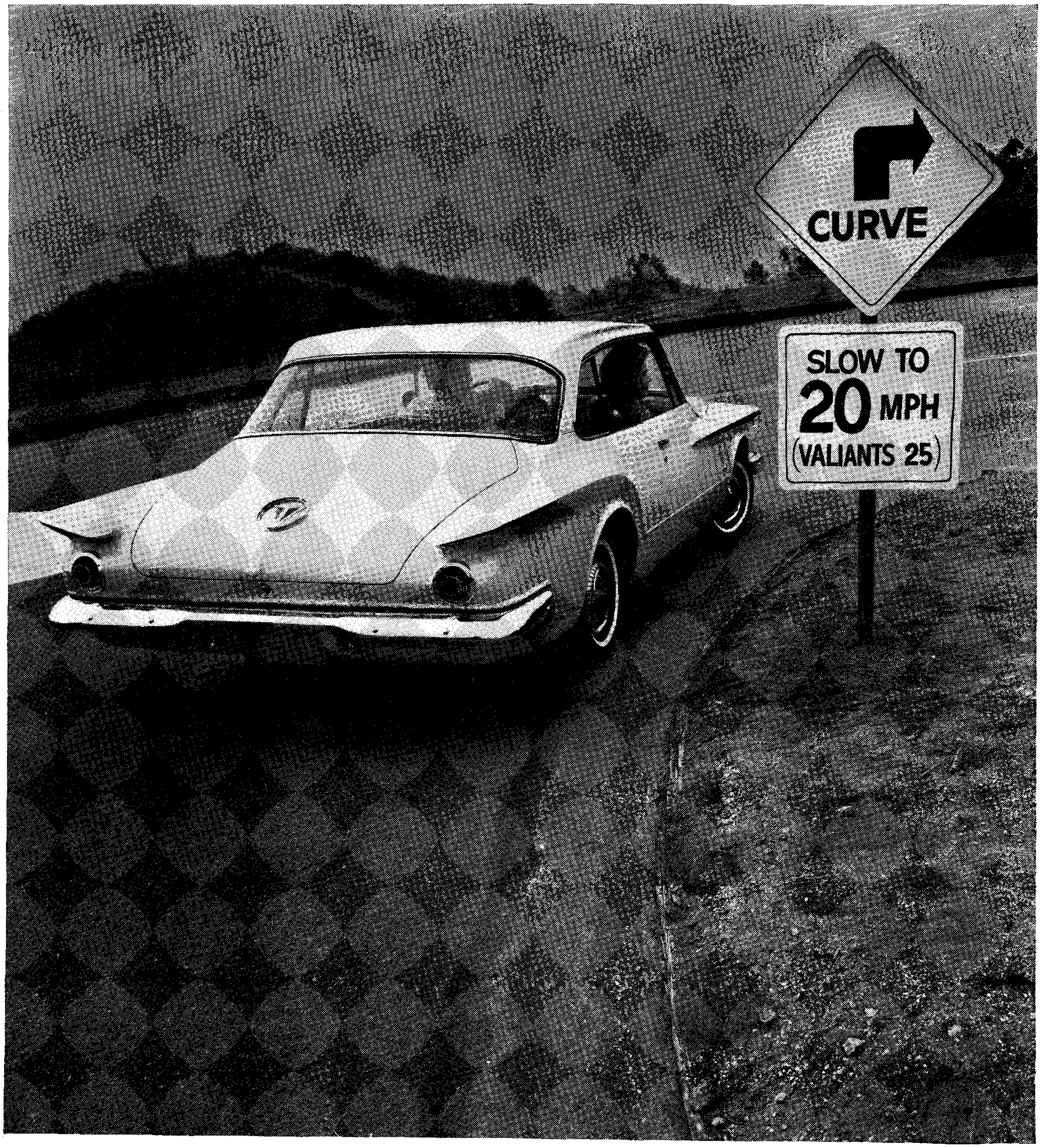

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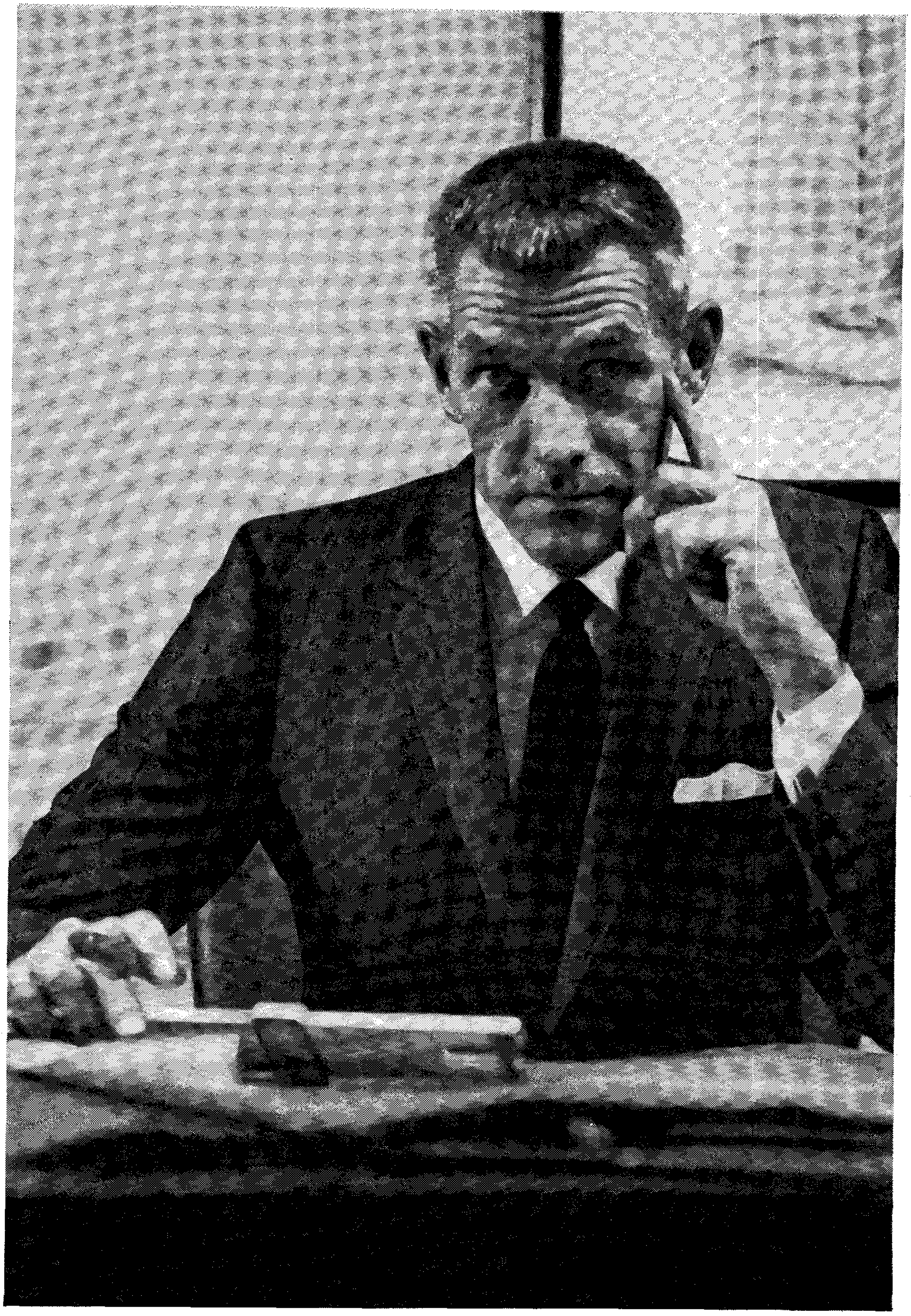

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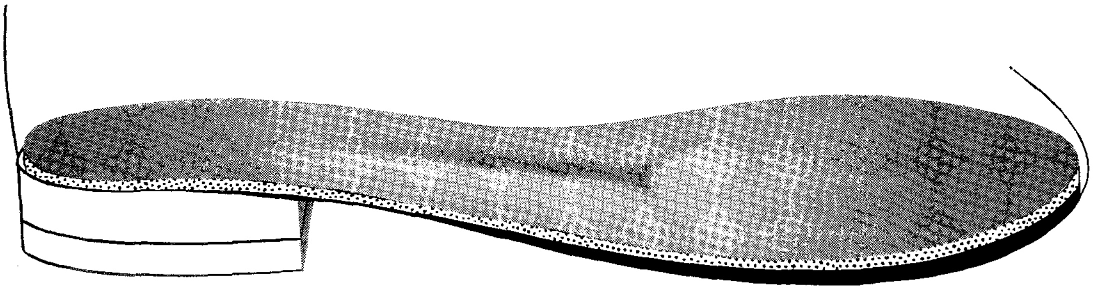

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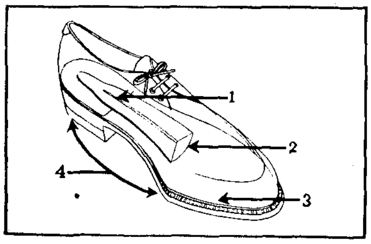

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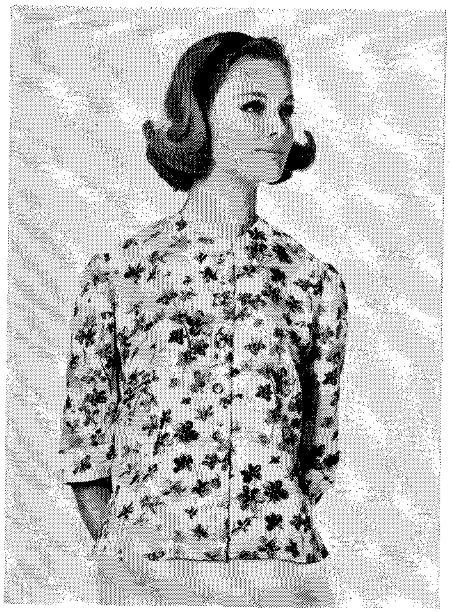
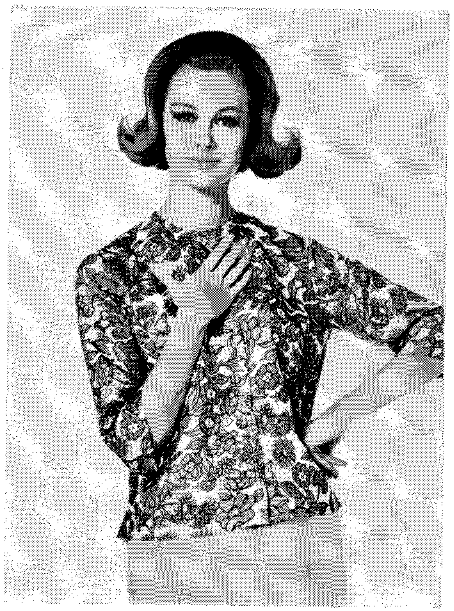
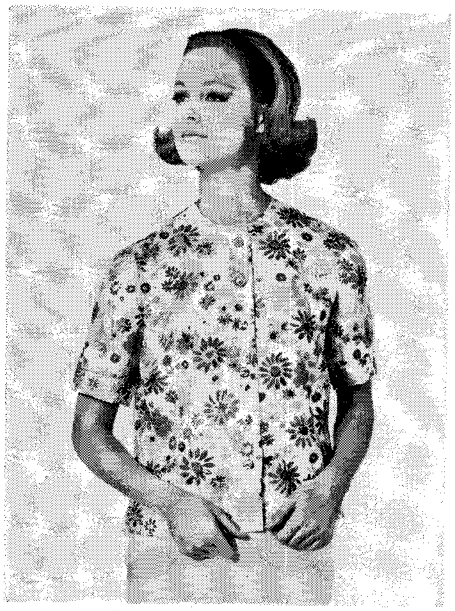


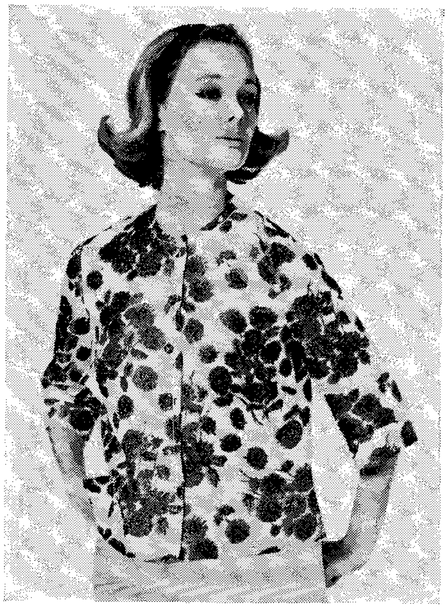
Painted Posies
Silk



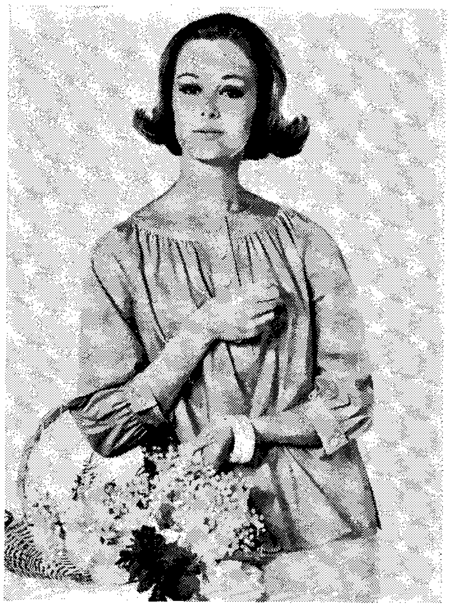
Greenhouse
Silk



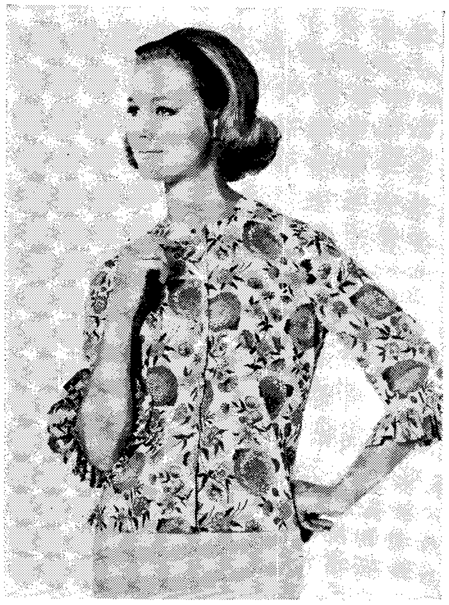
Field Flowers
Silk



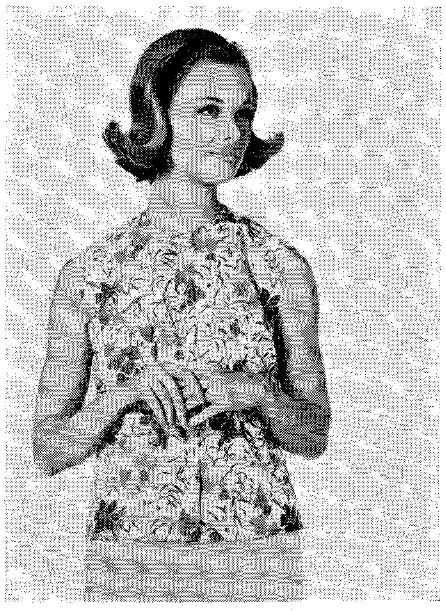
Irish Rose
Silk



the Gardener's Smock
Dacron*-chambray



Marigold
Dacron*-cotton



Midsummer
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a smart overblouse
or better yet two,
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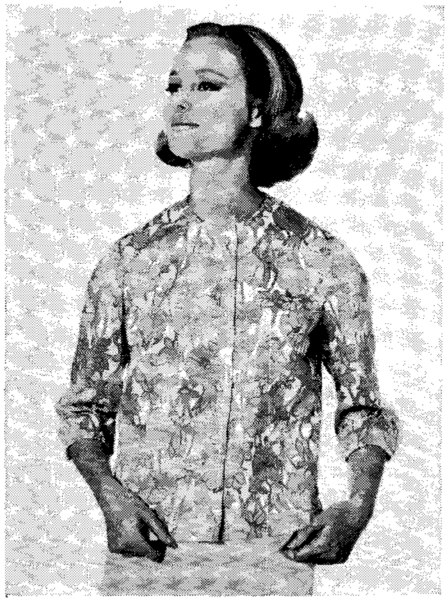

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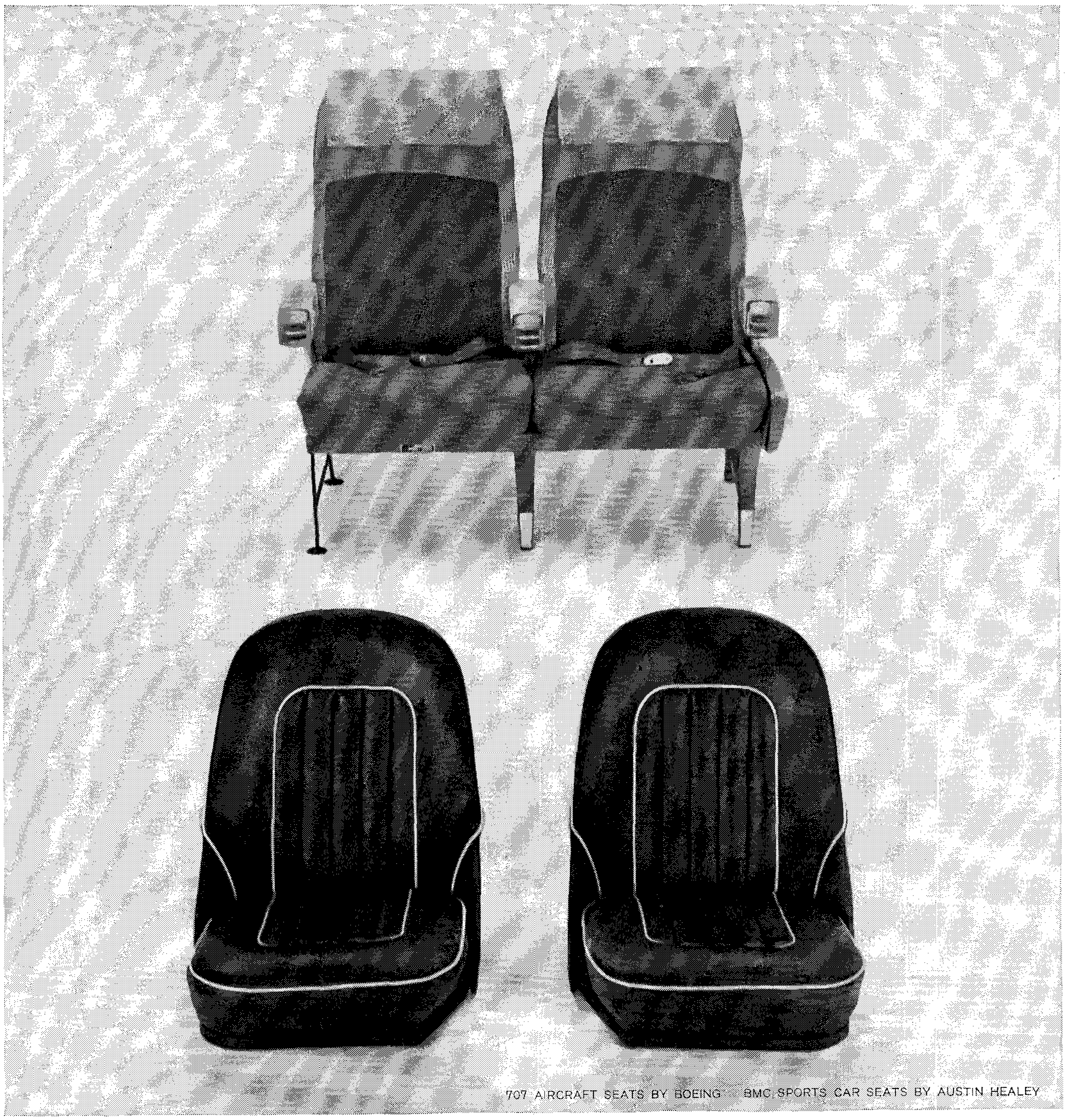
in Hanes
seamless stockings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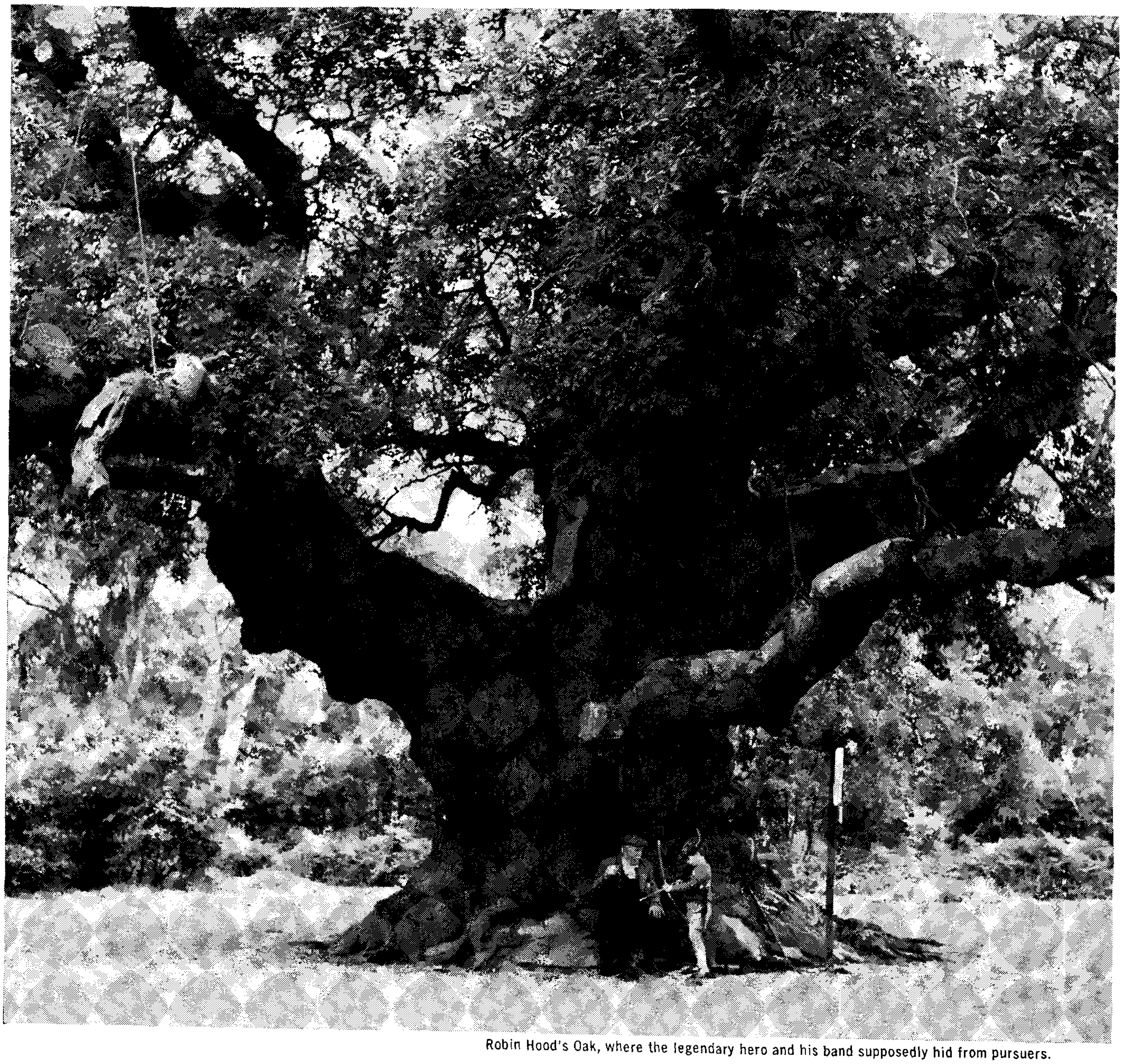

Robin Hood's Oak, where the legendary hero and his band supposedly hid from pursuers.

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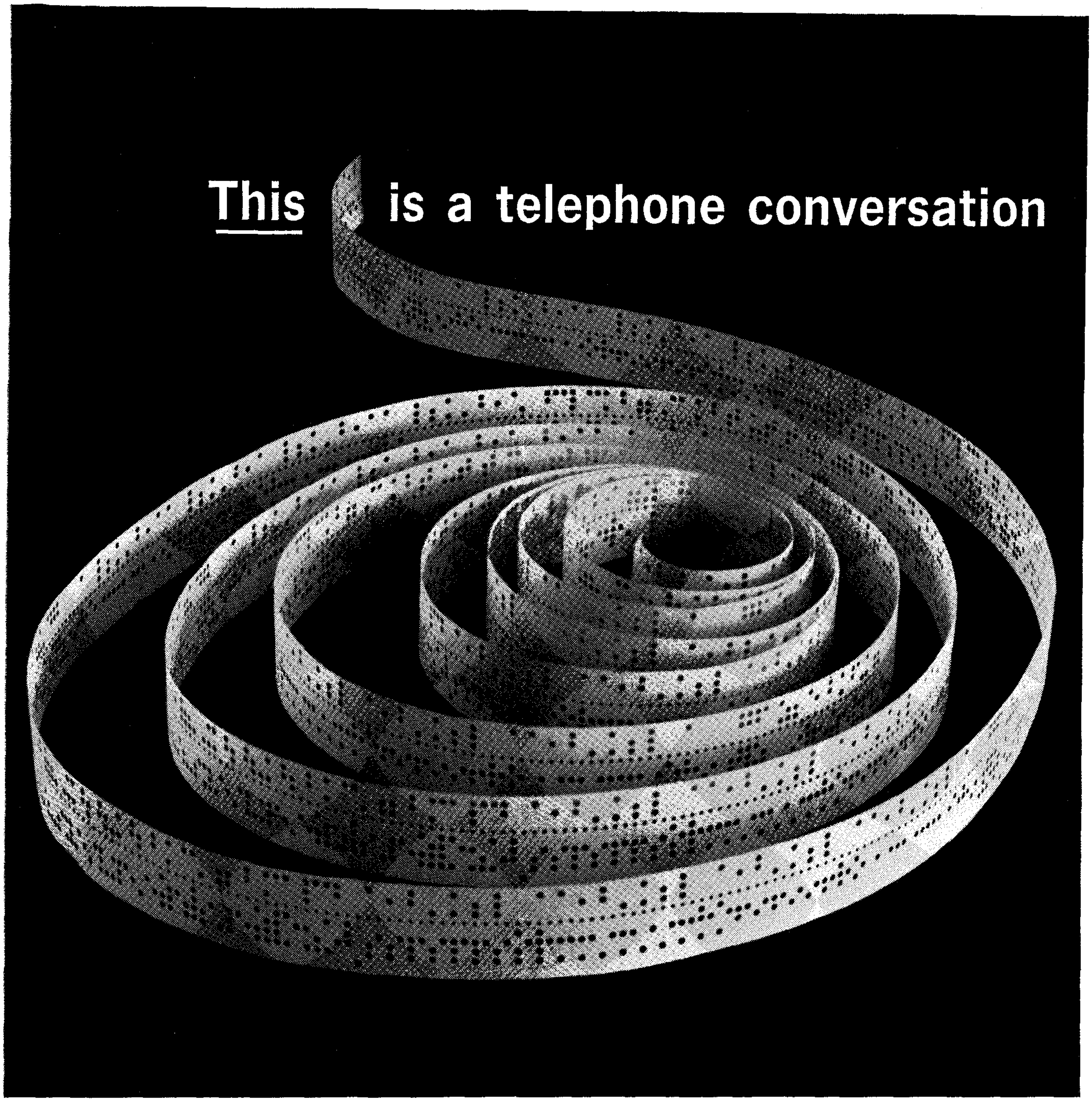

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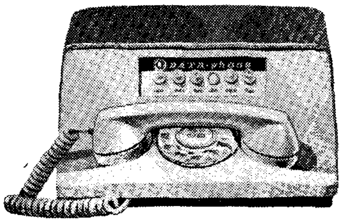

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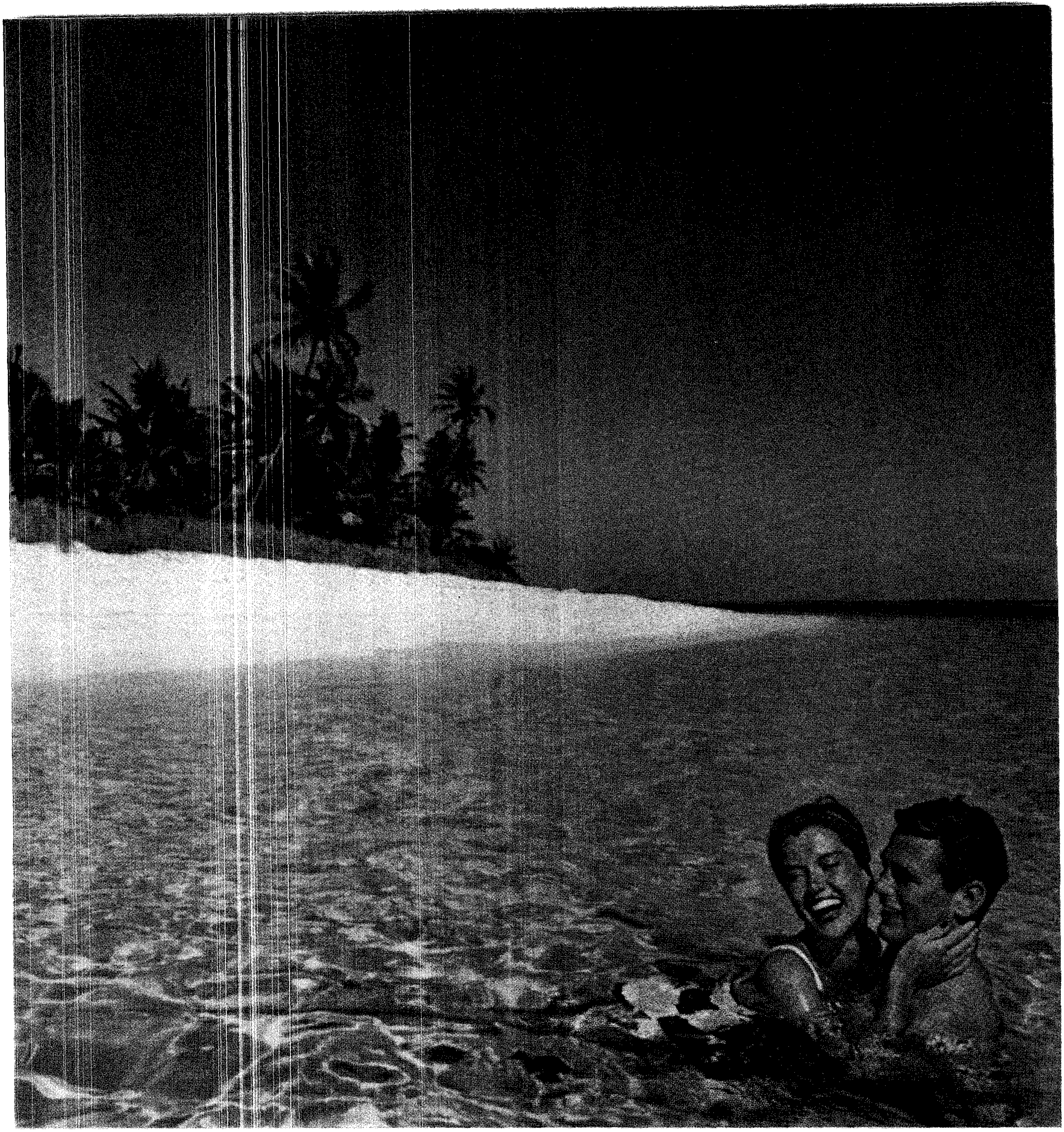

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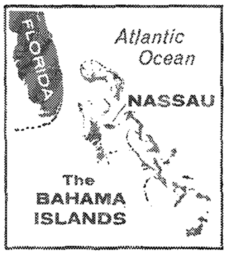

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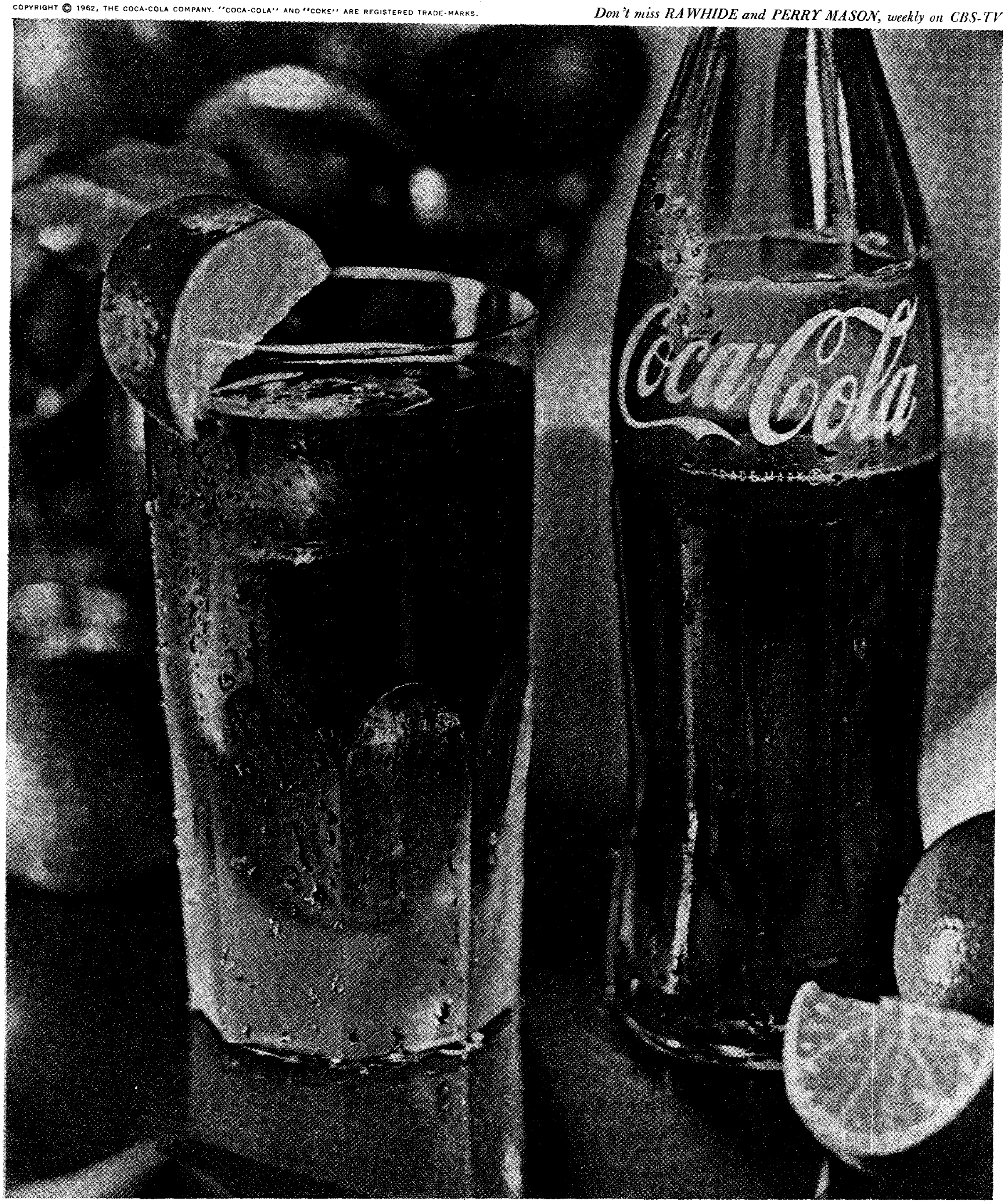

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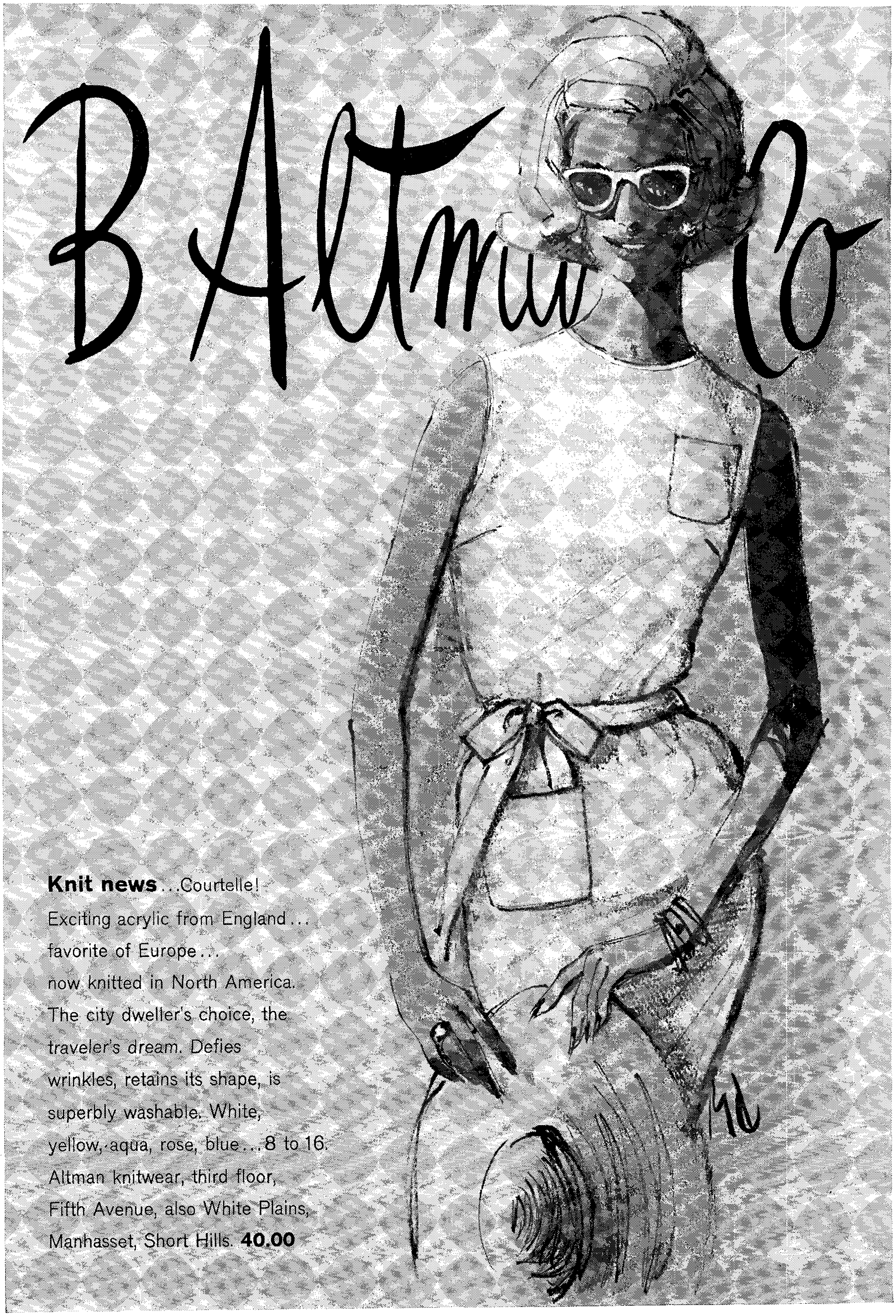

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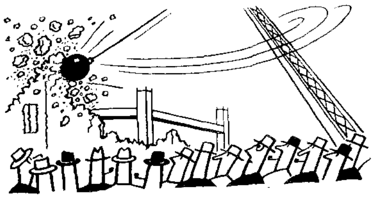
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE all had it drummed into us that Life imitates Art as often as Art imitates Life, and what a vicious (and very dull) circle we'd find ourselves in if both processes were mirror-perfect. Fortunately, the ways of mimesis are far more subtle, as we observed again just the other day. We had emerged from the Grand Central subway station into one of those brilliant spring mornings that always make us think, even in the city, of Robert Frost and his resolutely pastoral Muse. There was an unusually large crowd in front of our favorite construction site, and we edged in among the black topcoats and tan attaché cases to see why. The construction work had reached the climax of its most interesting phase—destruction—and the stubborn frame of an old building was being battered down by a huge metal ball suspended from a giant crane. Manipulating the levers in his cab, the yellow-helmeted crane operator would swing the neck of his machine to his left and the ball would start to swing in obedience, but before it could complete its arc, the man would reverse the mechanism and bring the ball crashing back with multiplied fury to shatter more masonry and shiver the remaining girders. After a few minutes, we were following the motion of the ball with our eyes, as one might at a tennis match. Another minute, and we caught ourself swaying slightly, involuntarily, to the pendulumlike rhythm. Chagrined, we looked around to see if anyone had noticed. Crash! The ball swung home again. It may have been only a spring fancy, but at the time we were sure we could see the telltale sway, just above the dark coat collars and below the felt hatbrims, as each of our neighbors shifted slightly, first to the left and then to the right, while the operator wound up his sling and sent the ball crashing yet again into the diminished target. The crowd began to break up a minute or two later, and we hurried on to our office with a familiar New England voice dictating this scene-closing couplet in our ear:



> "'Men work together,' I told him from the heart,
> 'Whether they work together or apart.'"

We can only assume that his Muse did not object to such a purely urban incarnation.

World Chief Guide

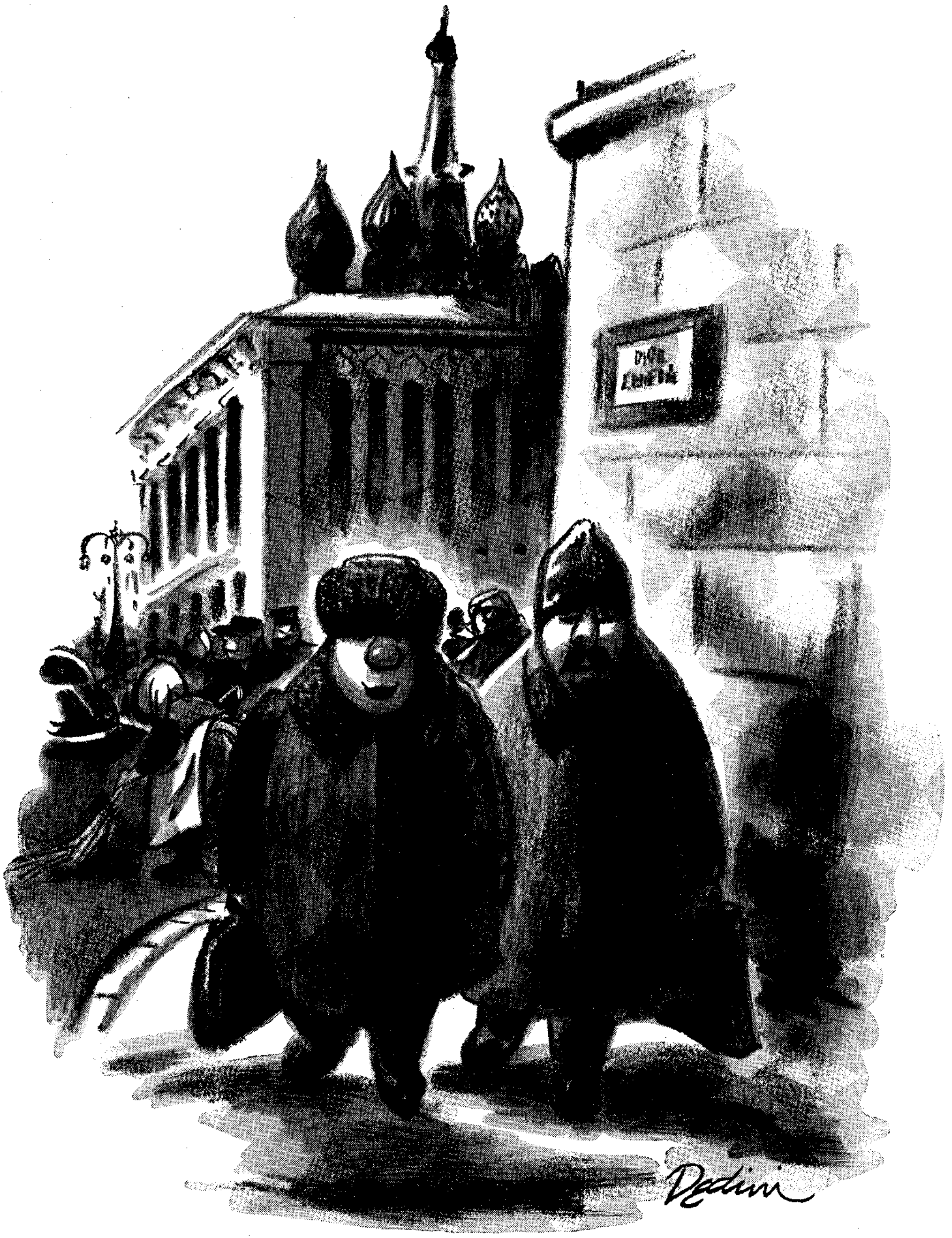
WE were recently privileged to have a chat with Olave, Lady Baden-Powell, G.B.E., World Chief Guide and a sort of one-woman convention, while she was in town to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., who have their headquarters in a glassy green building at 830 Third Avenue. She has travelled more than three hundred thousand miles for Scouting, or Guiding (depending on which side of the Atlantic she's on), and these travels have included three trips around the world, two to Australia, and fourteen to the United States, where more than half of the five million members of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts are encamped.

"I don't come here for fun," she assured us after we had trapped her over a cup of tea in a Park Avenue apartment, where she was a house guest—a difficult trick, as she is a whirlwind of a woman, a thinner version of Margaret Rutherford. She was wearing a slate-blue World Association jacket and hat, and below the hat wisps of white hair were continually eddying in her innate breeziness. "I try to leave *something behind*. But, of course, if it isn't fun, it isn't Scouting." On an average American tour, we learned, she is apt to leave behind the echoes of three hundred speeches, and the fun has included receiving the freedom of ten cities, one of them Reno, Nevada. She has been given seven decorations by various countries, and, in addition to being Lady Baden-Powell, she is a Dame of the Grand Cross, Order of the British Empire, but, she said, she has yet to earn a Girl Guide Proficiency Badge.

Finding the room muggy, she supervised the opening of several windows, and remarked that she has central heating in her apartment in Hampton Court Palace, where, along with the widows of other great men of England, she lives rent-free, in what is known as a Grace-and-Favour flat. However, she added, the resulting stuffiness is nowhere near as ferocious as what she has experienced in New York.

We asked her to tell us about the early days of Scouting.

"The movement was started by my husband, Robert Baden-Powell, first Baron Baden-Powell of Gilwell, O.M., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.," she began. "In the early eighties, in India, he had trained his soldiers according to a pattern known as scouting. He organized them into small patrols and taught them to find their way by the stars at night and with a map by day, to use their wits, and to fend for themselves. Years went by. After the Boer War, in which he made a name for himself as the hero of Mafeking, he returned to England with an unassailable position in public life. As a result of his writings, boys all



"*Every spring I feel faint stirrings of free enterprise in me.*"

• •

over England formed patrols, and for them he wrote a book called 'Scouting for Boys,' which was the cornerstone of the movement. Then, in 1909, Lord Baden-Powell—he was Sir Robert at the time—offered to meet, at the Crystal Palace, any boys who had taken up Scouting. Ten thousand turned up! Trundling along behind them, like camp followers, were a straggling, scraggly group of girls. They embarrassed Sir Robert greatly, but he couldn't disregard them. They couldn't be Scouts—Scouting was for boys—so he gave them the name Guides and turned them over to his sister, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, as quickly as he could."

Still warm, Lady Baden-Powell took off her hat, and then her jacket, which she folded and laid on a chair. "Last fall, I travelled across this country incognito—in plainclothes except for this cap," she said. "The only person who recognized me at all was a policeman, who asked me if I was a Girl Scout." She raked her hair from her eyes and went on, "At the time the Girl Guides were being established, Juliette Gordon Low, an American, was in England, and so successful had Guiding become that she decided to import it for American girls. In 1912, she embarked for the States on the R.M.S. Arcadian with Sir Robert, who was beginning a round-the-world tour for Scouting. She started the first American troop on March 12, 1912, in Savannah, Georgia. I was on the Arcadian, too, that trip. I had never met Sir Robert before, but I had known who he was. I had worn a Mafeking button, like everyone else, after his victory. He remembered seeing me walk my dog in Hyde Park. He was writing a book on tracking at the time, he said, and could tell people's character by the way they walked. Evidently he had thought, *There's a sensible sort of girl!* We were engaged before the ship reached America. At first, the Boy Scouts didn't approve of the Founder's marrying, but when he explained that I could cook and drive a car, they came round. I worked my way up through the ranks, doing odd jobs at first, until I became World Chief Guide, in 1930. My husband was World Chief Scout from 1920 until his death, in 1941. February 22nd—our joint birthday, though we were born thirty-two years apart—is Thinking Day, when all Scouts and Guides think of each other and do special good deeds. The Think starts in New Zealand, where the dawn of the new day first touches land."

We asked what she does on Thinking Day. "I get three thousand letters," she said. She put on her hat. She put on her jacket, too. Then she excused herself, saying she had some of the letters still to answer.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (INEVITABLE DEVELOPMENT DIVISION): An outfit called the Mermey Organization, on East Fortieth Street, can give you Image Management.

Explorers' Dinner

THE other day we received a letter from the Explorers Club, marked "Personal" and signed "Fraternally yours, Perry Atkinson," that read, in part,

> As an adherent of the purposes and objectives of this distinguished organization, and an Active Member Explorer, it is my pleasure to cordially invite you, and any friend you may wish to bring, to attend the 58th Annual Dinner and Bombosh of The Explorers Club, at the Hotel Commodore. . . . Every year this is a bigger and better event, memories of which are cherished by our guests. This year, the theme will be two all-important phases of our progress, OLD TYME EXPLORATION now nearing extinction, vs. SPACE AGE EXPLORATION. . . . We are planning a program that will top anything we have done yet, from exotic primitive hors d'oeuvres for sophisticated epicures, strange drinks, delectable food, and originality of program to the last gong,

so we showed up at the Commodore on the appointed evening, in time to sample, at a long table in the foyer of the

Grand Ballroom, such exotic primitive tidbits as Japanese smoked abalone, cherry blossoms *glacées*, baby bees, and ants *au chocolat;* Mexican agave worms and hot miniature peppers; alligator-tail roast from Dutch Guiana; Canadian bobcat links; Sudanese fried grasshoppers; fried shark chips from the Bahamas; and sparrows *en brochette* from Thailand. We turned from a pickled pullet egg (English) to greet John C. Pallister, president of the club and a research associate in entomology at the Museum of Natural History, whom we had last seen frolicking in his office with a goliath beetle. "Come and meet some of our distinguished guests," he said, and turned us over to Mr. Raymond M. Owen, a director of the club and the chairman of its library committee, who guided us to Room 103, where, through an open door, we spotted Lowell Thomas, the evening's master of ceremonies; Dr. John Tee-Van, general director of the New York Zoological Society and a former Explorers Club president; and Dr. Serge A. Korff, professor of physics at New York University and *another* former E.C. president—all in dinner jackets and all surrounded by photographers. A uniformed guard barred our entrance. Mr. Atkinson, chairman of the dinner committee, loomed up, and Mr. Owen presented us to him.

"Go away," Mr. Atkinson said, with a fraternal scowl. "Only photographers are allowed in here." He closed the door with a cordial bang, and presently, at one of several bars set up near the hors-d'oeuvres table, we regained our morale with a Scorpion's Tail Cocktail (a dollar and a quarter, over and above the price of the dinner—fifteen).

Next, in the ballroom, we found ourself congenially seated between Dr. F. Andrew Werner, who identified himself as a lawyer, and Alfred W. Sawyer, a consulting engineer. We decided to explore their explorations.

"I've done a little chasing around in the back country of Liberia hunting for sources of water supply," Mr. Sawyer said. "My firm, Hazen & Sawyer, designed the original water-supply and sewer system for Monrovia. We had two men there for four years, and I went out four times for stays of about two months."

"How deep did you go down?" Dr. Werner asked.

"Only fifteen feet," Mr. Sawyer replied. "We developed horizontal infiltration. We're doing some work in Libya now, on the water-supply problem in the oil fields."

We asked Dr. Werner about his explorations.

"I'm about to spend two weeks in northern Maine," he said. "It's the most beautiful country. I've made several trips there."

"I was *born* in northern Maine," Mr. Sawyer said, and the two men fell to reminiscing about the region.

"I used to snowshoe a mile and a half to school," Mr. Sawyer said. "I haven't been back for years, but one of my relatives' barns there burned down recently."

"Terrible fire hazard there," Dr. Werner said. "All that hay in the barns. Is it hard to get insurance?"

"You can carry only ten or twenty per cent, and hope for the best," Mr. Sawyer said.

"I get most of my equipment from L. L. Bean, in Freeport," Dr. Werner said. "I've visited the plant twice. L. L. Bean is absolutely reliable."

"You can just go in and wander around and watch the people sewing moccasins," Mr. Sawyer said.

"What kind of shoes did you take to Liberia?" Dr. Werner asked. "Were they laced? Were they up to the knee?"

Mr. Sawyer described his shoes, and Dr. Werner said that the best boots in this country are to be obtained from Gokey, in St. Paul. "They made me a pair I wore in the Arctic," he said. "In the boot way, Gokey can't be beaten."

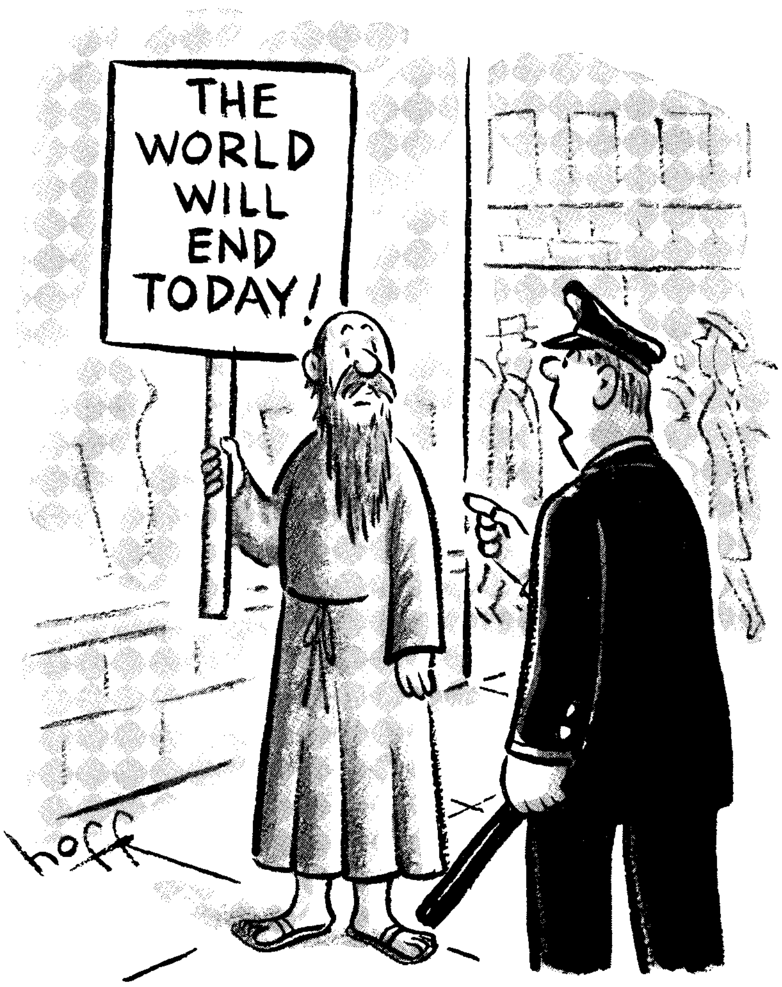
By this time, we had all finished a non-exotic dinner of chowder, roast beef, and ice cream, so President Pallister, at the dais table, introduced the Portuguese Consul General, who presented the club with a small statue of Prince Henry the Navigator.

"We will install it in some place in the club where it can be seen by posterity," Mr. Pallister said, and, as five photographers documented the proceedings, he began to introduce some of the guests of honor at his table, who, according to a printed brochure at our place, included Dr. Melville B. Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society; Sir Edmund P. Hillary, the conqueror of Mount Everest; and Mr. Alexander M. White, president of the Museum of Natural History—none of whom were present.

"My boss, C. De Wolf Gibson," Mr. Pallister said as he presented a Museum of Natural History vice-president who was pinch-hitting for Mr. White.

Mr. Pallister then asked for subscriptions to the club's *Journal,* and turned the festivities over to Mr. Thomas.

"I hope you've had a good time up to now,


THE WORLD WILL END TODAY!

"All right, but don't let me catch you around here tomorrow!"

because from here on it's going to get grim," Mr. Thomas said.

A word to the wise is sufficient, and we beat it.

Automaton

THE Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a logical place for the perfection of a perpetual-motion machine, so we weren't surprised when an M.I.T. student we know wrote to us about an important breakthrough in that field. It seems that a self-operating light fixture was recently installed outside M.I.T.'s library, with an electric-eye control designed to switch the globe on automatically when darkness falls. However, when the light glows, the night is suddenly no longer dark, so the electric eye, mindless servant that it is, switches the fixture off, and this sequence is repeated *ad infinitum*. The light has been blinking from sunset to sunrise for some time now, and our young friend has promised to let us know how things come out.

Pedestrian League

BECAUSE of the spring weather, the reappearance of buses, and an encounter with a cabdriver who referred to the pedestrians he grazed as monkeys and complained that baby carriages always want to get ahead of everybody, we decided to check in with Leo Wilensky, spokesman for the Pedestrian League of America—a nonpolitical body that is against speed and in favor of architects and city planners—at the post-office box where we first met him, the summer before last. Mr. Wilensky had a lot to say.

"There have been tremendous vehicular encroachments," he began. "The pedestrian is considered a second-class citizen. The auto industry is everywhere. We're not so much interested in being a lobby as in working for the health, safety, and welfare of the pedestrian; we want to be recognized. States and cities are very weak, very subject to lobbying. They often look at licenses from a revenue point of view, rather than safety. We get anonymous, harassing letters, saying, 'Don't go too far in your advocacy of...'"

We nodded.

"The American Automobile Association has seven and a half million members; we have about a hundred and eighty," Mr. Wilensky continued. "There are some rightists in the Pedestrian League—anti-tax people, who are attracted to us because road building is subsidized by taxes. Our officers are all liberals, but we're thinking of getting some conservative ones, for more equitable representation. We have a crash-injury project to show how speed and design are serious factors in causing pedestrian injury—especially the front of a car. Those high, wide, long hoods and wraparound windshields. We're the only anti-speed group, you might say, in the United States. The others who talk about reasonable speed always mean raising the limit. Police and auto clubs and so on admit that motorists are allowed to go five or ten miles over the limit in all states. They seem to be auto-industry fronts. There's nobody else; there are thousands of pro-motorist groups but only one group that speaks for the pedestrian. But that gives us incentive."

We nodded.

"New York City is probably the most congested city in the world, and with the population explosion there's less and less room," said Mr. Wilensky. "We're glad to see the number of new buildings that have put up arcades from street to street. Architects and planners are our two best supporters—very pro-pedestrian. They *like* to set buildings back, make them lower, let in sun and air. And there are more colored sidewalks now. They are easy to clean, I understand, and they give an aesthetic uplift to the person walking on them. Eventually, there will be sidewalks that are heated—melting snow—and lighted from beneath. I'm not sure what advantage that will have. Maybe there'll be advertising on the sidewalks, with colored lights. But if it's beautiful and uplifts the pedestrian, we're for it. Moving sidewalks. Who knows?"

We shrugged.

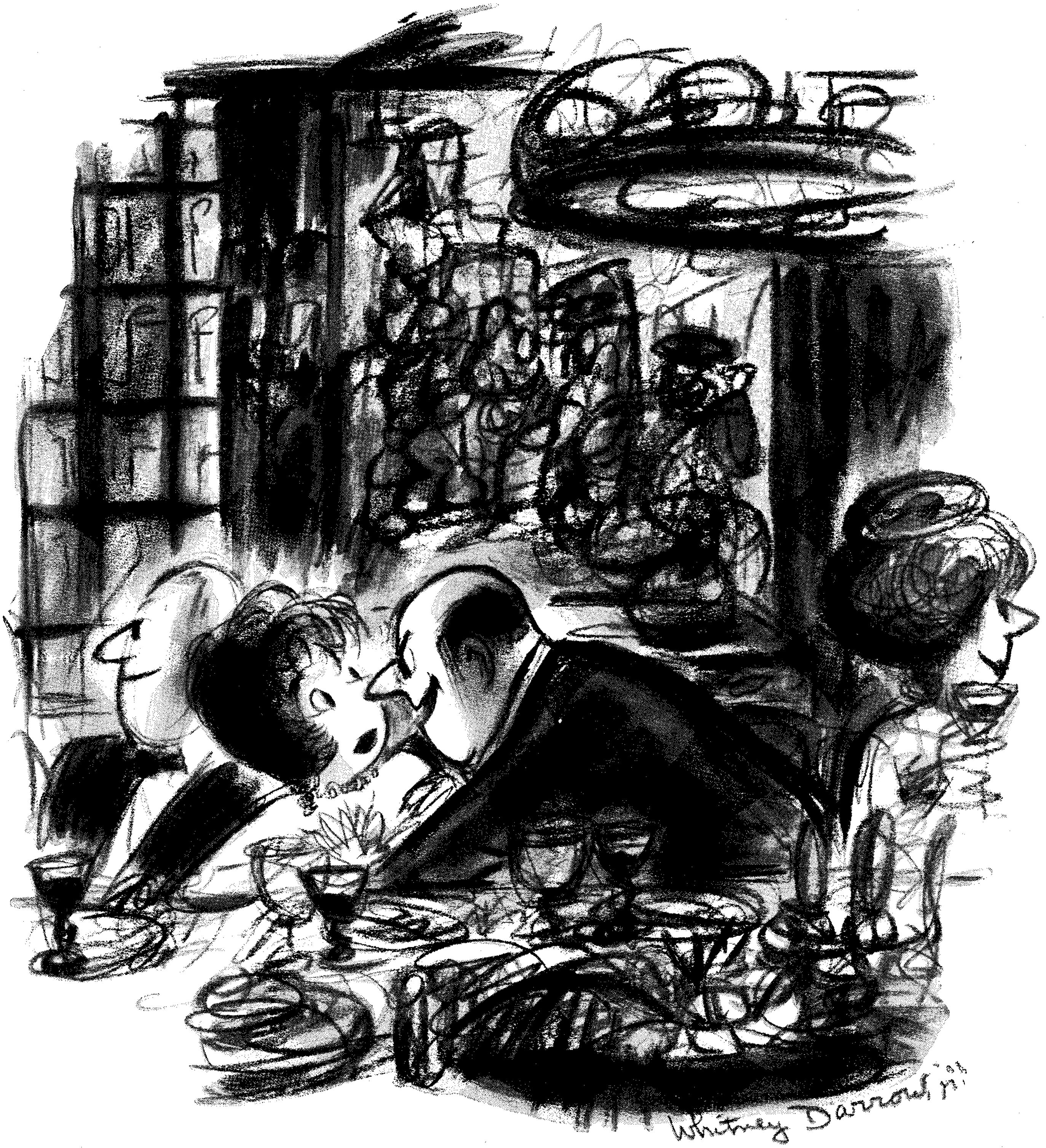
"The American Association of Nurserymen advocates more plantings along our streets—more trees and bushes and flowers," Mr. Wilensky went on. "They're interested in money, of course, but from the point of view of the pedestrian these things add to beauty and citizen pride. If you throw something on a colored sidewalk with trees, it's more conspicuous, and the Sanitation Department can't ignore it. Some people say that plants will cut down air pollution—the fumes and gases that cars throw off—and will also absorb noise. Vehicular noise has become a terrible problem in cities, from horns, loose parts, and driving over manholes and gaps in the streets, and from trucks and buses. We've taken on the work of various anti-noise societies—two went out of existence last year—insofar as it pertains to traffic noise. People at the New York City Department of Air Pollution Control—they've been very helpful to us—don't put much faith in trees and flowers as a means of dealing with pollution. Too many trees are necessary to absorb the air pollution caused by one car. But even if it only makes a dent, it brings a little piece of the park back into the urban street."

We nodded.

"We feel we were a strong factor in getting the city to hire a new traffic commissioner," Mr. Wilensky said. "Wiley, the prior commissioner, was too motorist-oriented. We wrote and spoke to people at the City Planning Commission and other city agencies. We had read about Mr. Barnes some time ago—about his work in Denver, where he first used the Barnes Scramble, or Dance, or whatever they call it. He seems to be more pro-pedestrian, more broad-minded, but a man may start out well . . . It's too early to tell. It has been admitted that the lights are rigged against the pedestrian. Motor vehicles get sixty seconds or more to cross; the pedestrian gets thirty seconds or less, despite the advantage of the motorist, especially over the female or lame or senile pedestrian, who crosses slowly or has to limp or hobble across. There's room for stimulating, controversial thinking. People have been conditioned to think in terms of a fast-moving, mobile society. Thruway, freeway, speedway. *Side*walk. Some dictionaries stress derogatory definitions of 'pedestrian': 'slow, plodding or commonplace,' 'a pedestrian quality or style.' There is a great need for improvement in the dictionary field. 'Pedestrian' is not even listed in some encyclopedias."

Mr. Wilensky was alternately optimistic and depressed, generous and severe, and our spirits rose and fell with his.

"Our membership hasn't in-



"That's a very provocative perfume you're wearing."

creased conspicuously in the last couple of years, but that doesn't mean much," he said, in conclusion. "We've had *some* influence, and there are signs that society is beginning to think more and more in terms of the pedestrian community. Our paper, the *Pedestrian League Newsletter*, is the most controversial periodical of the times. The British pedestrian group has been most successful, probably because they're not as motorized over there, and they're so crowded for space that the problem is more urgent. We put so much into this; the results are disappointing. We accept no donations—to avoid corruption. And no salaries. We used to forbid our officers to have cars; now ownership of cars is restricted to forty per cent of the officers. We want to avoid any conflict of interest; we don't want members who are in the auto industry or belong to automobile clubs. But we realize that the motorist is also a pedestrian. The individual motorist is probably a very nice fellow."

•

DIALOGUE between a young husband and wife standing before a piece of sculpture composed of *objets trouvés*, at a downtown gallery:

Y.W.: Do you know what it means?

Y.H.: Yes, and it's not what you're thinking.

Y.W.: That's what I thought.

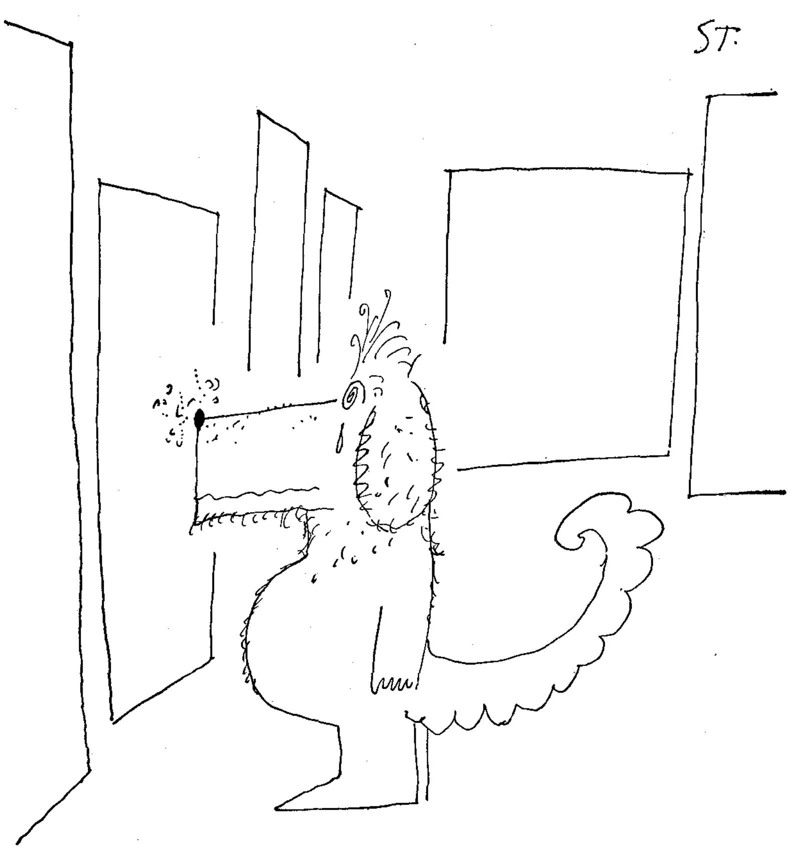
A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY ROYALTIES

"PLEASE don't give it another thought!" I shouted at my vis-à-vis over the uproar of the cocktail party. "It's perfectly all right!"

"I can't hear you!" she shouted back, her nose wrinkling in frustration. "What did you say?" She was an angular hyperthyroid in green herringbone, with a fur piece slung across her jib, and we stood glued to each other amid the crush like figures in an Indian temple frieze, but without intimacy. My left sleeve, down which she had just emptied two-thirds of her highball, was waterlogged, and a fearful premonition gripped me that I might spend eternity bonded to this afreet unless some miracle intervened. Providentially, it did; somewhere in the hurly-burly a drunk sank to the floor, the axis of the party shifted, and I found myself confronting Stanley Prang.

Though we had caromed into one another intermittently around New York over the past couple of decades, all I really knew of Prang was that he did editorial work for some major publishing firm and, I distantly recalled, kept his finger on the British literary pulse. Since he, in turn, always exhibited equal incuriosity about me, our encounters had been lubricated with an exchange of grins or platitudes on the weather. Today, however, I seemed to produce an effect like adrenalin on the chap. His pupils distended to the size of grapes, and, seizing my arm, he wrenched me into an adjacent hallway. "I want you to read something," he said, feverishly extracting an envelope. "In twenty-three years of working with authors, nothing like this has ever happened to me." I reached for it, but he struck aside my hand, determined to finish his preamble. "Of all the ingrates on earth," he declaimed, "of all the crabs, malcontents, and faultfinders, writers are the worst. You coddle them, correct their grammar, soothe their wretched little egos, turn yourself inside out to please them—and what do you get? A kick in the head. Not one speck of gratitude, appreciation—just more bellyaches. Well, anyhow," he broke off, obviously conscious of his failure to ignite a pile of wet leaves, "that's why I'm going to frame this document. It's historic!"

The letter, a barely decipherable scrawl on robin's-egg notepaper, was the handiwork of an English lady novelist too eminent, asserted Prang, to have her identity noised about. Its tone was emotional, almost elegiac. Acknowledging the receipt of a romance of hers he had just issued, she hailed it as a masterpiece of the bookmaker's art, a milestone in publishing. Everything about it—type, format, binding—bespoke the most refined taste; indeed, she declared, the setting was so exquisite that she feared it shamed her poor bauble. The beauty of the end papers was only rivalled by the ingenuity of the chapter headings, and, as for the dust jacket, she planned to have its breathtaking design duplicated on a negligee. True, the publisher's blurb was a bit fulsome; she could not truly regard herself as the peer of Dostoevski, Dickens, Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola, but perhaps such encomiums were necessary to stimulate sales.



"And that isn't all!" Prang added vehemently. "On publication day, she cabled flowers to the entire editorial staff, and begged us to cut her royalties in half because she felt our advertising appropriation was overgenerous."

"Jiminetty!" I said. "Well, I hope you send me a copy. Good book, is it?"

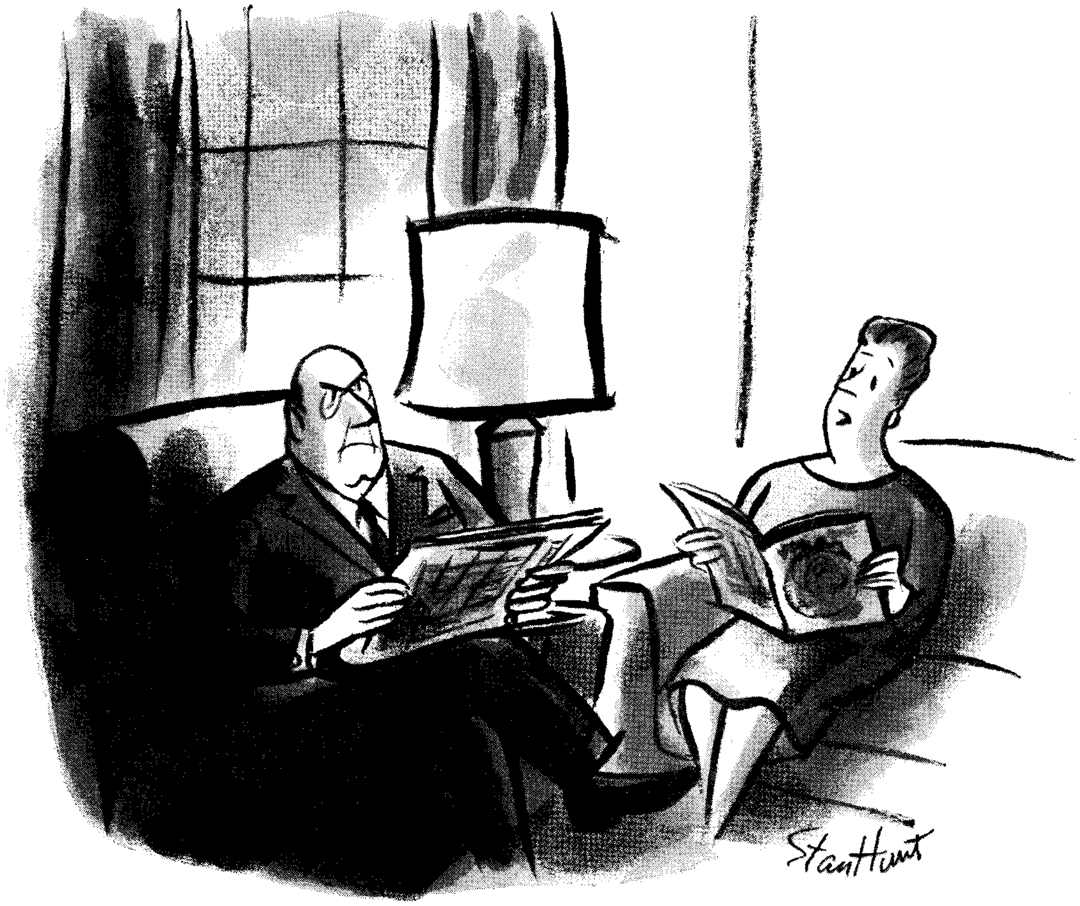
"Unreadable," he snapped. "A bomb. That's not the point, though. This dame's behavior throws a brand-new sidelight on authors." He shook his head perplexedly. "Maybe the bastards *are* human, after all."

For a moment, I thought of vindicating my profession dramatically with a right cross to the man's jaw, but it occurred to me that he might vindicate his with a right cross to mine, and I forbore. Reviewing the episode later, however, I wondered if the lady's testimonial, while magnanimous in the extreme, may not be fraught with perilous implications. Across the years, publishing has come to expect—in fact, to predicate its very existence on—the author's mistrust, his rancor and perversity. If suddenly he were to start fawning on his sponsors like a coach dog and rhapsodizing all over the place, his *amour-propre* would vanish overnight, a generation of executives trained to grovel and demean themselves would become obsolete, and the whole structure of the business might disintegrate. As a corrective to any such trend, as well as an illustration of how one creative artist combatted it, I submit a brief correspondence between Marshall Crump, a prominent New York publisher, and Cyprian Wynkoop, a fledgling poet:

FEBRUARY 13

MY DEAR MR. WYNKOOP,

I guess each one of us gets tongue-tied when writing to his idol, be he Joe Blow scratching out a fan missive to Sinatra or a prominent New York publisher lauding a genius like yourself. This is the third stab I have made at expressing my homage to you; I tore up the other two stabs, because, frank-



"You mean you don't want the aged to have any medical care, Bancroft?"

• •

ly, I was afraid you would deem them a bit overboard. Nevertheless, and at the risk of earning your ill will, I must speak my piece. In my humble opinion, Cyprian Wynkoop is destined to rank among the literary greats of all time. He stands like a colossus among his contemporaries, already enshrined on Olympus albeit he is very much alive and at the pinnacle of his powers. To his detractors (not that you have any, Mr. Wynkoop—a mere figure of speech) I say, show me one scrivener fit to tie Wynkoop's shoe. They cannot, by George, and I will tell you why. Because he is a giant among pygmies.

I can just picture a sardonic smile wreathing your physiognomy as, meerschaum in hand, you peruse these lines in your study. I can just hear you speculating, how does a roach like him have the crust, the presumption, to approach an immortal! The answer, sir, is that I refuse to be muzzled any longer. There is a conspiracy of silence aimed at keeping you in the dark, and I will not be a party to it. Your present publishers, Winograd & Totentanz, are crucifying you. All unbeknownst to you, they have dumped your latest brilliant compendium of poems, "Saraband for a Gay Hetaera," in a cut-rate drugstore off Nassau Street. A fine comment on our time—the American Keats remaindered for thirty-nine cents by a couple of pitchmen that I happen to know began their career demonstrating silver polish on the Atlantic City boardwalk. To such lengths will hoodlums go to clear their inventory.

Well, just wanted to pass along this tip in return for the profound sock you hand me whenever I run across your work, which will be quite often now that it is retailing for thirty-nine cents. Incidentally, if you feel restless for any reason in your current publishing setup, we certainly would mortgage the old homestead to have your clever pen in our stable. How are you fixed for lunch Tuesday? If agreeable to you, let's meet at the Puritan Doughnut Shop, at Ninth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. I usually eat at the Plaza or "21," but if some columnist spied us in a huddle, Winograd & Totentanz might do a burn, and the way things are breaking for you, you need all the friends you can get.

Cordially yours,
Marshall Crump

February 22

Dear Mr. Crump,

The noise in the cruller shop the other day was so deafening that I did not understand your proposition too clearly, and the cigar stump you chewed throughout lunch did nothing to clarify your diction. Hence, I am rather confused as to whether you offered me a twenty-five-thousand-dollar advance to show you the first twenty-five pages of a novel or twenty-five dollars for the first twenty-five thousand words. In either case, I carried away the impression of a glib trickster who would bear watching, and your frantic insistence that I pony up eighty-five cents for my share of the check further disturbed me. Please note that whereas you consumed a London broil with mashed turnips and beets, cabinet pudding, and coffee, I ate only two jelly doughnuts and a cup custard. If your firm has published all the best-sellers you claim, why should our initial meeting leave me forty cents the loser? It seems a poor augury for future business relations.

On the other hand, Mr. Crump, despite the revulsion you filled me with, I have decided on mature reflection to flout every dictate of common sense and let you issue my next book. The financial details are inconsequential; my basic motive is altruism, the *réclame* your paltry imprint would acquire by publishing me. What consternation this has evoked in my circle I need not describe. To a man, my friends predict disaster, excoriating you as sneak thieves, pushcart peddlers, and worse. I, too, sense my utter folly but, quixotic simpleton that I am, rush headlong into the abattoir. With best wishes and no illusions whatever,

Yours,
Cyprian Wynkoop

February 27

Dear Wynkoop,

Sorry to have been out of the office when you visited us yesterday. The mix-up about our twenty-five-dollar check bouncing was a stupid clerical error, and I assume complete responsibility. Miss Overbite, our bookkeeper, had drops put in her eyes for new glasses and on the way home from the specialist took a bus to White Plains by mistake. When she

TULIPS

The tulips are too excitable; it is winter here.
Look how white everything is, how quiet, how snowed-in!
I am learning peacefulness, lying by myself quietly
As the light lies on these white walls, this bed, these hands.
I am nobody; I have nothing to do with explosions.
I have given my name and my day-clothes up to the nurses
And my history to the anesthetist and my body to surgeons.

They have propped my head between the pillow and the sheet-cuff
Like an eye between two white lids that will not shut.
Stupid pupil, it has to take everything in.
The nurses pass and pass; they are no trouble;
They pass the way gulls pass inland in their white caps,
Doing things with their hands, one just the same as another,
So it is impossible to tell how many there are.

My body is a pebble to them; they tend it as water
Tends to the pebbles it must run over, smoothing them gently.
They bring me numbness in their bright needles, they bring me sleep.
Now I have lost myself, I am sick of baggage—
My patent-leather overnight case like a black pillbox,
My husband and child smiling out of the family photo.
Their smiles catch onto my skin, little smiling hooks.

I have let things slip, a thirty-year-old cargo boat
Stubbornly hanging onto my name and address.
They have swabbed me clear of my loving associations.
Scared and bare on the green plastic-pillowed trolley,
I watched my tea set, my bureaus of linen, my books
Sink out of sight, and the water went over my head.
I am a nun now; I have never been so pure.

I didn't want any flowers, I only wanted
To lie with my hands turned up and be utterly empty.
How free it is, you have no idea how free!
The peacefulness is so big it dazes you,
And it asks nothing—a name tag, a few trinkets.
It is what the dead close on, finally; I imagine them
Shutting their mouths on it, like a Communion tablet.

The tulips are too red in the first place; they hurt me.
Even through the gift paper I could hear them breathe
Lightly, through their white swaddlings, like an awful baby.
Their redness talks to my wound, it corresponds.
They are subtle: they seem to float, though they weigh me down,
Upsetting me with their sudden tongues and their color,
A dozen red lead sinkers round my neck.

Nobody watched me before; now I am watched.
The tulips turn to me and the window behind me,
Where, once a day, the light slowly widens and slowly thins,
And I see myself, flat, ridiculous, a cut-paper shadow
Between the eye of the sun and the eyes of the tulips,
And I have no face. I have wanted to efface myself.
The vivid tulips eat my oxygen.

Before they came, the air was calm enough,
Coming and going, breath by breath, without any fuss.
Then the tulips filled it up like a loud noise.
Now the air snags and eddies round them the way a river
Snags and eddies round a sunken rust-red engine.
They concentrate my attention that was happy
Playing and resting without committing itself.

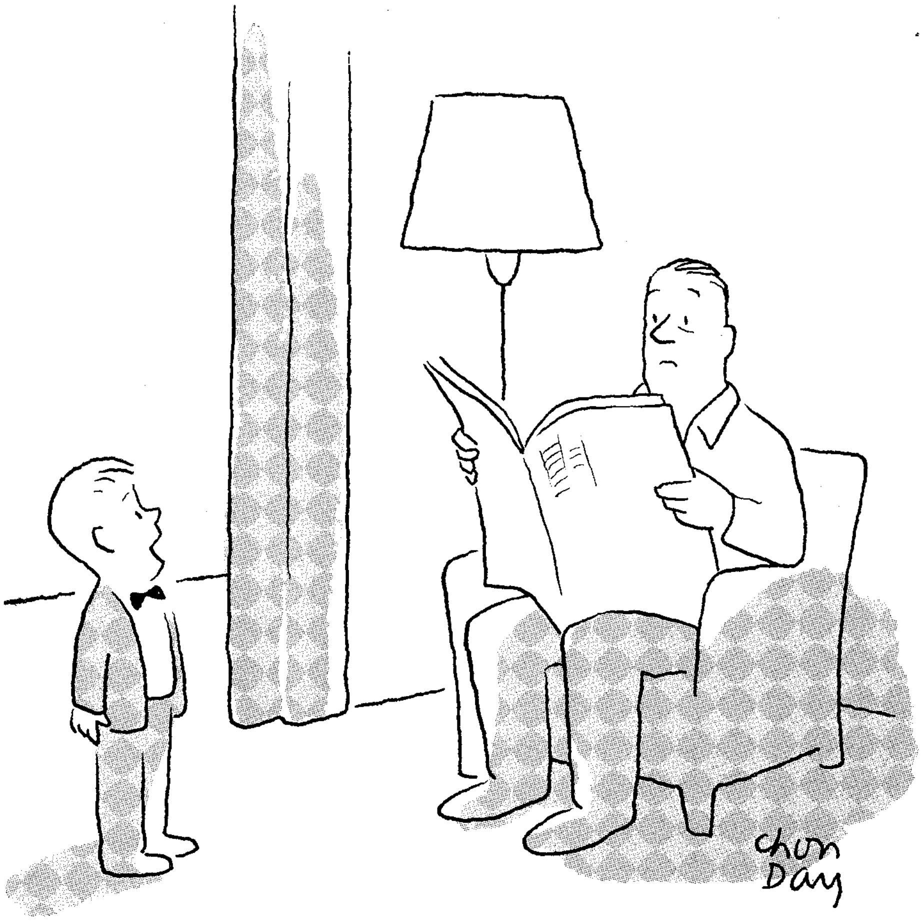
The walls, also, seem to be warming themselves.
The tulips should be behind bars, like dangerous animals;
They are opening like the mouth of some great African cat,
And I am aware of my heart: it opens and closes
Its bowl of red blooms out of sheer love of me.
The water I taste is warm and salt, like the sea,
And comes from a country far away as health.

—SYLVIA PLATH

• •

didn't come back after lunch, I naturally thought she had absconded, and stopped payment on several items. If you will deposit the check again in two weeks—three weeks, to be on the safe side—it should breeze right through.

And now for the big news, my boy. I stayed up till after two this morning reading the eleven pages you brought in of the new novel. I'm a pretty tough audience, Wynkoop, but this is perfection—this is the jackpot. There isn't an extra word, or comma. Except for the hero, the girl, and her parents, none of whom really come off, it's the merriest, most tragic, searching, and yet least depressing thing I have glimpsed in many a moon. Even if you never added another line, it would stand as a complete work of art—and right here is where my keen publisher's instinct bids me speak up. Let us not tamper with it, I say; let us bring out this sterling prose fragment as a novella that will sell like hot chickpeas now and whet the public's appetite for the finished product next fall. The idea had such a sensational impact around the office that a couple of the staff could hardly speak for a few minutes. Anyway, the book is already at the linotypers and you will have proofs inside two weeks. The only hitch I foresee is getting a classy enough portrait of you for the jacket. Could you possibly fly up to Canada this weekend and be photographed by Karsh? If the



"My teacher says I'm the fastest one in the slow group."

• •

old writing schedule is too tight, of course, just holler and will get Karsh flown down to you. Meanwhile, best personal regards from

Your devoted fan,
MARSHALL CRUMP

MARCH 15

DEAR MR. CRUMP,

It took me the better part of an hour yesterday to decode the hysterical phone message you left here with my Lithuanian cleaning woman. I finally gathered that Hollywood was offering three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the screen rights of my novella, that it had been chosen by both the Book-of-the-Month and the Literary Guild, and that William Inge and Gore Vidal were vying with each other to dramatize it. Whether the foregoing had actually happened or was imminent, I was unable to tell, owing to my handmaiden's tendency to scramble past and future tenses. One conclusion, nevertheless, was inescapable—that by bandying my work around the market place you have cheapened and degraded it beyond repair. All your vaunted reverence for my talent, your sycophantic flattery, is nothing but camouflage for your real purpose—to emblazon my name on the best-seller list, hamstring me with adulation and pelf, and convert me into a hack.

The attorneys I have retained to collect damages for the humiliation and loss of ego arising from your indignities are confident that any jury would instantly indemnify me to the tune of half a million dollars. Rather than expose your villainy in open court, though, I herewith offer you a proposal. Withdraw the novella from general sale and issue instead a limited edition, for collectors only, of one hundred copies on Japanese vellum. While you have permanently blasted whatever hope I cherished of attaining the status of a cult, I may yet regain the integrity I once had.

Yours truly,
CYPRIAN WYNKOOP

MARCH 28

DEAR CYPRIAN,

I apologize for not answering before; I have been laid up with a small stroke that hit me the day I got your letter. (Please do not feel you are responsible in any way—just overwork, aggravation caused by other writers, etc.) Owing to my absence, there was a little slipup in the office. My assistant, Miss Overbite, forgot to notify the printer of your wishes, so the original trade edition of thirty-five hundred copies was shipped to the bookstores. Of course, I fired her, also stopped payment on the printer's check, but, after all, nobody is superhuman. In my condition, I did the best I could.

Fortunately, I have good news, too. The critics must have guessed our predicament and decided to let you down easy, because not one of them reviewed the book. How is that for professional courtesy? Only a man of your stature gets a break like that, and maybe the ball-point pens I distribute annually to the press don't hurt, either.

On the sales front, we anticipate plenty of action, as there is a terrific word-of-mouth across the country. To nudge it along, we are remaindering the book for thirty-nine cents in a few key spots like bus terminals, drugstores around Nassau Street where the brokerage crowd lunches, etc. Well, baby, so long for the present, and any time you're near the office, drop in and chew the fat with us. It should be Old Home Week for you now that we have decided to merge with Winograd & Totentanz.

Yours ever,
MARSHALL CRUMP

MARCH 30

DEAR MR. CRUMP,

To say that you have hoodwinked me and undermined my self-respect, forever destroyed any claim I may have had to artistic purity, would be the palest simulacrum of the truth. I have just come from Brentano's, where with my own eyes I saw half a dozen copies of my novella sold in as many minutes. The sight of those brutish, dishevelled customers pawing my work as if it were dress goods so revolted me that I groaned aloud. "Stop!" I wanted to cry. "Don't you realize you're stealing my birthright, you Philistines—that every book you buy diminishes me that much more?" That is what I wanted to cry, but somehow I could not.

Perhaps this nightmare in which you have embroiled me was a necessary ordeal; perhaps I shall emerge the nobler artist for it. In any event, this letter formally dissolves our association. I have just signed a contract with an altogether obscure publisher of chess books and almanacs in Philadelphia. He may not have a fancy office, a scapegoat like Miss Overbite, and a pair of unprincipled yahoos as partners, but at least he has facilities for keeping his author's books out of the hands of the public. Wishing you every conceivable tribulation, I am,

As always,
CYPRIAN WYNKOOP

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE PERMANENT END

"WHEN *I* was a child . . ." I said sternly. They were sitting on the couch like four birds on a telephone wire, heads cocked to one side, impermanent and alert. They were two, five, eight, and ten—boy, girl, boy, girl. "When I was a child . . ."

Three faces registered anguish, and Ten moaned with such gusto that Two looked over quickly for a cue. Seeing no cause for alarm, he laughed uproariously, slid off the couch, and rolled over on the floor to my feet.

"Oh, *no*," Ten said, "not *that* again!"

I began over. "When I was a kid . . ."

Eight was instantly doubled up. "Mommy was a baby goat!" he shouted, his mouth wide, so that I saw the glint of his new gold space maintainer. When I was a child and had lost a tooth, I was told that if I were careful not to put my tongue in the space, a gold tooth would grow in. Now, I considered sardonically, we buy them the gold tooth.

"What'd you look like, Mommy?" Five asked treacherously.

"Well," I said carelessly, "some people thought I was cute!"

There was a unanimous scream from the couch, and Two scrambled to his feet and stared at me with his mouth open.

Ten recovered first. "You were bowlegged, too!" she sobbed.

Eight could only gasp, "A bowlegged baby goat."

Five was in hopeless convulsions.

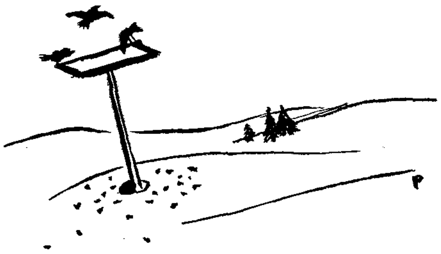
But Two wrapped his arms around my knees and said my name. Someone on my side, I thought, and caught the solid, silly little boy with two greedy hands and swung him up close to me. He put five fat fingers against my breast; they could have been five sticks of dynamite for what they did to me. Then he pushed away, stared at me severely, and pointed vertically down. "Shoe," he said.

It was just that his shoe had come off.

MOVED by a common impulse, the children went toward the front door, with playing in the yard in mind. I sighed, sat down, and gazed at their tender little backs complacently. This was what I had intended. For I have learned that if a woman wants a few minutes alone, the quickest way of getting the children out of the room, or the house, is to begin to talk about herself. To imply that she has any identity beyond that of functionary in the family will provoke such disbelief and boredom among the children as to send them almost anywhere; if nothing else is possible, they will even pick up their rooms, or if that has already been done for them they will happily undo it, taking books from the bookshelves until they cannot find anything they feel like reading, slipping records from their envelopes until they discover they don't want to listen to records, or even removing the batteries from their favorite mechanical toys. "Goodbye, you innocents," I sighed, waiting for the waves of peace to lap my ankles.

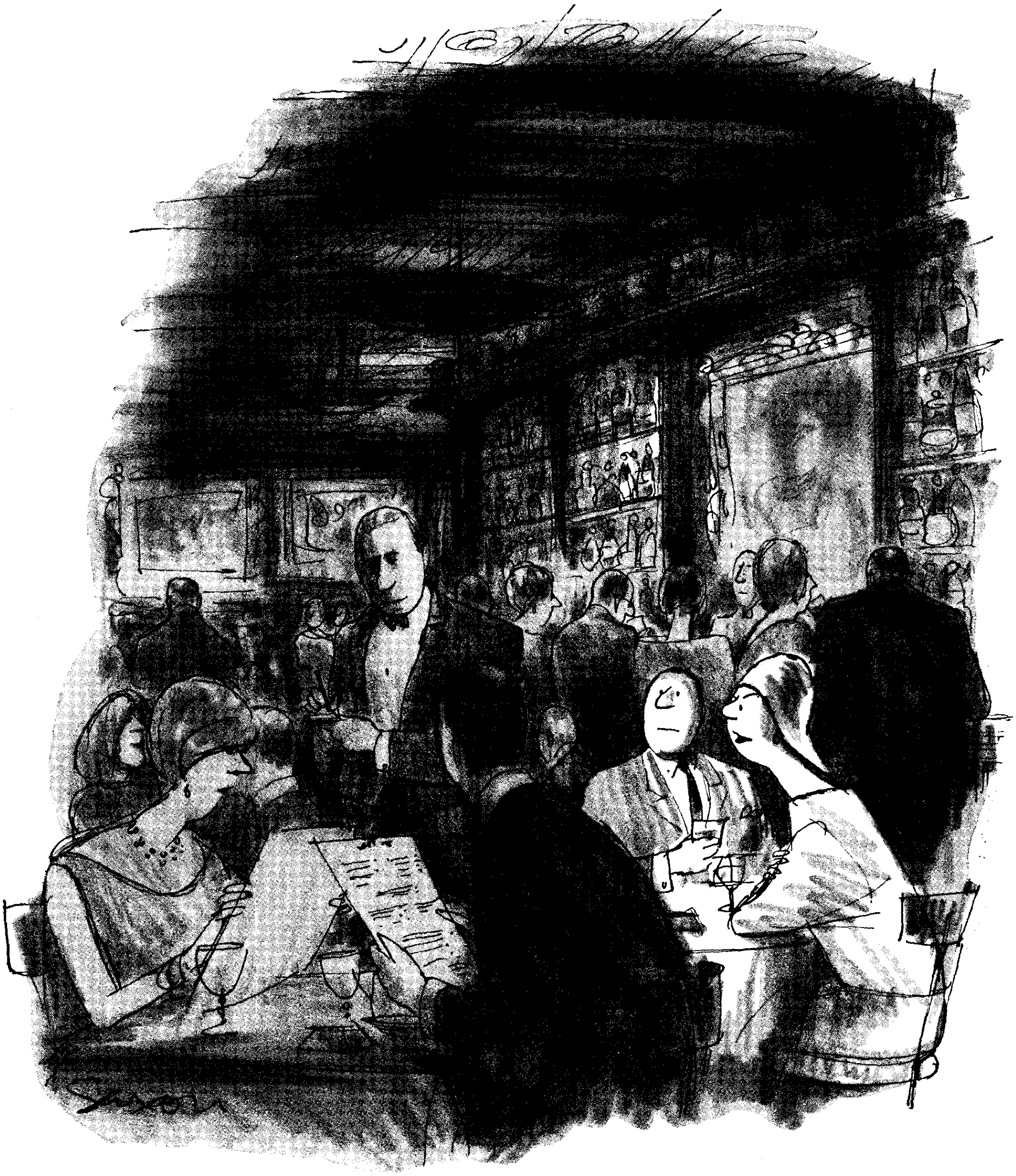
But there is no peace. Resentfully, I reclined in that quiet room and could not rest; almost in the moment of their departure, I wanted them to come back. Perhaps one would come in soon to ask a favor, to suggest snacks all around. I waited in the empty room, but nobody came. Now the voices of neighborhood children flattened themselves against the window. I began to think of myself as a tragic figure, the mother left alone. Didn't anybody want a banana, even? You have been deserted, I told myself bitterly, deserted by your own. Will they always leave you, climbing happily into the school bus, or going down the road on bicycles, or simply hanging up the telephone when you come into the room? Ah, yes, each of us is finally alone. When I was a child . . .

THE summer I was ten years old, my mother and I went from Chicago to a small Midwestern town to stay with my grandmother, who was very sick. It was there, in a back bedroom in my grandmother's house, that I awoke one morning, in darkness, fearful but instantly alert, waiting for the reason for my uneasiness to be made clear to me. Nobody else was in the room, and yet—perhaps remembering ghost stories—I thought Something was. It was an ominous dark; the courthouse clock struck four reticent notes and stopped. The only other sound was the heavy, measured tread of old Mrs. Barnes' horse as he faithfully followed her under the stars from door to door. Old Mrs. Barnes, in black dress and black shawl, delivered our milk each morning, and on Saturday afternoon, in the same black dress and shawl, brought our eggs and Sunday chicken. She lived alone; her husband and her only son were dead. Each morning on her little farm three miles from town, she got up in the dark, lighted her kerosene lantern, and went out to the shed to milk her Jersey cows. Then she hitched the horse to the tall buggy and delivered the fresh, foaming milk to the doors of her sleeping town customers. Because she could not afford a separator, we skimmed the cream ourselves. Cream! We call the stuff we buy in little cartons cream, but how it ever got the name I do not know. You do not pour cream; you dip it from a yellow crock with a large wooden spoon. Then, if nobody is looking, you lick the spoon. And cottage cheese. How old Mrs. Barnes would have gasped, there in the sour steam of her heavenly kitchen, as she emptied the boiling clabber into a square of cheesecloth and squeezed the whey into a kettle which could later be emptied into the pigs' trough, if she could have seen the little cardboard boxes we buy now, with their hard tasteless lumps.



But it was not old Mrs. Barnes' horse that had waked me up, nor was it fear that made me uneasy. Although I had been fearful at first, I understood after a few moments that I was not afraid. I had never really been afraid of anything. But I was worried. I had left my friends in Chicago, where they all knew me, and I was in a place where nobody knew me at all, nor I them. And the people here seemed much more sure of themselves than I did of myself. They *all* knew who *they* were. But who was I?

For one thing, the children I played with in my grandmother's town had become aware of certain things about themselves that seemed to satisfy them, as nothing I knew about myself could satisfy me. They were all either half-orphan or Scotch-Irish, and, whichever it was, they talked about it a lot. I felt miserably separated from them, acutely aware of my exclusion from their ranks, even though it was no fault of mine. And although it would never have occurred to me to turn my mother or my father in so that I could become a member in good standing of the half-orphan group, still, I *was* extremely self-conscious about having two parents. As for my ancestry, which I had been neither curious about nor aware of until that summer, I had finally inquired of my mother, and what she told me had made me feel even more of an outcast than



"Who ***are*** *all these people?"*

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I had felt before. One *cannot* be German-American—not when everybody else is Scotch-Irish.

My problem was not one I could take to my mother or the older people in the family, who had enough to worry about because of my grandmother's illness. I had to think it through myself. To whom or what could I belong? The question was enough to keep me awake, sitting up, clutching my feet as I looked out through the screened window, until I saw the dawn. But before very long, either that morning or soon after, an idea came to me. In Chicago, almost nobody we knew went to church. They drank coffee and read the Sunday papers, or went, if it were a fine day, to the parks to walk and perhaps to sprinkle bread crumbs before the ducks sailing in the lagoons. Here, in this little town, everybody went to church, and they seemed to find something very satisfactory there. Perhaps I would find the answers to my questions there—who I was and what was expected of me.

But what church should I join? My grandmother and my aunt belonged to the Christian Church (those *Campbellites*, my mother said); in fact, all of our family were Christians except for my mother, who, owing to her having lived in another part of the country, had become a Methodist in Chicago, and a great-aunt who, after extensive travels, had come back home to spend her last

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days and joined up with the Nazarenes. It was very hard for me to keep everyone straight, and the Baptists were especially confusing, as my grandfather's first name had been Baptist, but *he* had been a Christian. I was able to eliminate the Baptist Church almost immediately, as nothing ever seemed to be going on there. The Nazarenes were too noisy, and the Methodists, I felt, dressed up too much for people who were not supposed to be thinking of material things. I believed the Christians were more my style, as they were a combination of townspeople and farmers, a mixed congregation, and as a group they seemed the most cheerful when they left the church. I had seen them coming out often, but I had never gone in with them before.

The next Sunday, I went with my aunt to the Christian Church. It meant getting dressed up the first thing in the morning, but as long as it was Sunday and I had to dress up anyway, I did not really mind. I even put a ribbon in my hair, a ribbon band that I thought would look nice and would also keep my thin, straight hair out of my eyes when I bowed my head to pray. My aunt and I strolled uptown together, and as we got to the church steps we met one of my contemporaries, solid with starch, Bible in hand, who greeted my aunt sweetly and then muttered at me as we passed, "Why've you got that ribbon in your hair—to hold your brains in?" She was one of the leaders of the Scotch-Irish and *her* father had been dead since she was a baby, but I did not let her know I heard her, and I was not wounded. I simply thought it was not a nice thing to say to anyone in front of a church.

My aunt and I proceeded soberly down the aisle to a bench, nodding to the people we knew. We were seated, and I regarded with some pleasure the stained-glass windows with the pictures on them of familiar scenes. I had read Bible stories; indeed, I had even tried writing some of my own, although I had never been able to think up anything as exciting and as full of intrigue as the story of the baby Moses. Suddenly the lady sitting at my side put out her hand and touched my knee. I looked up to see her exchanging silent greetings with my aunt. "This is Eva's daughter," my aunt whispered, and then she said to me, "Mrs. Toombs is an old friend of your mother's and mine."

Mrs. Toombs peered down at me, smiled weakly, and then her hand tugged at my skirt. "Little girls' knees," Mrs. Toombs whispered, "should not be seen in church."

We bowed our heads as Brother Jones began to pray.

I got nothing out of the morning at all, and left in a very depressed state. The lines of the last hymn we sang almost strangled me. "Throw out the lifeline," we chorused. "Someone is sinking today." I thought of my ribbon and my knees. I glanced furtively about, moving only my eyes. *Someone is sinking today*. Could it be me?

But I was not yet ready to give up the Christians. On Wednesday evening, I had noted, there was a prayer meeting, and the next Wednesday I strolled into the dim church, the stained-glass windows dark now, and found a seat by myself. There were not very many people there. After a few words from Brother Jones, anybody so moved was permitted to pray out loud, as long as his prayer was confined to a sentence. It soon became apparent that I was one of the most dependable of the congregation in verbal communication. I went to four prayer meetings. Each Wednesday evening, in the late twilight, I would march past the town square; past Mr. Bootsma's drugstore, where the fragrance of his thick malteds reached out to tweak me like a snide invitation to sin; past Clyde Young's grocery, with its endless variety of cold cuts hidden forever from me (I was not allowed to eat things like bologna sausage, as my mother said you could never tell what they put in it); past Spilman's Jewelry Store, its window glistening with solid-silver pencils; past Johnson's Grain & Feed, where you could always get a free cap with a visor; and into the cool, dark church. There I would seat myself where I felt I could best be heard, and bow my head.

By the fourth prayer meeting, I was bored by the things other people were saying, and I thought it was time to say something that had real meaning. I began in the way most of these people had, it is true. "Have mercy on me, a conscious sinner," I said at first, in line with what seemed to be the tone of the evening. But as I thought about

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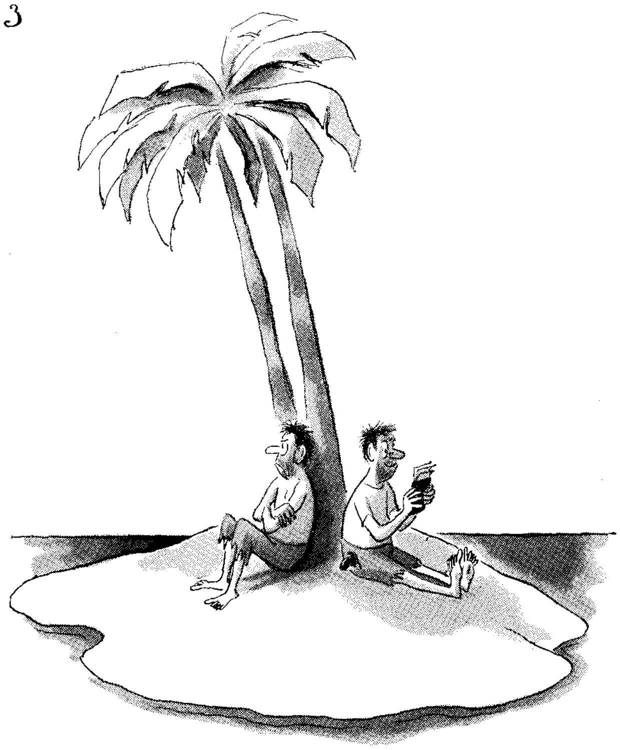

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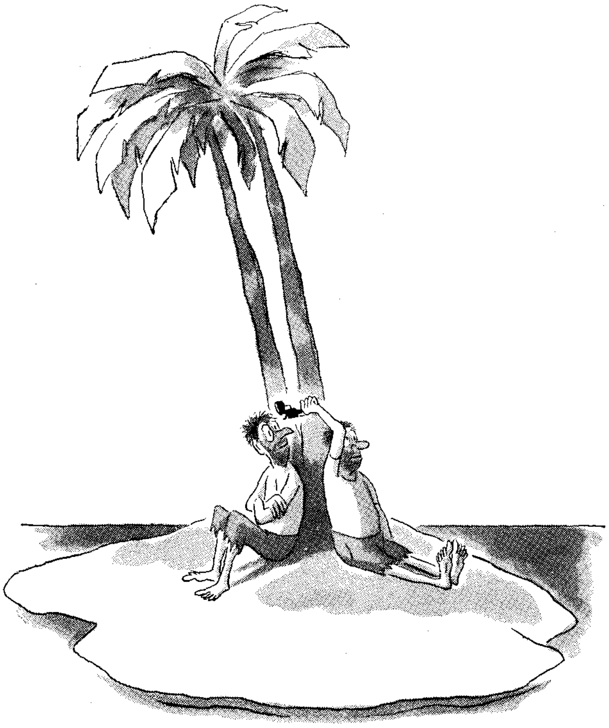

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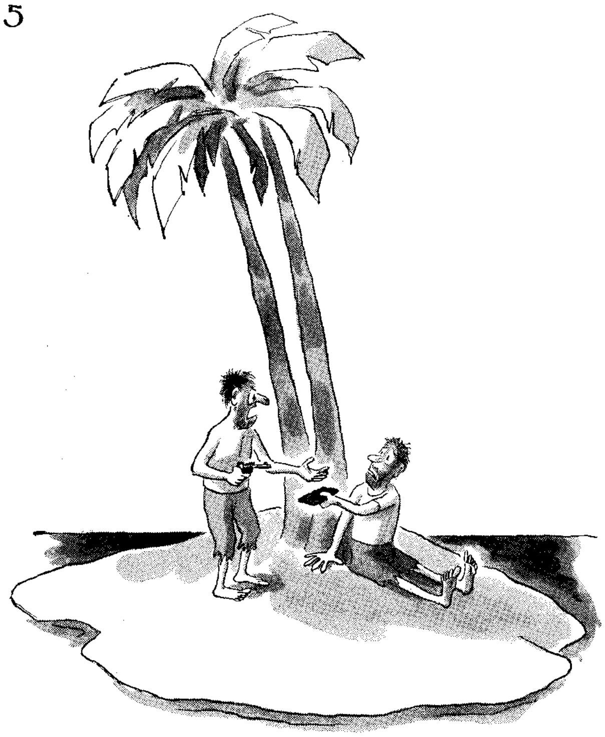

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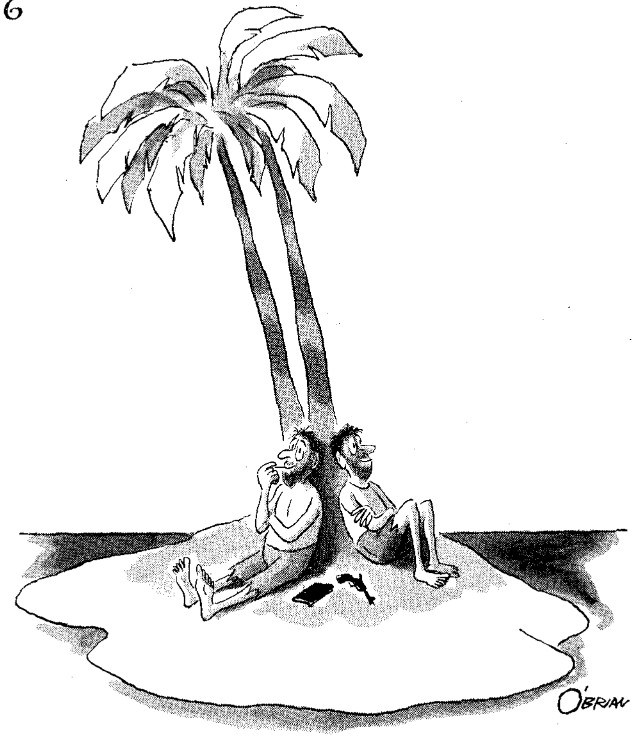


it between prayer meetings, I began to realize that I might be giving myself a bad name. I wasn't a sinner at all. And I didn't believe that the others were, either. What on earth had they done? What *kind* of sin? Suppose it should get back to my mother and aunt that I was calling myself a sinner in church. What wouldn't they accuse me of? I had best, I decided, be more specific, and make less sweeping claims. I tried desperately to think of something simple that was wrong with me, that needed correcting. There *was* one thing. I was not, I knew, especially content with my lot. I had, for instance, roller skates, but they were not *ball-bearing* roller skates—that sort of thing. So, on my last evening at prayer meeting, I bowed my head, cleared my throat, and said, "Lead us not unto the chocolate or the strawberry, but make us content with the plain vanilla, for Thy Son's sake."

Somebody told. Had I remained a conscious sinner, I might very well have become a Christian. But the walk past Bootsma's drugstore had been my undoing, and from then on I was detained at home on Wednesday evening, or sent outside to play with children my own age. I no more knew who I was than I did before, nor what was expected of me.

AND then at the end of the summer, my grandmother died. I had not thought of her as my grandmother for many weeks. She lay asleep or distract-ed with pain in the big bed in the front room, and if I passed her door I was told I must be very quiet. Then I was sent to my cousins' house for the night, and the next day, when I went home, the house was full of people. I was told briefly what had happened, but no one told me what I was to do, or what was to happen next.

My grandmother lay on a couch in the front room, and when I went in to see her I thought she had surely come back well again. She looked like the grandmother I used to know. She wore her black lace dress; her dark hair, speckled with silver, was parted in the middle and neatly waved on either side. A black lace curtain kept her from me, but it was separated in the center so that I could reach in and touch the flowers she held in her childish white hands.

My mother and my aunt were in the room with her at first, but then they left and only looked in once in a while. I stayed on in the room the rest of the day and went back the next. When someone came in, I, as hostess, got up from my chair and said, "Doesn't my grandmother look nice?" I was very proud of her. If someone seemed to grieve, I said, "She suffered so, the end was a blessing."

I had my hands full with some of our family. My grandmother had been a farm woman most of her life, and, unlike her dressy town sisters, had been happy with her gardens, and her children, and had become accustomed to the vagaries of the seasons. She had never been to Florida or to California. Now one of her sisters came in and clasped me in her arms. "She was a saint," my great-aunt sobbed. "She was a saint, and yet she suffered so."

Then another sister came in, the one who had buried four husbands, and she too pulled my head close to her till I could scarcely breathe. Then she released me, mopped her eyes, and stood staring down at my grandmother. "I see," this great-aunt said, "that she's wearing the pearls your father gave her."

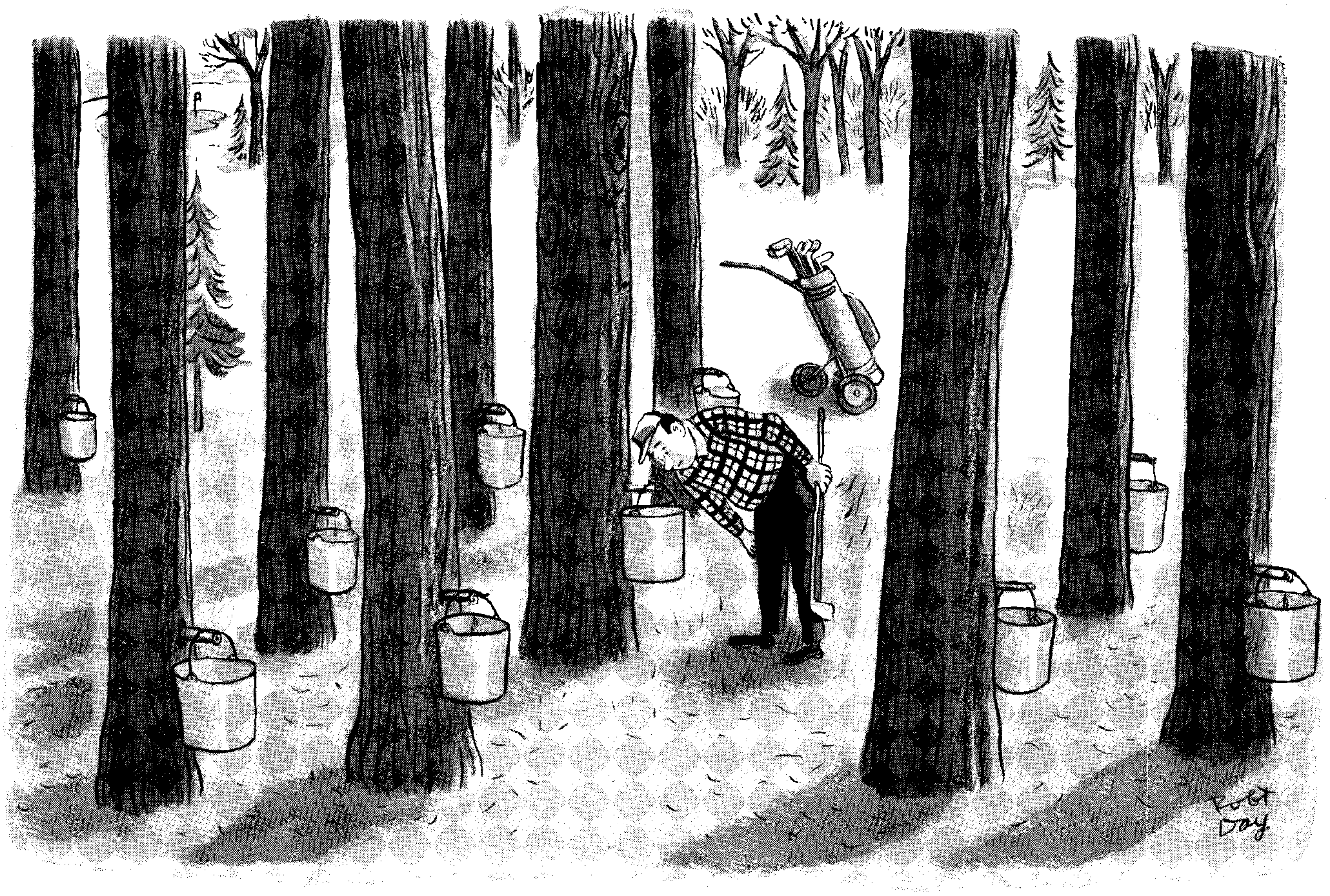
IT rained the next day, when we stood in the cemetery. I kept apart from the family, not paying much attention to them, or to their friends, or to Brother Jones, who conducted the service. I did not like to look around too much, but in my mind I was seeing all the graves of all my family who had died. I had come out here many times by myself, sometimes bringing along a sandwich, just to visit the graves and to try to understand that we were all part of something. Emily Hill, I would remember, staring at her stone, was my great-grandmother, and she had fourteen sons and daughters, and they all had children, and over there . . . I began to go over it all again in the rain, but there were so many of them I could not stop to count them. And then I thought, Why, there are more of them here than there are alive. And I was beginning to get wet, and to shake a little.

As we got home, the rain thickened. I went to my room and changed my clothes and walked slowly downstairs. I could smell coffee all through the house, and chicken and ham. I went into the dining room and helped myself to a little potato salad, but I didn't feel like eating, so I left the plate on the sideboard, with the cakes and pies. There were too many people, and they seemed to be all over the house. I wished they would all go home. I went out to the back stairs, where I could be alone, and sat down and listened to the rain.

And then the whole damn disordered universe swirled about me and plucked me up in a funnel of despair, and I put my face in my hands and stared into nothing but darkness; the rain pounded on the back porch; she was out there in her black dress, and nobody in the whole long summer had said anything to me that I needed to know, and I was sinking, lost, lost, lost. . . .

A door opened and closed, and I jerked my head out of my hands and looked up. But it was only old Mrs. Barnes.

"Left my horse and buggy out back," she said. "Thought I'd just slip away down the back stairs. . . . You'll miss



your grandma," she added briskly. "That's growing up. Everybody misses somebody."

The tears ran down my cheeks. "Oh, but it's raining so hard!" I cried.

She wrapped the shawl about her head, opened the back door, and then she turned to me and nodded and said, "Blessed are the dead the rain falls on."

THE front door opened, and the bright head of Five peered around it—my personal, local sun.

"Mommy," she called. "Will you come out?"

"What for?" I asked.

"We *need* you," she said, and closed the door.

They need me now, do they? Well, whatever it was, I supposed I had to go. I love my children, don't I?

I stood up then and yawned and stretched. I love my children, yes, but what is love, that tear-drenched word, bandied about like the frowzy bird in the badminton set? This is love, moving toward the front door when the children call. I must not fail them. When does a mother fail her children? Is it when she neglects to wind them in her arms, nuzzle their hair with her chin, and give them their good-night kiss? In my family, it is when I run out of Band-Aids, or there is only fruit for dessert.

The yard was spotted with children in last year's outgrown, outworn clothes, children who had drifted into the yard like last year's leaves, as tattered and as drab. A boy rode his bicycle skillfully past my toes, but Five put out her hand for mine. On her white skin, the dirt had melted with sweat. "Over *here*," she said impatiently.

She led me to the group of little girls in the driveway. Ten coughed importantly, and handed me a length of rope. She seemed to be in charge. "We want you to hold the end of the rope," she explained.

"You mean you want me to jump rope with you?" I asked innocently.

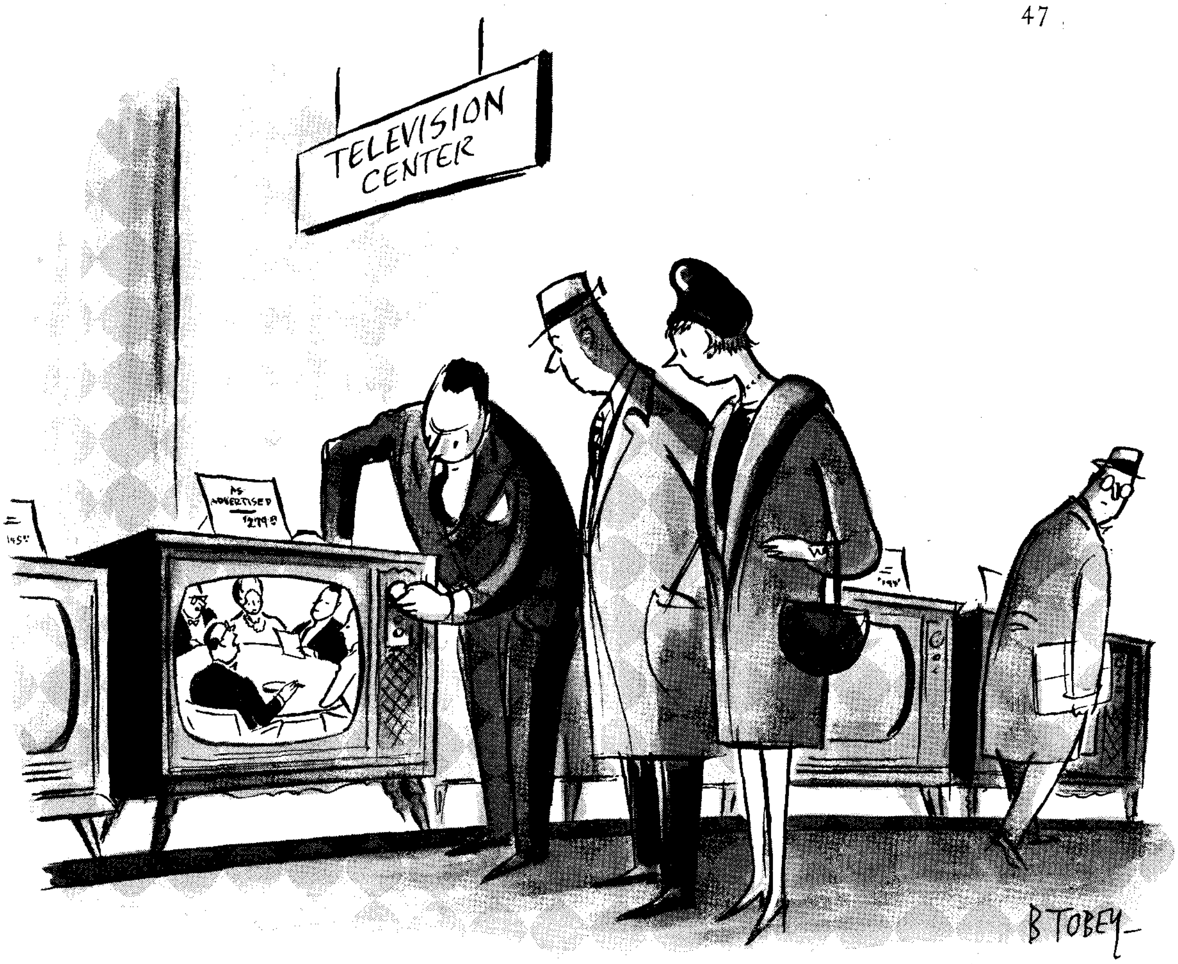
There was an explosion of mirth, like the explosion of forsythia and daffodils in the yellow spring yard. The neighbors' children put their hands over their mouths and turned away, but Ten shouted, "If Mommy jumped, I bet she would crack the earth!"

"What *do* I do, then?" I asked.

Five again put her hand on mine. "See, Mommy," she said. "We will all take turns at the other end, but you must just stand there and hold your end. You are the *permanent* end."

And there I was, the sun warm on the top of my head, thinking how simple it was after all. Or, rather, after all the years of work and worry and wonder, here I am, unredeemed—nor, for all I know, redeemable—yet not a conscious sinner. I am, by definition, the *permanent* end, grasping the rope I have been instructed to keep in my graceless mortal hand.

—KATINKA LOESER



"As far as I'm concerned, there's almost nothing worth looking at on television. It's a wasteland for idiots and morons."

• •

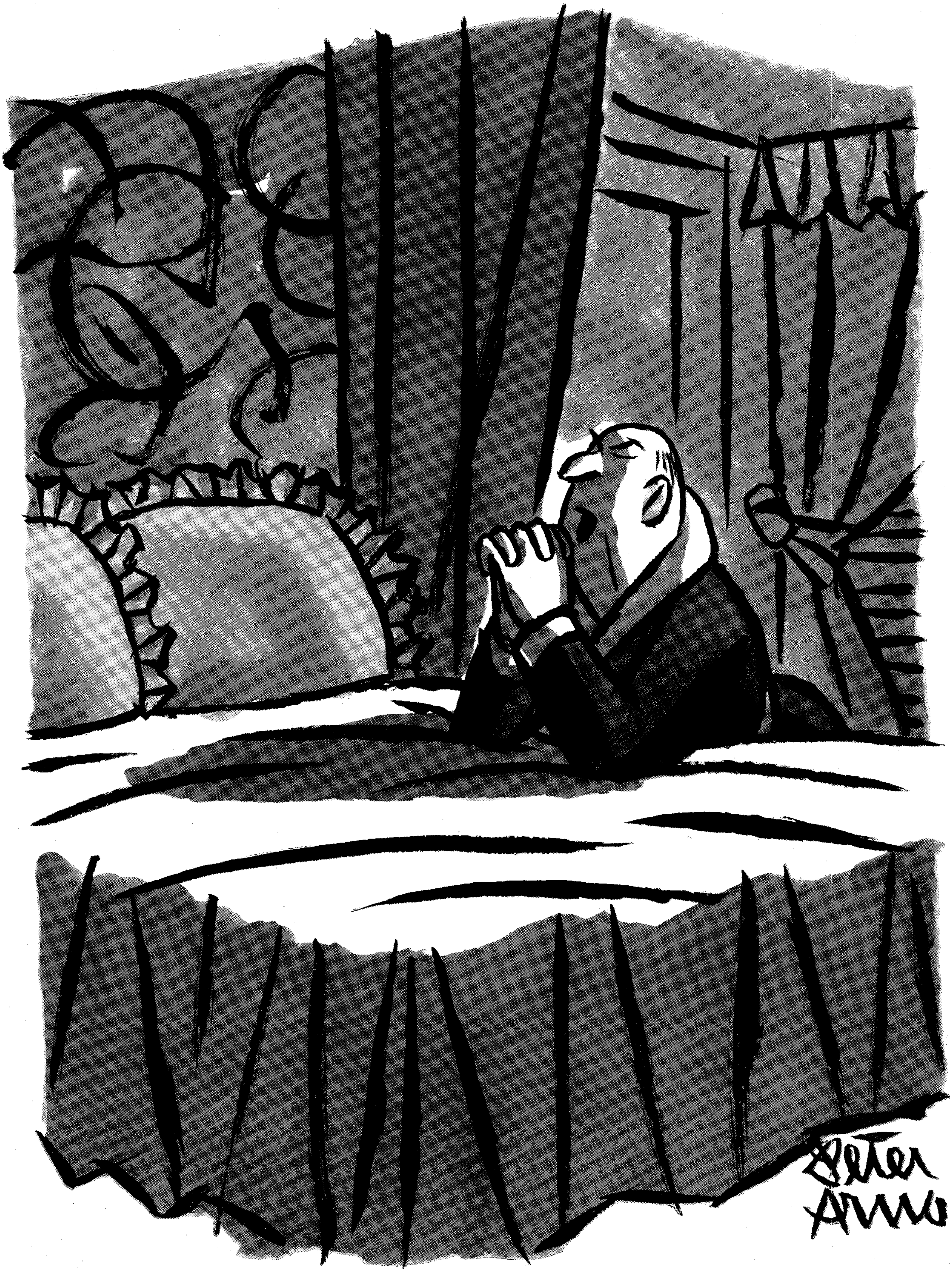
AS BY WATER

Oh
Together
Embracing departure
We hoisted our love like a sail

And like a sail and its reflection
However
We move and wherever,
We shall be divided as by water
Forever forever
Though
Both sails shudder as they go
And both prows lengthen the same sorrow

Till the other elements
Extend between us also.

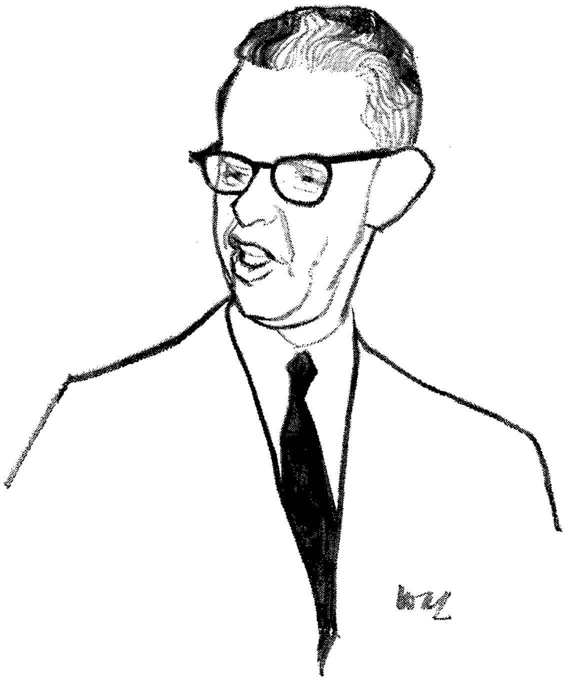
—W. S. MERWIN



"Harrison J. Endicott speaking."

PROFILES

PEACEMAKER—I



Arthur Joseph Goldberg

IN the ordinary course of government, a public official does not often get a chance to deal with, watch over, and, in some sense, represent a social, economic, and political force that he himself helped create. To a considerable degree, that chance has come to Arthur Joseph Goldberg, the Secretary of Labor in President Kennedy's Cabinet, who for a quarter of a century was one of the country's most prominent labor lawyers, serving as special counsel to the American Federation of Labor-Congress of Industrial Organizations, chief attorney and chief negotiator for the United Steelworkers of America, and counsel to a dozen other unions. The Secretary of Commerce did not create commerce, and the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare did not create any of those things, but Goldberg has had a great deal to do with shaping the present-day labor movement, and there are those who say that organized labor at its best has been formed in his image. In his new job, of course, Goldberg is responsible for promoting the well-being of all labor—not just the eighteen million unionized workers, who amount to less than forty per cent of the country's working force—and he has interpreted his assignment so broadly that he has sometimes become involved, rather to the surprise and even annoyance of his Cabinet colleagues, in such matters as foreign affairs, psychological warfare, missiles, and the future of the arts. Most of the time, though, the labor movement is his primary concern, and, ironically, it has sometimes plagued him as a rebellious son plagues his father. However, if the Goldberg of 1962 is not everything that labor might wish him to be, labor perhaps is not everything that he might wish it to be. In spite of its achievements in obtaining pension rights and other fringe benefits it never dreamed of years ago, the movement has, as even its friends admit, been unimaginative in meeting the challenges brought on by automation, long-term unemployment, and the growing competition faced by American industry in world markets. Furthermore, the movement is beset by new dissension between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O., whose merger seven years ago was effected mainly by Goldberg and has been regarded up to now as probably his greatest accomplishment, and it has not been doing much to promote ethical practices within the unions themselves—a drive that Goldberg himself instituted. On top of all this, the percentage of American workers who are organized has been dropping as the total number of workers has been increasing, and little headway has been made in organizing the unorganized—among others, white-collar and service workers and agricultural workers. In general, as some labor leaders have recently begun to acknowledge, the movement has lost much of the drive and much of the social conscience it had in the thirties and forties, and it is widely agreed that something ought to be done, but few people seem to know quite what, or how to begin doing it. Perhaps more than anyone else it is Goldberg, an alumnus of the movement, who has come up with fresh ideas.

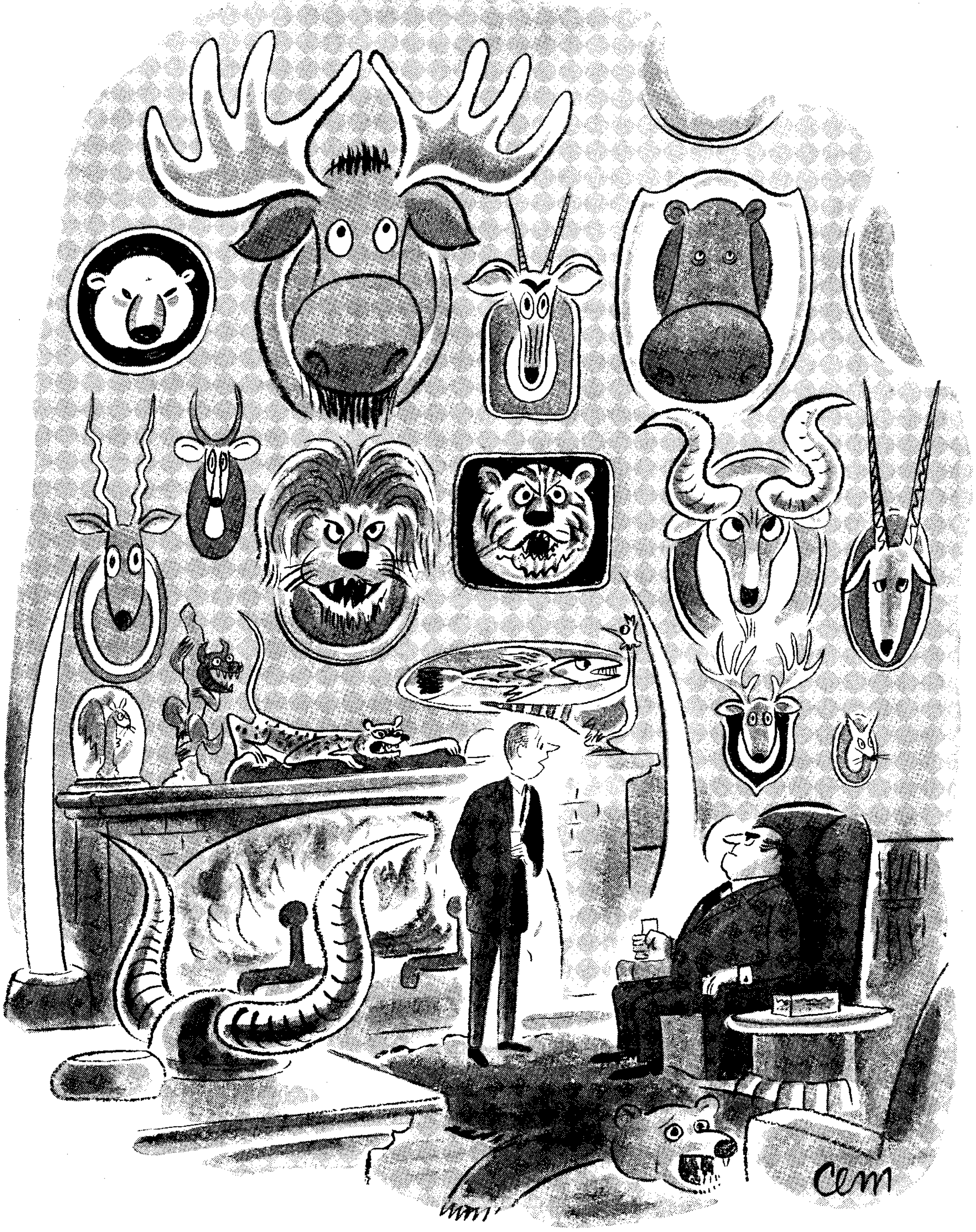
Actually, the manifestations of what critics have called a hardening of the arteries in the labor movement had much to do with Goldberg's decision to change careers at an age—he is now fifty-three—when most men have settled into their jobs for good and all, or may even have begun to think about retirement. Naturally, political circumstance had much to do with the decision, too. In 1952 and 1956, Goldberg had been a firm supporter of Adlai Stevenson for the Presidency, but early in 1960 he switched to John F. Kennedy, believing not only that Kennedy could win and Stevenson couldn't but that, all things considered, Kennedy was the better man for the job. At the same time, though, Goldberg became convinced, for various reasons, including some deteriorating personal relationships, that he had gone as far as he could go and accomplished as much as he ever would in the labor movement. "I have always felt that I would stay with anything as long as I could make a contribution to it," Goldberg has since said. "When I couldn't, there were plenty of other avenues for me." The fact that the avenue Goldberg chose was Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington can be attributed in part to his pride and to his desire to be more widely noticed. Having long operated behind the scenes in the labor movement, and having quietly and with seeming modesty done much to bring contentious men together, he was ready to come out and display his talents in a larger arena, where he would have an opportunity to deal, if necessary contentiously, with a variety of issues, extending well beyond organized labor and its negotiations. Immediately after Kennedy's election, the position he is said to have been hoping for was that of Attorney General (every Attorney General is a potential candidate for the Supreme Court), but if Goldberg felt any disappointment at not getting that job, he didn't show it. When, instead, he was appointed to his present position, he at once rejected the notion that the Secretary of Labor should be merely a highly placed labor specialist, not only because he wanted to broaden the scope of his activities but also because he felt a deep concern over what he took to be a slackening of American spirit and enterprise during the protracted crisis arising from the Cold War. As a result of what one of his Cabinet colleagues has described as "his catholic tastes as a bureaucrat," Goldberg has been perhaps the most freewheeling man in the Cabinet; he has certainly been its leading speechmaker, having made a total of a hundred and sixty-five speeches in fifteen months.

Far-ranging as his activities are,

Goldberg has by no means neglected current issues that immediately affect American workers. However, contrary to the predictions of many business leaders, who thought he would never be able to shake off his pro-labor orientation, not all his views or programs have won labor's approval. It is true that his efforts to decrease unemployment, to help young people get jobs, and to diminish the gaping wage inequities that still exist in America have led James Reston, of the *Times*, to describe him as "the conscience of this administration in the economic field," but it is also true that labor has frequently ignored Goldberg's pleas to use restraint in collective bargaining and to continue working forty hours a week instead of thirty or less. Management, for its part, has modified its initial skepticism about Goldberg. He has often addressed business groups, among them the National Association of Manufacturers, and he has almost invariably told them that the Kennedy administration is "pro-business," citing its recommendations for tax incentives and depreciation allowances to stimulate productivity and expansion. On more than one occasion, the Secretary of Labor has been greeted coolly by a business audience, only to be heartily applauded at the conclusion of his speech.

Ever since Goldberg assumed office, he has, in a way, been psychoanalyzing American society; certainly, more than any other public official, he has been probing deeply into the antagonisms and the motivations of men who manage and men who work, his constant aim being to patch up the differences between the two groups. "When I listen to Goldberg talk about how management and labor ought to get on better, and how he can help them do it, I keep thinking that he sounds more and more like a marriage counsellor," one veteran labor man has noted. As a conscientious marriage counsellor, Goldberg recognizes the fact that both partners have their faults. Those of management he has long known, and, it would now appear that he has begun to reappraise where labor stands and where it is going and what his new relationship to it ought to be. Now that he is out of the movement, he is able to admit quite readily that in many ways the power of trade unions in America has diminished, and diminished permanently, and that this basic fact cannot be altered simply by the resumption of power by the Democratic Party. Several months ago, he said, in private conversation, "We are a country of social lags, and we are behind the fact in most cases. The truth of the matter is, each side has been maintaining social attitudes that have not been in keeping with circumstances. Union leaders have gone on making speeches as though they still had to organize industries that are already organized, and companies have been talking about unions as though they weren't dealing with them every day."

Upon becoming a member of the Kennedy Cabinet, Goldberg lost no time in taking steps to promote labor-management unity. One of the first things he did as Secretary of Labor was to telephone Secretary



"I've been hoping to get this opportunity to ask you, sir, if I might have your daughter's head—er, hand—in marriage."

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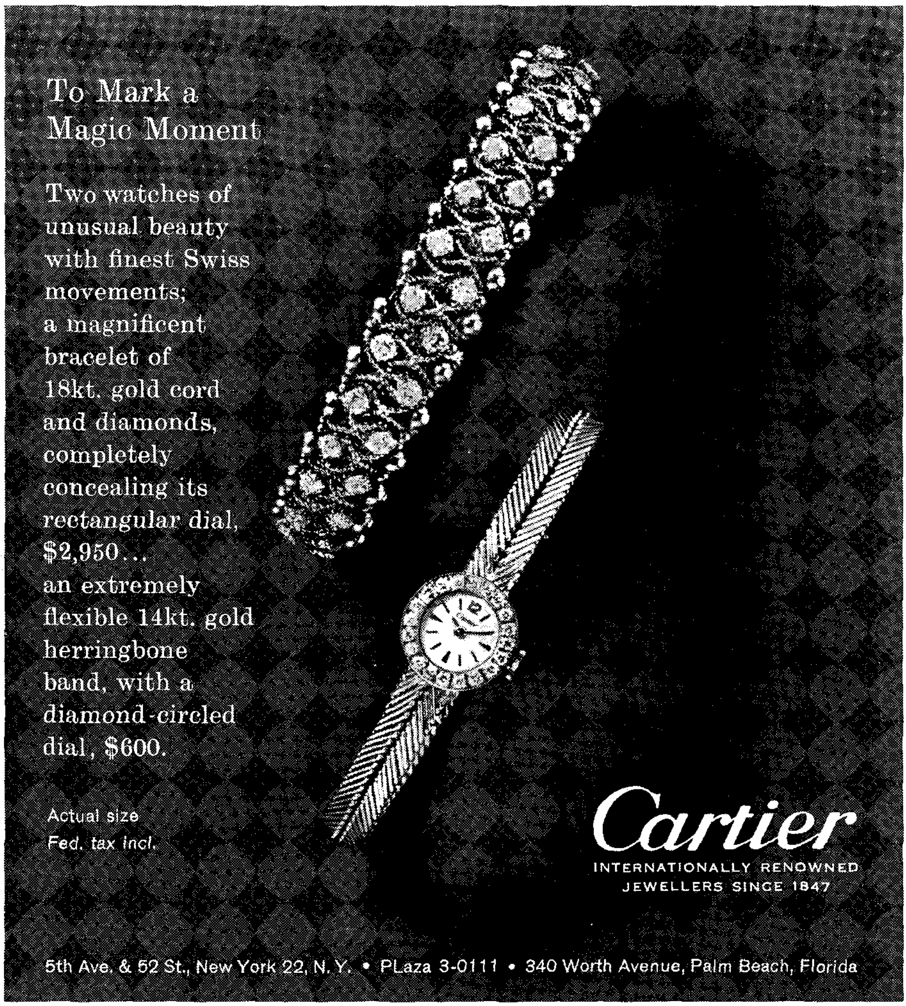

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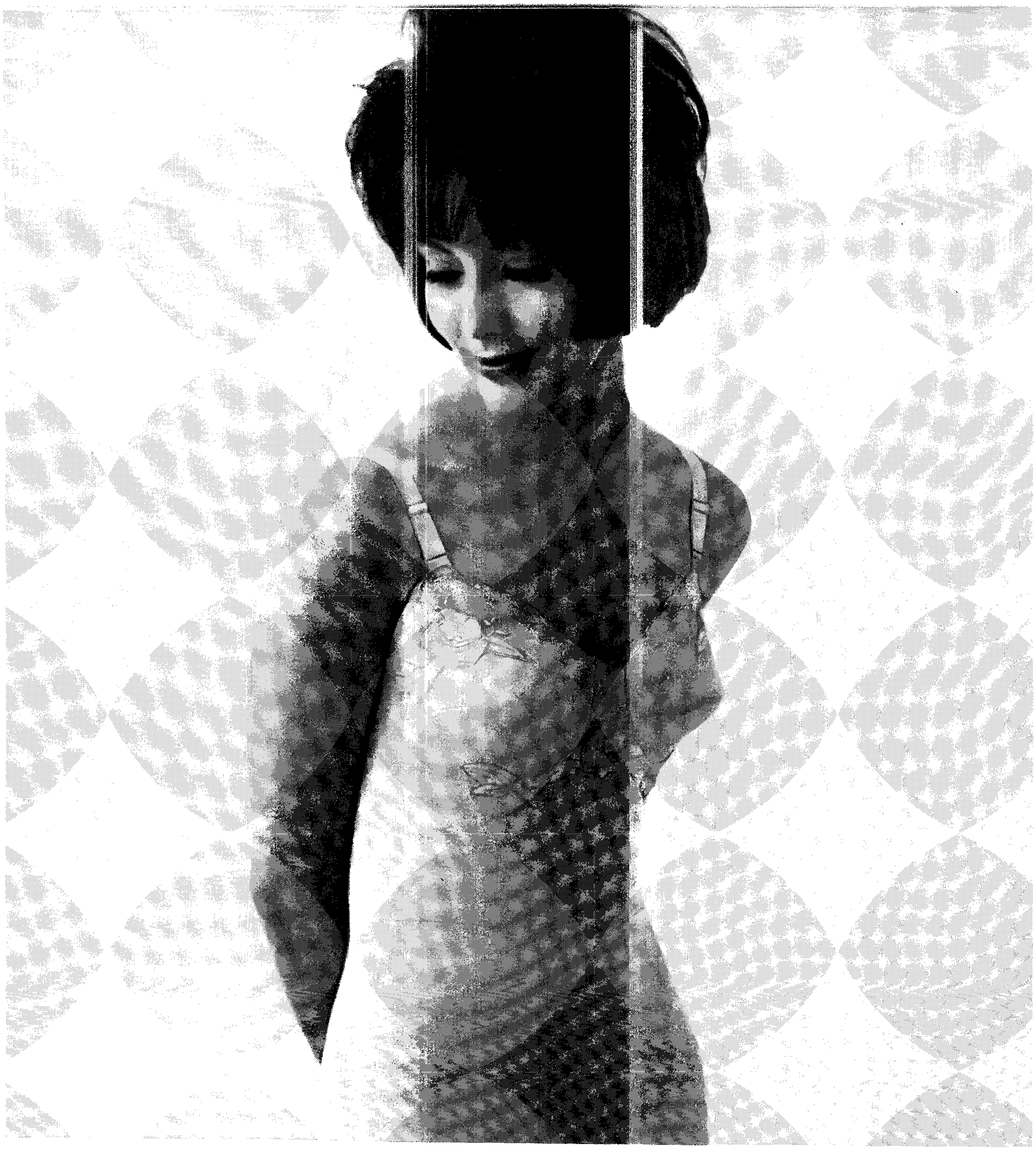
of Commerce Luther H. Hodges, thereby starting up what one observer called "a conversation between two departments that hadn't talked to each other in years." Early in 1961, too, Goldberg began delivering speeches about the "mutuality of interest" that had existed between labor and management during and just after the war but had—deplorably, in his opinion—broken down in the past several years. In February, 1961, at his suggestion, President Kennedy established the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, composed of seven labor leaders, including George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., and Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers; seven prominent businessmen, including Henry Ford II, chairman of the board of the Ford Motor Company, and Thomas J. Watson, Jr., president of the International Business Machines Corporation; and seven representatives of the general public, including Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, and Ralph E. McGill, publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*. Goldberg and Hodges were to alternate annually as chairman, and the Committee was instructed to recommend to the President "policies that may be followed by labor, management, or the public which will promote free and responsible collective bargaining, industrial peace, sound wage and price policies, higher standards of living, and increased productivity." At first, it has been said, Goldberg wanted the Committee to be given the power to deal with emergency disputes and to be part of a general executive agency that, if the state of the economy or the world situation demanded it, could go so far as to control wages and prices, but this virtual return to a wartime type of authority was not accepted by the White House, and Goldberg seems to have submitted graciously. The Committee has met once a month, and the President has been on hand several times; Goldberg presided over its first year's sessions, with verve and even humor. Five subcommittees were appointed to study various problems, and two of them have prepared reports—one on automation and the other on collective bargaining. At the outset, there had been a number of skeptics, both among the labor members and among the businessmen, who felt that the Committee could never do anything much except talk, but it is now conceded that the group has already done a highly efficient job of clarifying issues and establishing a more understanding relationship between



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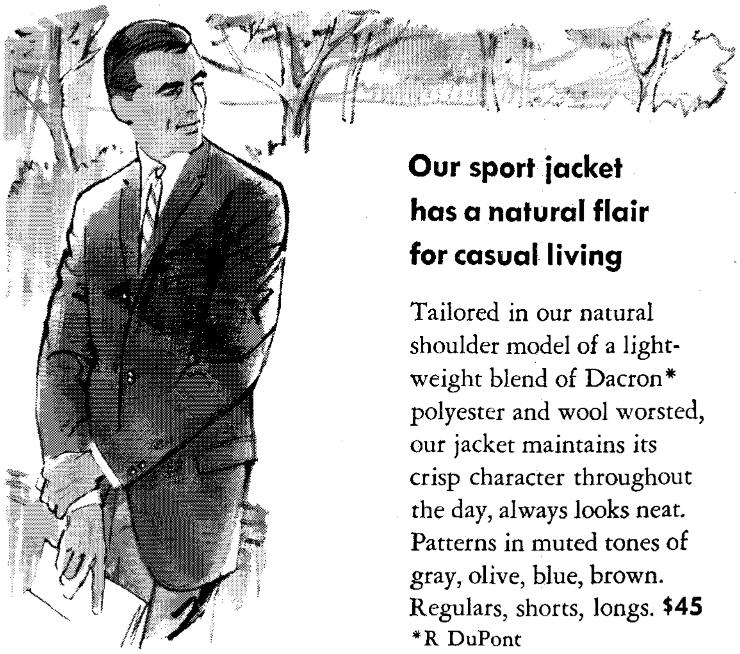

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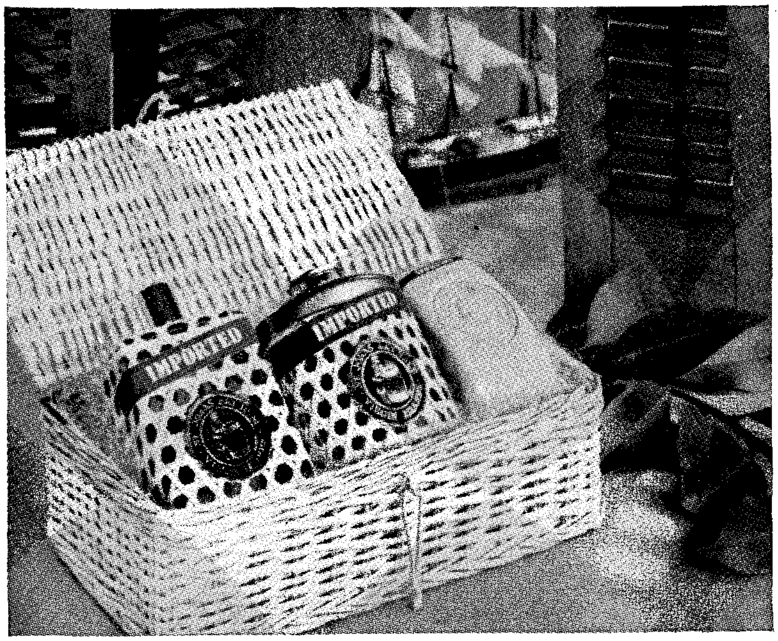

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management and labor. "It would be lacking in realism to believe that a group of twenty-one men could transform the character of American industry and labor," Goldberg remarked early this year. "This is just a beginning. The important thing is to make both sides realize that they must act out of the public interest, and that, as the representative of the public, government must concern itself in the process."

The question of the degree to which government should "concern itself" has recently given rise to a good deal of dispute. In a speech in Chicago late this February, Goldberg offered what he has described as a "definitive" summation of the Kennedy administration's labor-management philosophy. His main point was that major conflicts between management and labor, especially in key industries, are intolerable today, because of the Soviet threat, and because of the new competition posed by an economically unified Europe. While free collective bargaining should still be "the center of economic decision," he said, the government must now use mediation and arbitration processes more forcefully than it has in the past, to prevent disputes from turning into "mere clashes of power." What he was suggesting, he went on, was not that the government attempt to dictate the terms of settlements but that it should "provide guidelines to the parties to insure that the settlements reached are the right settlements." The speech was stern and somewhat scolding, and it met with strong objections from both labor and industry. George Meany declared that Goldberg was "infringing on the rights of free people and free society" and that the government's sole function in labor disputes ought to be that of a peacemaker, and then only when called upon; another union leader, who has chosen to remain anonymous, said sharply, if cryptically, "It's about time that Arthur Goldberg realized he's not the labor movement's business agent in the government." Leaders of industry, too, denounced Goldberg's ideas, and one steel-company executive said, "The moment the government goes beyond being a policeman or offering its services as mediator, it has an impact on the outcome of collective bargaining and converts it from an economic to a political process."

In spite of all the flurry of protests, Goldberg's convictions and his persuasiveness undoubtedly helped bring about the agreement in principle that was reached last week between the steelworkers and the steel industry—a de-

Dry-fly fishing on the Housatonic—photo by Mark Shaw

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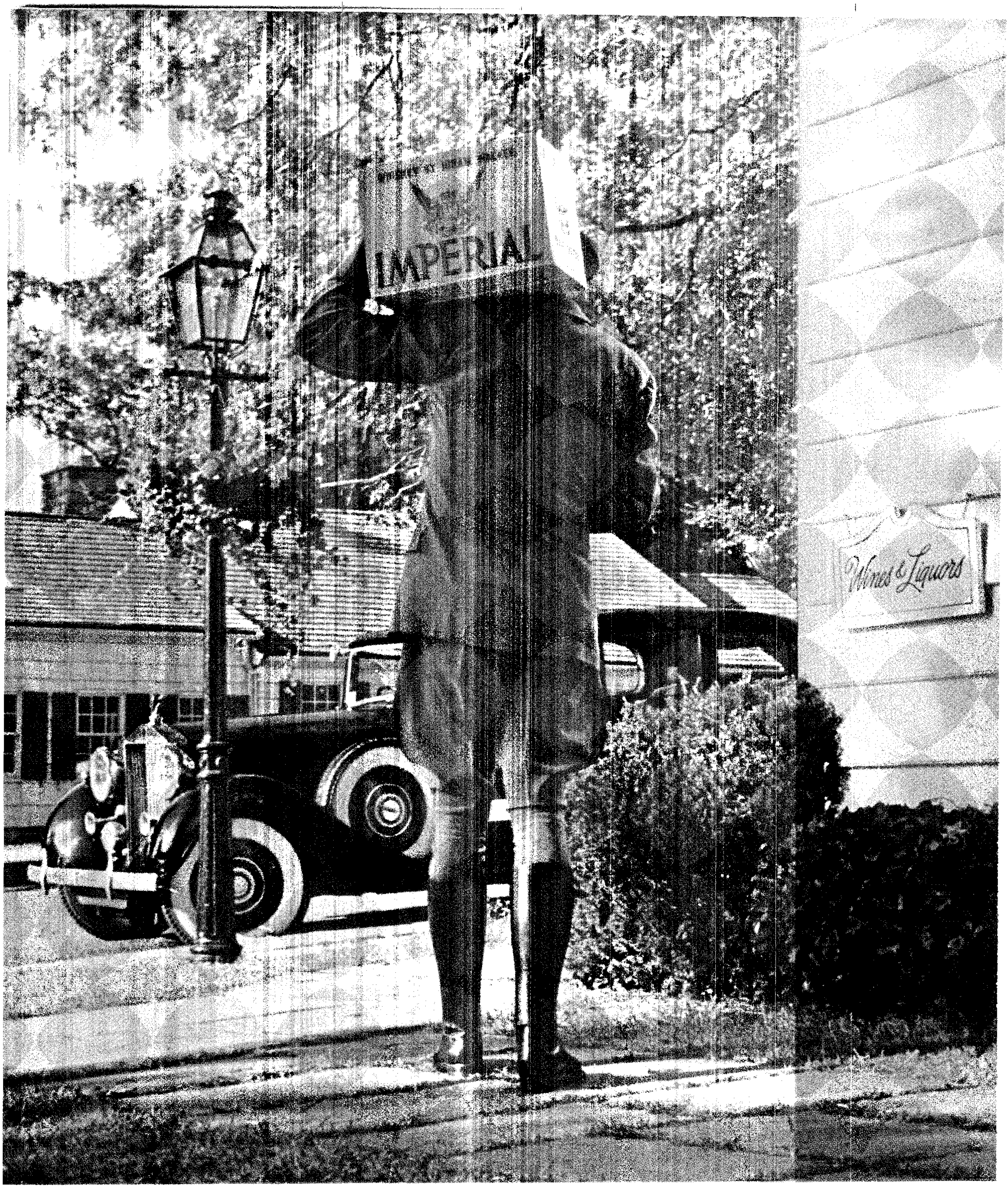
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velopment that came unusually early, since the current contract between the two does not expire until June 30th. The government began its efforts to promote a non-inflationary agreement last September, when President Kennedy asked the companies to keep steel prices stable and the union to keep its demands moderate. In late January, the President and Goldberg met at the White House with Roger Blough, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and David McDonald, president of the union, and persuaded them to get negotiations started in mid-February, some two months earlier than is customary. The negotiations were broken off at the beginning of March, but a few days after President Kennedy appealed publicly for their resumption, they got going again. All the while, Goldberg was keeping a close watch on the talks and meeting unobtrusively, in Washington hotels, with representatives of both sides. Although he took no direct part in the negotiations, he waged a sort of quiet diplomacy, aimed at encouraging a settlement in which any increase given the workers would reflect an increase in their productivity and thus would not provoke an increase in the price of steel.

The details of the agreement became known in Washington last week through the White House and the Labor Department before they were announced in Pittsburgh, somewhat to the consternation of the union negotiators there. A two-year contract was projected, but the provisions having to do with wages could be renegotiated after a year. While the basic "package" included no direct wage increase now, it gave the workers approximately ten cents an hour more in fringe benefits, including supplementary unemployment benefits, additional pension allowances, and a complicated and wholly new arrangement whereby workers, depending on their seniority, would get up to a week's pay for every two years of employment, each man to receive his total, as a lump sum, upon retirement. These general job-security provisions were right in line with Goldberg's thinking—he believes unions are far wiser to press for such gains than to insist on reductions in the work week—and he was quick to show his satisfaction. As it was outlined, the package amounted to an increase for the workers of about two and a half per cent of their present earnings, or well within the productivity ratio Goldberg thought proper. Although certain difficult issues having to do with conditions of work in the plants

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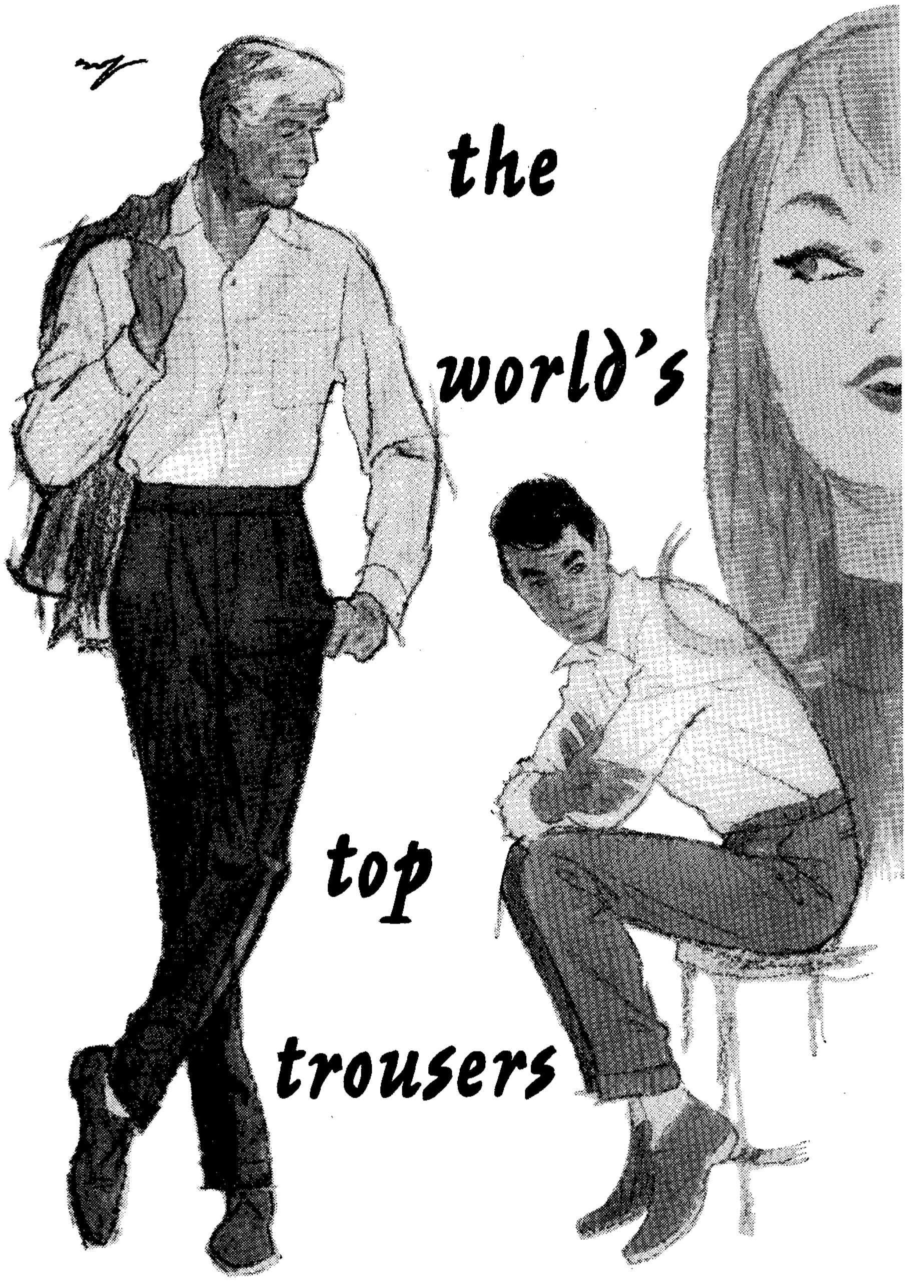

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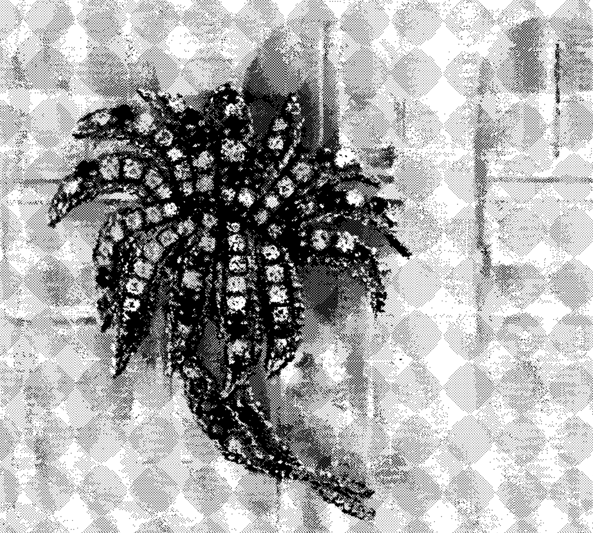

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remained to be negotiated, and although the formal approval of both sides still had to be obtained, the basic agreement was immediately hailed in Washington as a great victory for the President and Goldberg. There was less jubilation, however, in the ranks of labor, and especially among the steelworkers themselves.

Goldberg has a sense of dramatic urgency and of the logic of the moment, which has led him since he has become Secretary to intervene—sometimes very directly indeed—in a number of other strike situations, or potential strike situations. Acting as a peacemaker, he has sought to encourage what he professes to see as a general thaw in the domestic "cold war" between labor and management. "If Arthur can continue to avoid big strikes by any means—by cajolery or threats, or, as has happened before, by quietly coming up with the final formula himself—he will be a hero," one labor man has said. "If he fails, or arouses too much resentment, his enemies, both in and out of the movement, will deny his pretensions to be a statesman. Goldberg knows the gamble he's taking, but I think the important things to understand are that he desperately believes in what he's doing in Washington today and that he has the President's full support."

GOLDBERG, a gray-haired, medium-sized man with a springy stride and a lot of energy, was born on the west side of Chicago on August 8, 1908. He was the last of eleven children, two of whom were born in Russia and died there before their parents, Joseph and Rebecca Goldberg, left for America—he in 1892 and she a few years later. Joseph Goldberg came from a small Jewish settlement near Kiev, where he had served as a sort of town clerk, and he travelled to America by way of Siberia and Manchuria, landing in San Francisco. After working as a peddler in Texas for a year and a half, he moved on to Chicago, where he acquired a wagon and a blind horse, and started a small business, carting fruits and vegetables from the city's markets to various hotels. The Goldberg family lived in a series of small apartments on the west side, and the horse and wagon were kept in a shack or enclosure nearby. Goldberg remembers riding the horse, and accompanying his father around town in the wagon. Occasionally, the boy would pick up some half-rotten fruit in a market, and would bring it home and distribute it to other poor youngsters in the neighborhood—a rough one, in which the Jews and the Irish were forever battling. ("I

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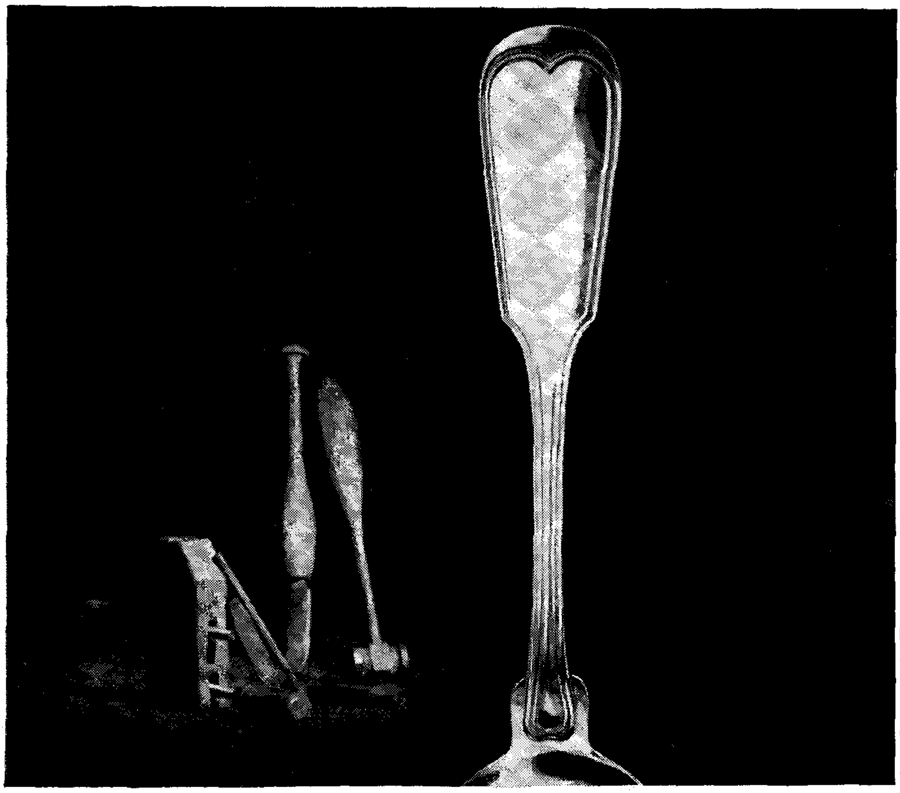

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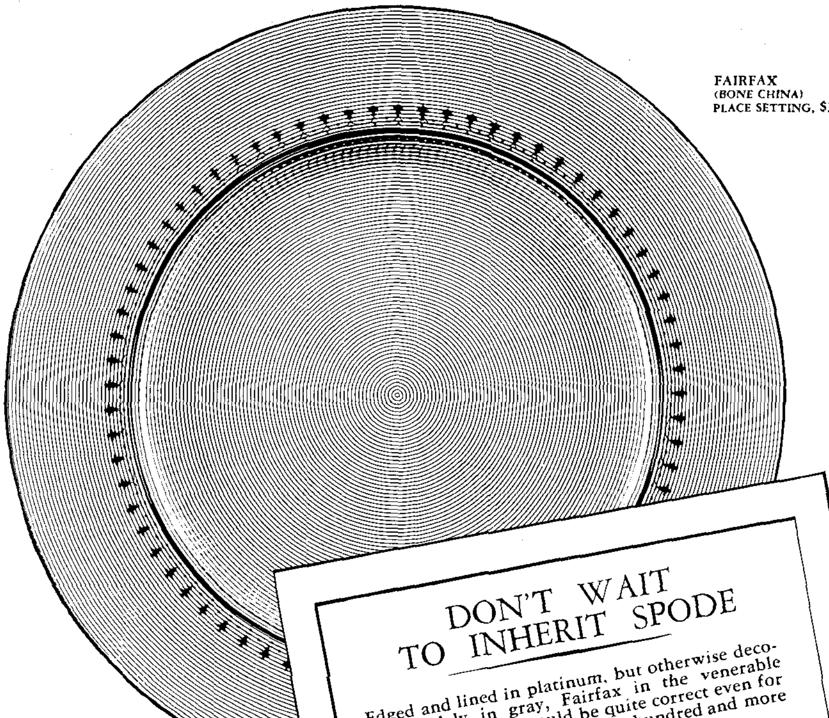

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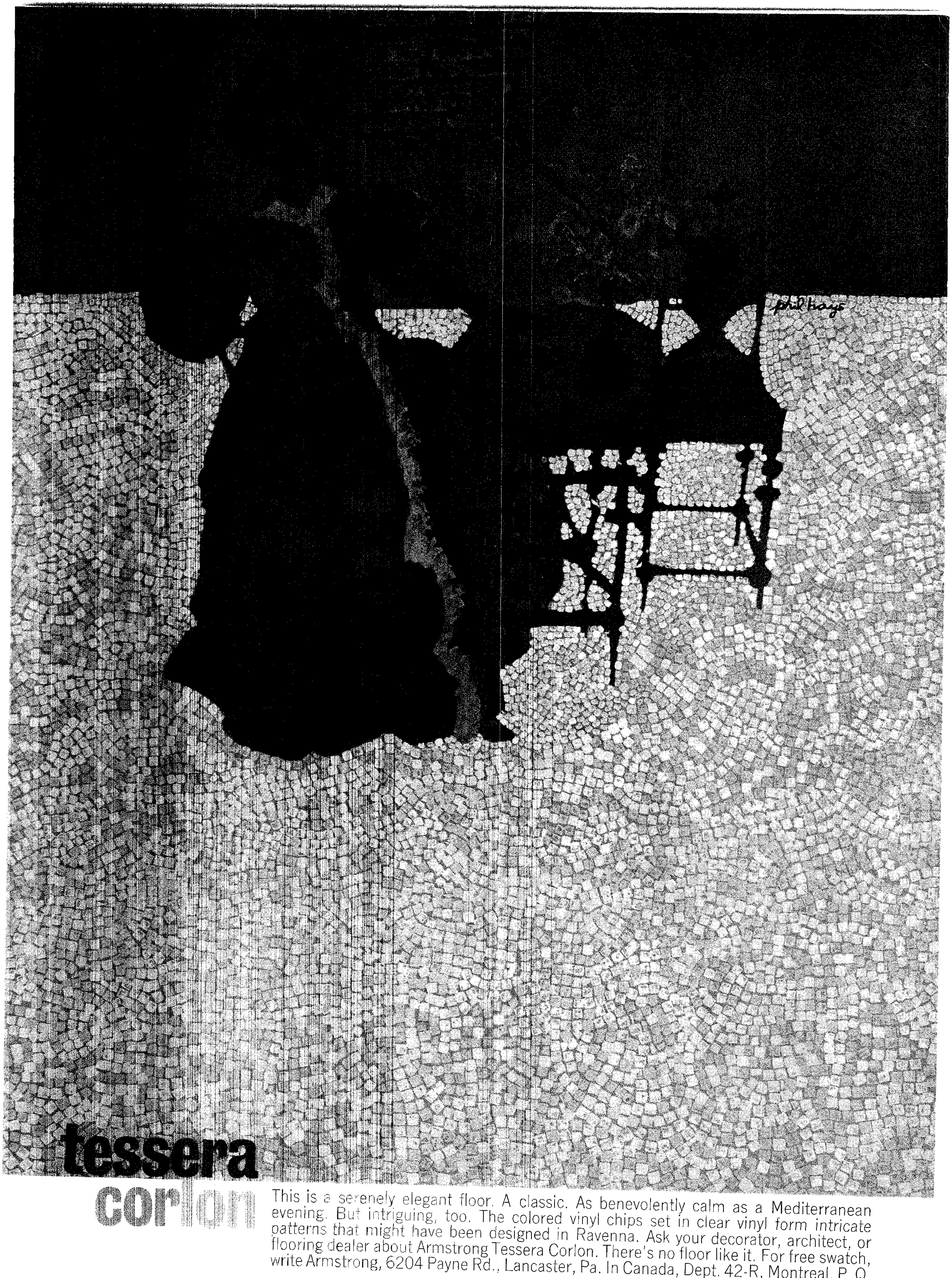
used to fetch bricks for my brothers to throw," Goldberg says.) Joseph Goldberg was a religious man, and his youngest son recalls that when a chef at the Sherman Hotel once gave him a ham sandwich, his father tore the gift out of his hand and threw it into the gutter. Goldberg, who observes Jewish holidays but now eats ham, has always retained an affection for markets, and wherever he goes around the world he likes to wander through market areas.

Joseph Goldberg died when he was fifty-one and Arthur was eight, and the older children had to go to work to support the younger ones. Arthur was the only one of the Goldberg children to finish high school, but at the age of twelve he, too, started working after school and on weekends. In one of his early jobs—delivering packages—Goldberg received his first lesson in collective bargaining. He and another delivery boy, who were both earning six dollars a week for working afternoons and Saturdays, were asked to work Thursday nights, too, just for supper money; they refused, and were fired. Goldberg says, "I found out that if there's strength in unity, there's got to be more than two." His subsequent jobs included wrapping fish in a market, selling shoes, and working as a page in a library. At fifteen, having finished high school in three and a half years, he became what he calls "an academic moonlighter," attending Crane Junior College in the morning and De Paul University in the afternoon; he continued to work in the library at night, and in the summer he would hire himself out as a common laborer on construction jobs. At Crane, Goldberg had an English teacher named Lillian Herstein, who was also a top official of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and Goldberg has always said, "I learned about labor from her—she was a great influence in my life." While he was still in high school, he had attended the trial of Leopold and Loeb, and Clarence Darrow's conduct of the defense had helped him make up his mind to become a lawyer. Accordingly, after two years of moonlighting, he entered Northwestern University Law School in the fall of 1926. Goldberg is remembered in Chicago as one of the most brilliant young lawyers in the city's history. During his first year at Northwestern, he got a job as a clerk in the firm of Kamfner & Halligan, at twenty dollars a week, and within a few months he was writing practically all of the firm's briefs. One of the partners, Edwin Halligan, who still practices in Chicago, recalls that Goldberg had a



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CHATHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ELKIN, NORTH CAROLINA phenomenal ability to integrate and memorize masses of detail, and could dictate a brief at high speed and without referring to notes. Once, when Goldberg was nineteen, Halligan was arguing from one of his clerk's briefs when the judge interrupted to ask who had written it. Halligan pointed to Goldberg, and the judge suggested that he do his own arguing, even though he had not yet been admitted to the bar. "When it came to the law, Arthur's mind started where most of ours finished," Halligan said not long ago. "For him, reading law was like reading a novel for someone else."

In June, 1929, Goldberg graduated from law school at the top of his class. In July, 1931, he married a girl named Dorothy Kurgans, who had been studying at Northwestern and who was and is a painter. By this time, he had switched to another law firm—Pritzker & Pritzker. The depression was in full swing, and most of his work had to do with mortgage foreclosures and reorganizations—a highly lucrative practice. If Goldberg had stayed with the Pritzkers, he could have made a good deal of money, but he decided that he didn't want to earn his living by foreclosing other people's property. In 1933, therefore, he opened up a small office of his own on LaSalle Street and started doing a variety of legal work, mostly for other lawyers and occasionally for a judge who wanted an opinion ghostwritten. It was not easy going, and the Goldbergs had to struggle to get along. In time, they had two children—Barbara, born in 1936, and Robert, born in 1941.

Goldberg became involved in the representation of labor unions more as a result of the depression and the Presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt than out of any deep ideological convictions, although he had taken a course in labor law at Northwestern—one of the earliest courses on the subject given anywhere. "In my youth there were plenty of radicals around, but I was never even a Socialist, nor was anyone in my family," he said not long ago. "Roosevelt was the first man who had any strong political appeal for me. In that, of course, I was fairly representative of many young Americans at the time. Roosevelt was not only a political leader; in a very real sense, he was the great labor leader of his time. I am sure that if you had gone to any American worker of that period and asked him who best represented the aspirations of the labor movement, his reply would not have been John L. Lewis, or William Green, or Philip

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Murray, or Sidney Hillman—it would have been Franklin D. Roosevelt."

In November, 1935, three weeks after the annual American Federation of Labor convention, eight leaders of the federation, including Lewis, Hillman, and David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, founded the Committee for Industrial Organization. Its declared purpose was to encourage "organization of the unorganized workers in mass production and other industries on an industrial basis"—a radical shift from the A.F.L.'s tradition of organizing workers by crafts. William Green, as the federation's president, demanded that the committee disband, and in August, 1936, when the committee refused, its members were suspended. They instantly formed a rival organization, with Lewis as president. At about the same time, Goldberg was meeting several of the labor leaders around Chicago, among them Sam Levin, who was one of Hillman's lieutenants, and Van Bittner, who in the spring of 1936 became the regional director of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, newly set up by the C.I.O. In the spring and summer of 1937, the C.I.O. picked up momentum, as the United States Steel Corporation recognized the S.W.O.C., the forerunner of the United Steelworkers, and the General Motors Corporation was forced, by the big sitdown strikes, to submit to the new United Auto Workers. Goldberg, who had done some legal work for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the pre-C.I.O. days, was strongly attracted to the new organization and its industrial approach, and he took on various jobs for some of the new C.I.O. groups, including the Packinghouse Workers Organizing Committee. By the fall of 1938, he was ready to plunge deep into the labor movement.

In December of that year, Harry Read, a former city editor of the Hearst *Evening American*, who had become an active member of the American Newspaper Guild, led a strike against his old paper and the other Hearst paper in town, the *Herald-Examiner*. Not long after the strike started, he asked Goldberg to represent the Guild. Goldberg instantly agreed. "The Guild situation in Chicago then was a nasty, bitter one, in which a new union was battling an employer in economic difficulties who had not accepted the concept that newspaper reporters as well as clerical help had a right to organize," Goldberg recalls. "The union had no experience in collective bargaining, and the whole at-

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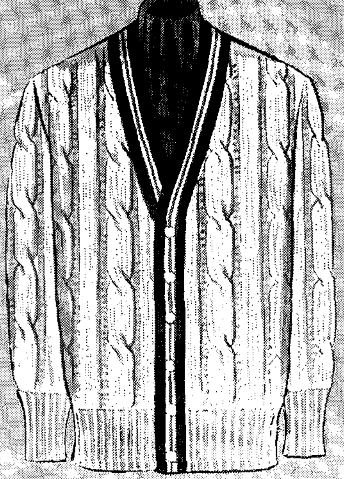

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mosphere was one of terrible confusion, struggle, and controversy, in which the union's right to be recognized, merely to be allowed to exist, was the paramount issue. It was a far cry from the fancy arguments over wages and so-called fringe benefits that go on today." For eight months, Goldberg was in court practically every day, fighting batteries of Hearst lawyers to get pickets released on bail and arguing all sorts of legal points in the union's behalf. Then Hearst capitulated to unionism, and from that time on Goldberg was constantly concerned with labor and labor law, although, because he was paid little or nothing for most of his work for the unions, he continued to make his living out of a routine general practice. Judge David L. Bazelon, of the Circuit Court of Appeals in Washington, who has known Goldberg well since his early Chicago period, says, "Those were the days when, for the first time, a man's right to get a job and hold it was finally afforded the body of legal protection that had been rendered to capital for years. I think Arthur instinctively saw the law as an opportunity to help people obtain social justice."

During this period, the Communists, who had both zeal and a program, had an influence on the labor movement that was out of all proportion to their numbers. Goldberg had observed the Communists' tactics in the National Lawyers Guild, which he joined just after graduating from law school; the Chicago chapter was anti-Communist, but nationally the Guild was dominated by the Communists, and when Goldberg saw that they could not be cleaned out, he quit. He had observed their tactics, too, in the Newspaper Guild, which also had its Communist and anti-Communist wings. (Harry Read was the head of the Chicago anti-Communist wing, and Goldberg says of him now, "Read was perfect proof that you didn't have to be a Communist to be a militant.") Goldberg fought the Communists from the start, but he was up against formidable opposition. From 1936 to 1948, the chief C.I.O. counsel was Lee Pressman, who was brought in by Lewis and was kept on when Philip Murray took over as C.I.O. president. Ultimately, in 1950, Pressman admitted to the House Un-American Activities Committee that he had been a member of the Communist Party for a year in the thirties and had maintained an "ideological tie" with it long afterward, but he had theretofore consistently denied that he was a Communist, and Murray, who relied on him

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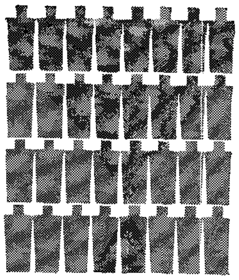
heavily and also liked him, apparently had not doubted his word. Pressman was an accomplished lawyer and a tough, irascible man, who succeeded in gaining recognition and winning contracts for many of the new C.I.O. unions. Frequently, though, his legal technique was merely to start nuisance suits—to take an uncompromising position and stick to it, thereby creating as much trouble, in and out of the courts, as possible. What was more important from the viewpoint of the Communists, he largely ran C.I.O. national affairs, shepherding through the political resolutions that the Communists wanted and in general determining the political strategy and tactics of the organization. In time, quite a few of the C.I.O. leaders, Murray and Hillman among them, began to have some doubts about Pressman and others like him, but even then there was a feeling that these men could be contained and still be useful. This view was never shared by certain C.I.O. men, notably Van Bittner, who, shortly after the Hearst strike, asked Goldberg to represent the steelworkers in Chicago, as well as the Chicago and Illinois branches of the C.I.O. "They wanted a lawyer of stature and standing in the community, which I had acquired by that time," Goldberg recalls, "and they also wanted one who stood with them in the developing ideological battle within the trade-union movement. They were not satisfied with the representation they had locally, and Bittner, in particular, made it clear that I had complete authority to do whatever was required. I never considered myself accountable to Pressman."

As part of his work for Bittner, Goldberg helped draft the constitutions for the state and city branches of the C.I.O., and wrote the first formal anti-Communist clauses ever to be incorporated into such charters. For long periods, though, he spent more time in court than at his desk. Month after month, he successfully fought a series of legal skirmishes that had to do with the workers' essential right to organize and the union's right to be recognized and to hold elections, not only in the steel mills but in the can-making industry, whose workers were associated with the steel union. One of the anti-Communist C.I.O. men Goldberg dealt with was Joseph Germano, a husky, rough-talking Italian who was head of the steelworkers in the Chicago-Calumet area and who has vivid recollections of the early days. "Arthur was then working for us for practically nothing, and we never



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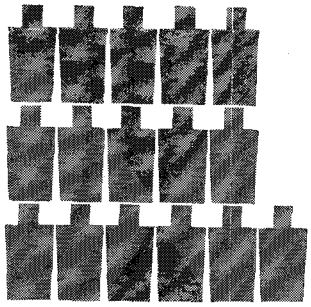

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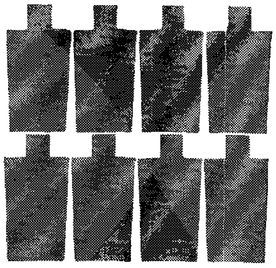

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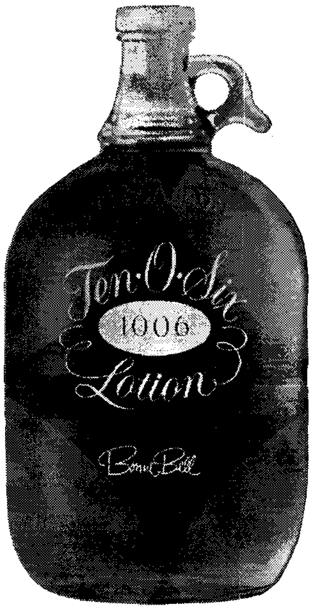

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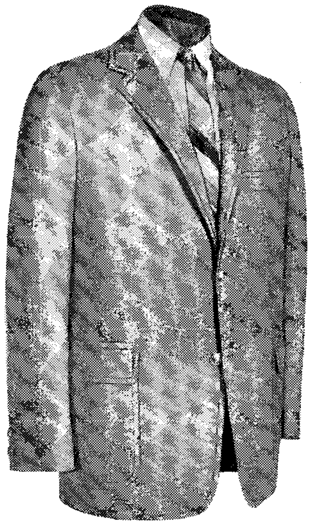

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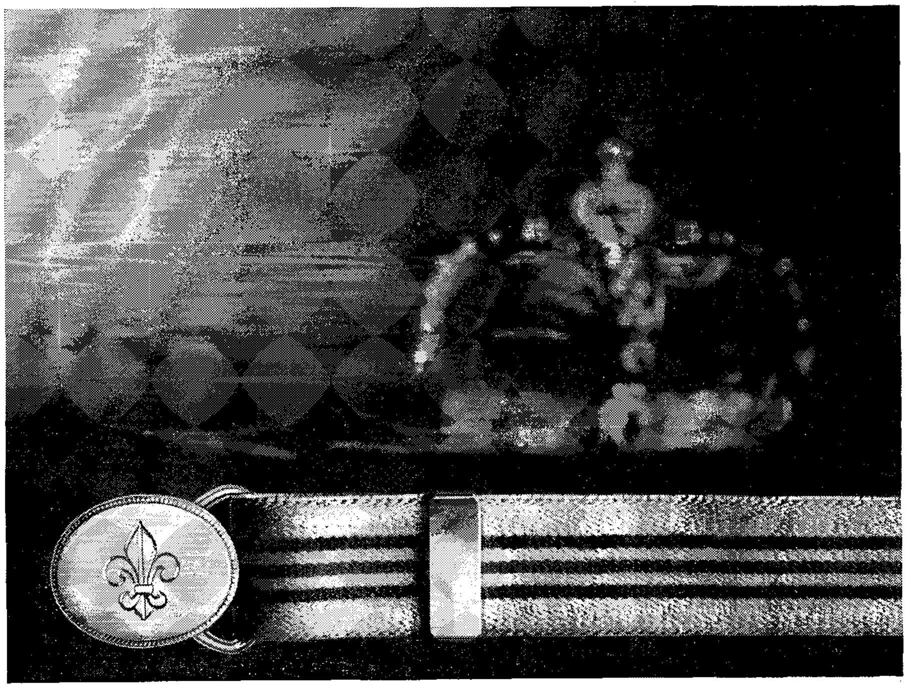

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seemed to have enough cash," he said recently. "One night, out on the west side, we came out of a can meeting about midnight, without having eaten, and between us we had only enough money to split a beer and a cheese sandwich. But if Arthur didn't get much money, he got plenty of gratitude. He was quite a hero with the can workers, and once, I remember, they gave him a band reception."

"Looking back on those days," Goldberg said recently, "I wonder how I felt I had any qualifications for the work. I had had no academic courses in collective bargaining, and not even any formal training in economics, and yet I participated in many strike settlements and didn't seem to be especially overwhelmed by the difficulties or to feel the need for formal instruction. This has led me to the conclusion, which I still hold very strongly, that this art, or science, or whatever you may call it, of collective bargaining is something that probably cannot be taught. It must be largely intuitive, and in this sense I suppose it's like any creative process. You either have the qualifications or you don't. The main thing you must have is the ability to realize there are two sides to the story, and so to be generally calm and courteous in the handling of people in inflamed situations, but at the same time not to relinquish a position of leadership, which on occasion will require the calmness and courtesy to be submerged in a show of vigor and strength and even anger. Sidney Hillman was a great negotiator, I think, not because he had any formal instruction but simply because he was the man he was. The same was true of John L. Lewis and Phil Murray. Back in the thirties, of course, collective bargaining was waged against an exciting background. The atmosphere in the community was very feverish when it came to unions. The C.I.O., particularly, aroused strong feelings, pro and con. The old labor movement had been largely Republican in politics and conservative in approach, and had dealt with conventional settlements on wages. The idea that unions might also take political action was a new one. It is worth noting, too, that the leaders were often ahead of their members. The C.I.O. leaders were primarily men of experience who had come over from the A.F.L., from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, from the miners' union, and so on, and they frequently found themselves in a double dilemma. For one thing, they had been accustomed to dealing with employers who had accepted unions for many years—the real-

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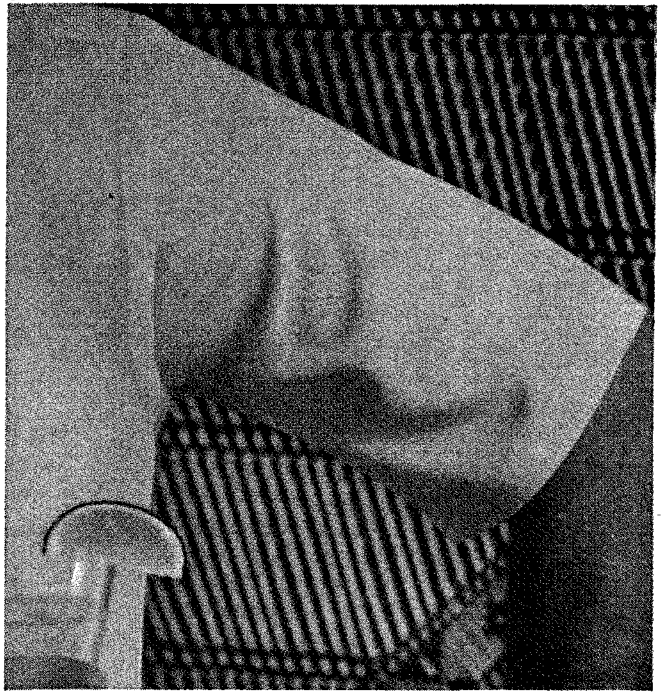

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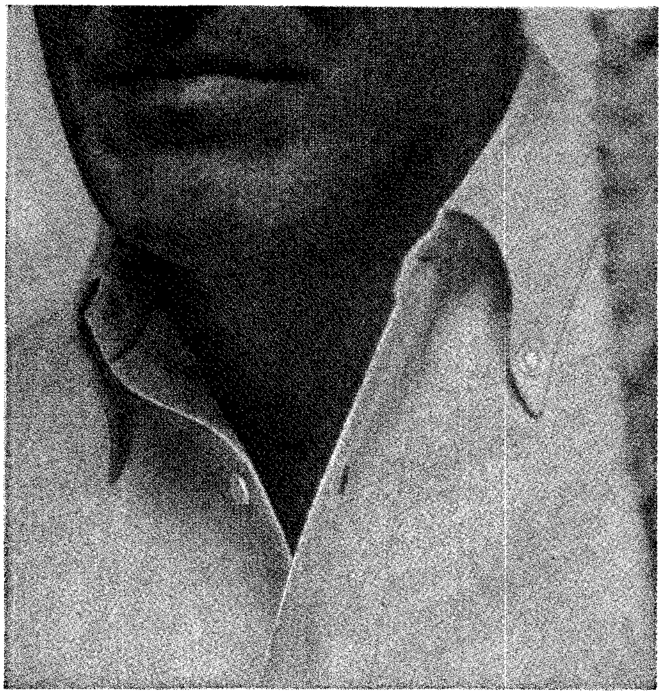

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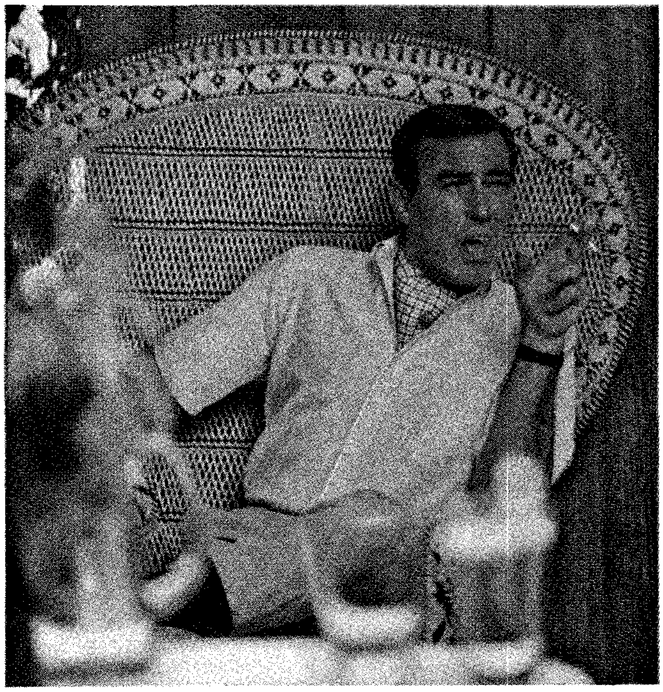

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ly bloody, tough struggles in the coal and clothing industries, for instance, were over—and now they had to face many employers who had never had anything to do with unions and didn't want to. For another, these C.I.O. leaders had to deal with union members who were new and unskilled at handling union affairs. There was a very wide division between the leadership and the rank and file. There was probably much more respect on the part of the membership for the leaders—for men like Hillman and Lewis—than there is now, but there was also less knowledge of unionism. The unions then were satisfied, on the whole, with what we would today regard as relatively modest goals, and yet to a large part of the public, as well as to employers faced with the unionization of their plants, labor's objectives seemed revolutionary."

WHEN war broke out in Europe, Goldberg became increasingly interested in foreign affairs and worked on the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and, with Adlai Stevenson, on the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Then, shortly after Pearl Harbor, he joined the Office of Strategic Services. First as a civilian and later as an Army officer (he became a major), he worked at a job that was singular even for that singular organization—the job of labor spy. Goldberg organized a labor desk in Washington to serve as a clearing house for military and political information obtained from European workers who were members of resistance movements in the occupied countries or who had become refugees from those countries. The idea was that if some sort of network for obtaining information could be established, a program of sabotage, slowdowns, and guerrilla warfare could be instituted that would help pave the way for the Allied invasion of the Continent. Colonel William J. Donovan, the O.S.S. chief, thought well of the project, and of Goldberg—in the face of misgivings on the part of other O.S.S. men, many of whom came from well-to-do families and had little faith in any scheme based on labor—and before the war ended, Goldberg had built up an organization of a hundred and twenty-five Americans within the O.S.S.

In the fall of 1942, Goldberg went to London, where he set up a branch of the labor office and managed to widen his underground contacts. He went to North Africa the following spring, and, later that year, to Egypt and Palestine, where he organized separate labor-

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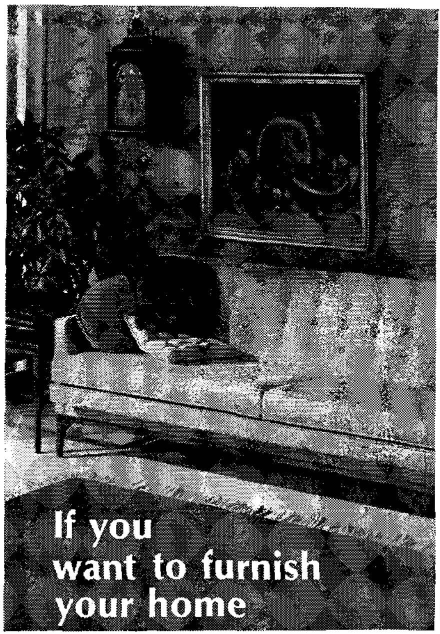

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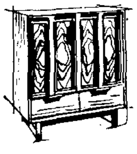

spy networks, sometimes arranging to get men he wanted out of concentration or internment camps in neutral or friendly nations. It was slow going, but by the spring of 1944 Goldberg had worked out a system for smuggling funds to French resistance workers, who were smuggling out information; had established a small radio network in the Rhineland that sent out information on German industry; and had set up a spy group, with headquarters in Switzerland, under Gerhard P. Van Arkel, a Washington labor lawyer. Van Arkel's agents included an Austrian railroad-track inspector who occasionally managed to walk over a spur that extended into Switzerland, passing information about the Nazi transport system to a waiter in an inn on the Swiss side. Another of Van Arkel's men was a young Austrian resistance worker who now and then trekked into Switzerland and whose memory was so remarkable that he could pinpoint Nazi supply depots and barbed-wire emplacements, and still another was a former university instructor from Heidelberg who was a German soldier and who daringly picked up information at various Nazi headquarters, cached his uniform on the German side of the border, sneaked across to tell what he knew, and then returned to Germany. A number of Goldberg's labor recruits were trained by the O.S.S. in the Atlas Mountains of North Africa; when they had mastered various codes and had learned how to set up clandestine radios, they were dropped onto the Continent, where they located munitions dumps and secret factories producing such matériel as ball bearings and synthetic oil and rubber. Goldberg himself saw no combat, but he did have a few memorable adventures. Once, in London, he wandered by mistake into a briefing room where the Normandy invasion was being discussed. The officer in charge suddenly noticed him and demanded, "Are you bigoted?" "No," replied Goldberg, somewhat flustered. He was asked to leave, and it was some time before he found out that "bigoted" was a code word meaning "cleared on the operation." After the invasion, he went to France on a survey mission and found himself one afternoon taking charge of a just captured Gestapo headquarters near Reims. "We got a flash to get in there, and I was the only one around," he says. "We grabbed the files and several Gestapo agents. It was rewarding, finally, to make some direct contact with the enemy."

Goldberg left the O.S.S. late in 1944 and returned to Chicago, where

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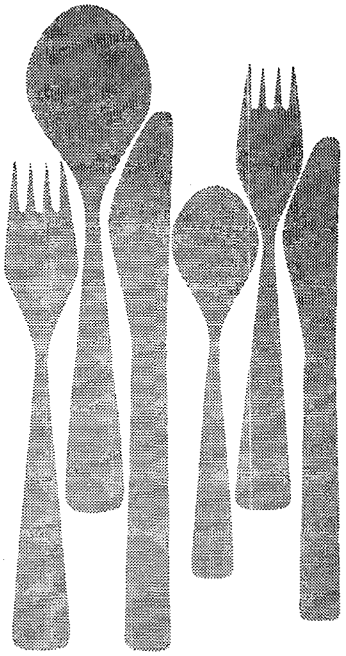

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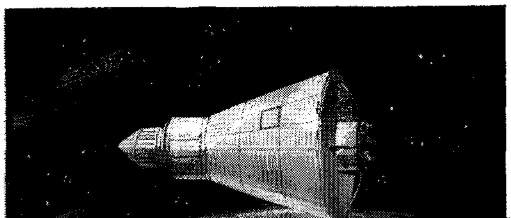

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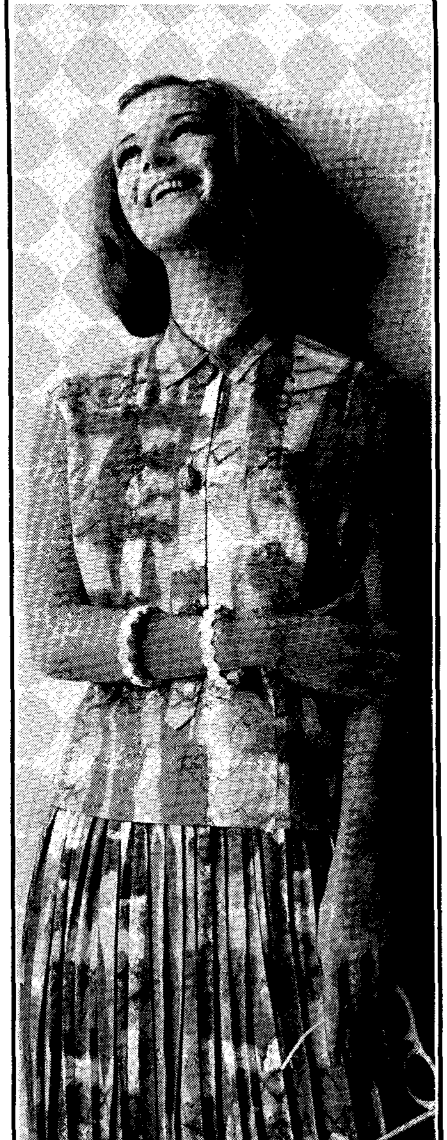

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he opened a law firm with a friend of his, Carl Devoe, with whom he had shared an office before the war, and whom he had brought with him to the labor desk in Washington; sitting on a Casablanca rooftop one night during a blackout, the two men had decided to become postwar associates. The firm grew and prospered, and Goldberg participated in its general practice and also continued to represent the clothing workers and the steelworkers in the Chicago area. It looked much as if his career were firmly set, but then, in March, 1948, Philip Murray, acting on the advice of Van Bittner and others, asked him to replace Lee Pressman as chief counsel of the C.I.O. and of the steelworkers. Pressman was campaigning for Henry Wallace, whom the Communists were supporting in that year's Presidential election, and Murray told Goldberg that the time was obviously coming for a showdown with the Communists in the C.I.O. Unlike Pressman, Goldberg did not want to go on labor's payroll; he preferred to represent the C.I.O. and the steelworkers on a fee basis. "I wanted to be a free agent and be able to express my own opinions at all times," he recalls. "I thought that keeping my independence would be better for Murray and better for me." When Murray agreed, Goldberg moved to Washington, but maintained his partnership with Devoe in Chicago. The relationship between Goldberg and Murray came to be a close one—closer, probably, than the relationship between Murray and Pressman had ever been. "Murray was a self-educated but learned man of great personal dignity and with a tremendous sense of dedication," Goldberg says. "He was both very shy and very frank, and that sometimes made relations with him very frustrating, but always worthwhile."

At the time Goldberg took over, the Communist problem had become more acute than ever before, as a result of the heightening of the Cold War and increasing uneasiness about Communists at home, and this was the first problem he tackled. Back in 1946, at the annual C.I.O. convention, Murray, overriding Pressman, had sponsored a resolution that the delegates "resent and reject efforts of the Communist Party or other political parties and their adherents to interfere in the affairs of the C.I.O." It had been Murray's hope that the individual unions would clear out their Communists themselves, and a few of them had done so, notably the Transport Workers Union, the National Maritime Union, and the United

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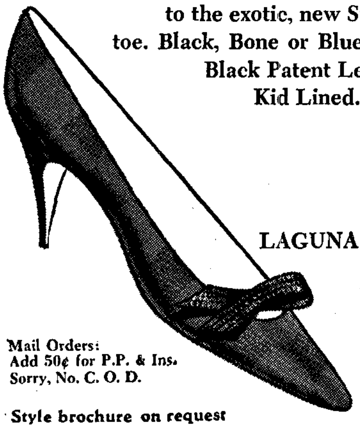

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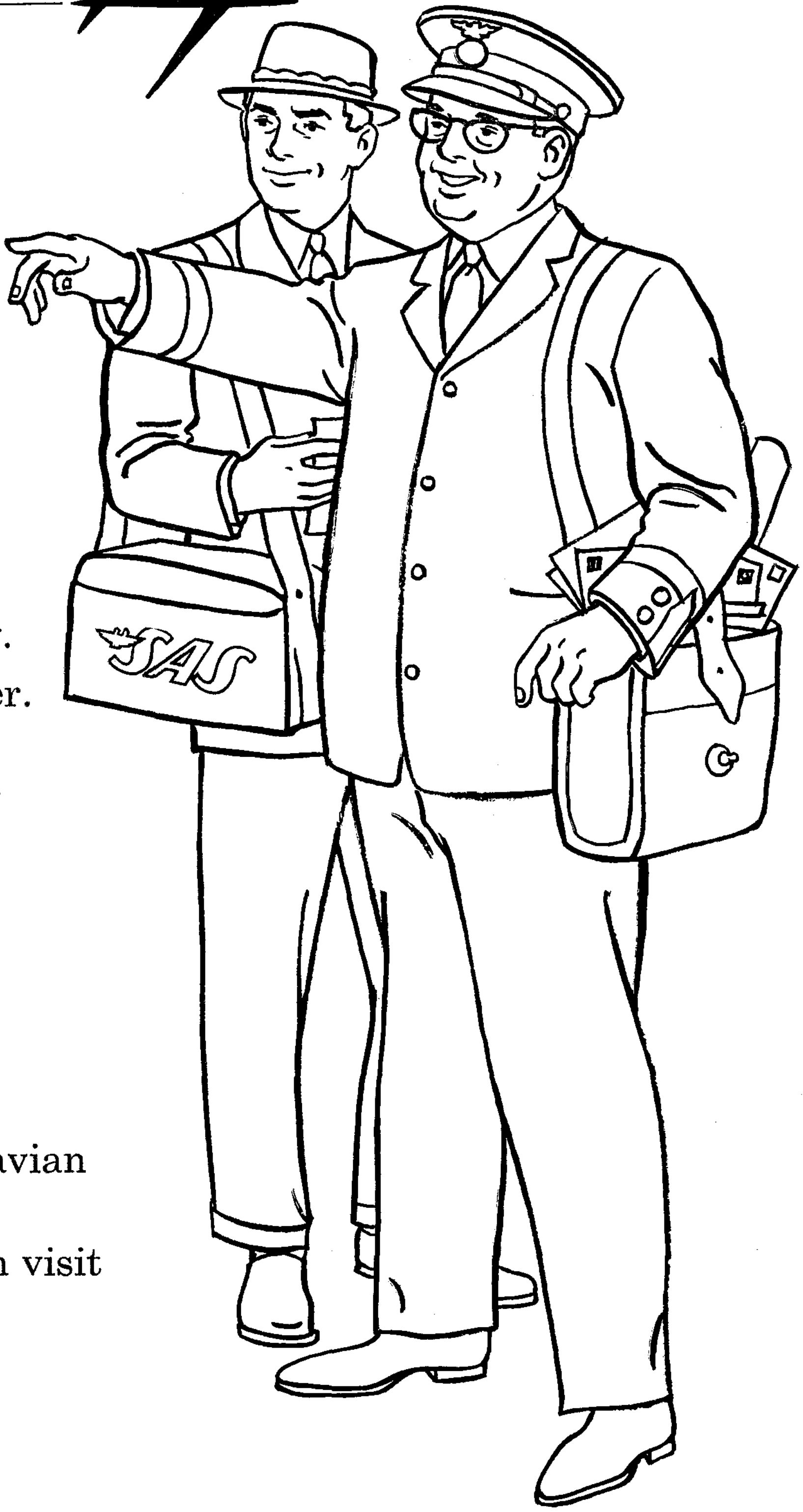

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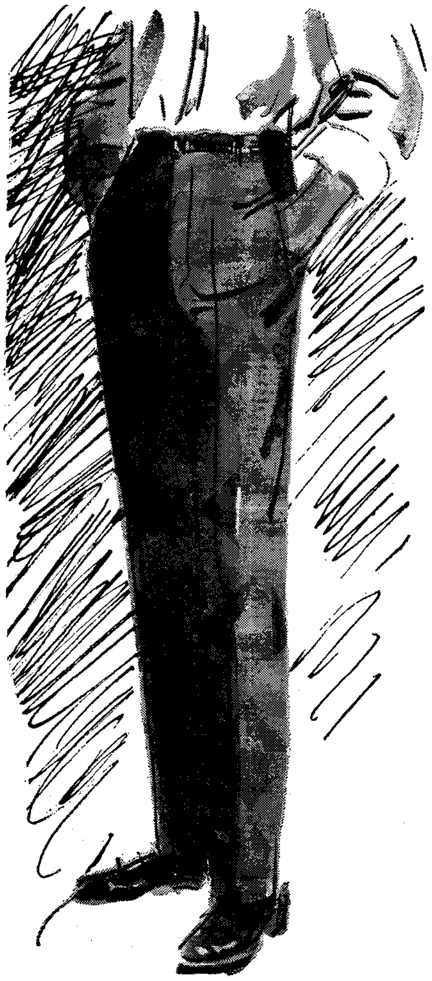

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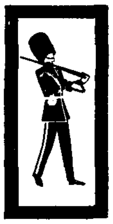
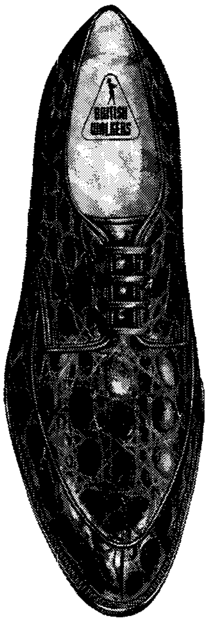
Auto Workers. At that time, Murray had been opposed to anything as drastic as expelling Communist-led unions, but in 1949 he switched to a policy not only of throwing these unions out but of throwing them out without trial. "I had great arguments with him about this, because I insisted on due process," Goldberg says. "Due process was something ingrained in me, and I have discovered that it never prevents you from doing what has to be done. I also thought it was necessary in order to educate the memberships as to what was involved; many of these Communist leaders were pretty able fellows, and it had to be clearly shown that their leadership was misleadership, that a group had captured control and were doing things the members did not really understand." In spite of Goldberg's desire for due process, the C.I.O., at its 1949 convention, simply read out two unions by voice vote—the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers and the United Farm Equipment and Metal Workers of America. Later, however, Goldberg had his way, and the other unions that were expelled—there were nine of them, including the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (Harry Bridges' West Coast union), the International Fur and Leather Workers Union, and the United Office and Professional Workers of America—were expelled by due process. The C.I.O. set up a semi-judicial fact-finding board for each of the nine unions, and Goldberg prepared each case for hearing before the appropriate board. He won every case. Five of the unions brought suits in federal court to enjoin the expulsions, and here, again, Goldberg won every case. Not long ago, recalling these stormy days, he said, "Our C.I.O. boards operated in a very careful, judicial way. Both sides were heard—that is, if the other side wanted to be heard—and the cases were developed fully. For instance, we established in detail and beyond doubt that Harry Bridges steadily followed the Communist line. We did this not through any evidence from informers but through the plain record of his statements and his publications, and we did a far more thorough job on Bridges than the government did."

The purging of the Communists seemed to pave the way for a period of accommodation between labor and management on a national scale. This meant not that there would be no bitter bargaining struggles and no strikes but that henceforth the issues would be essentially economic, not ideological. The





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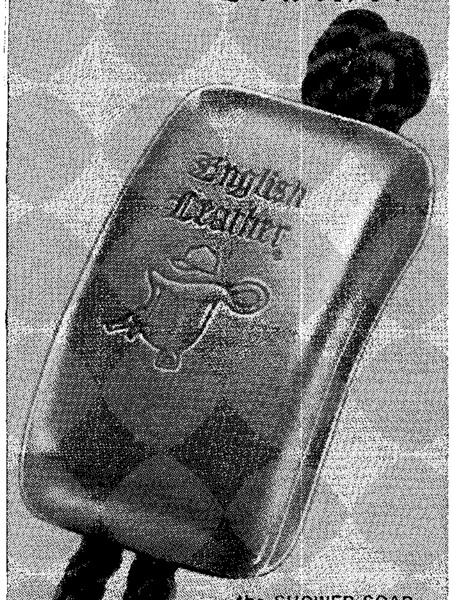

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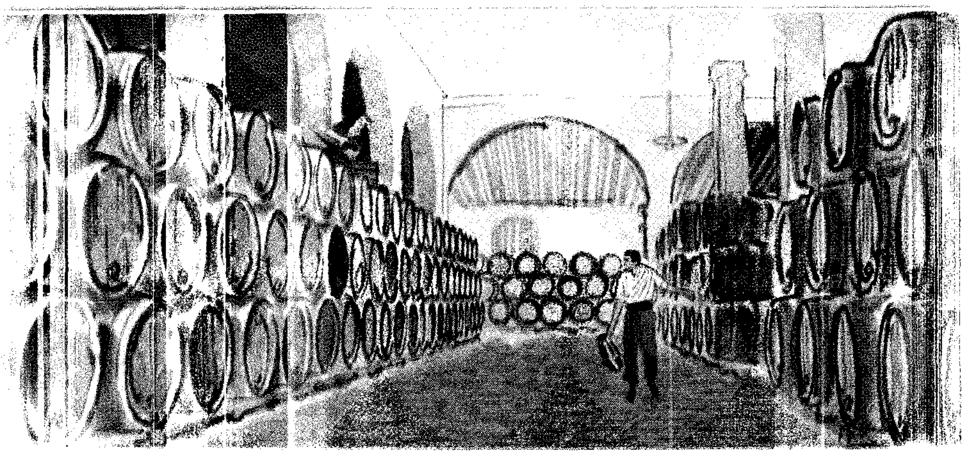

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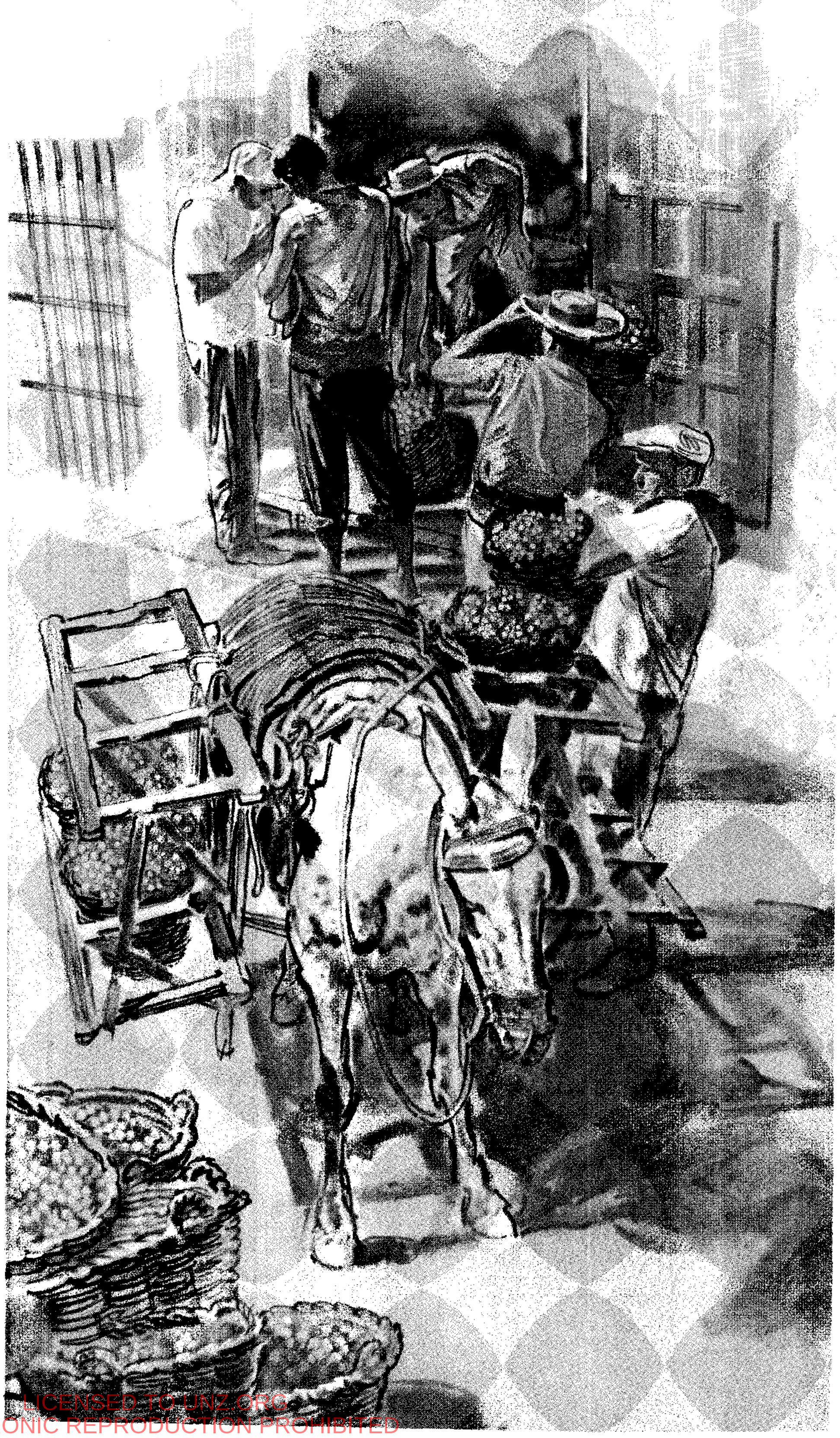

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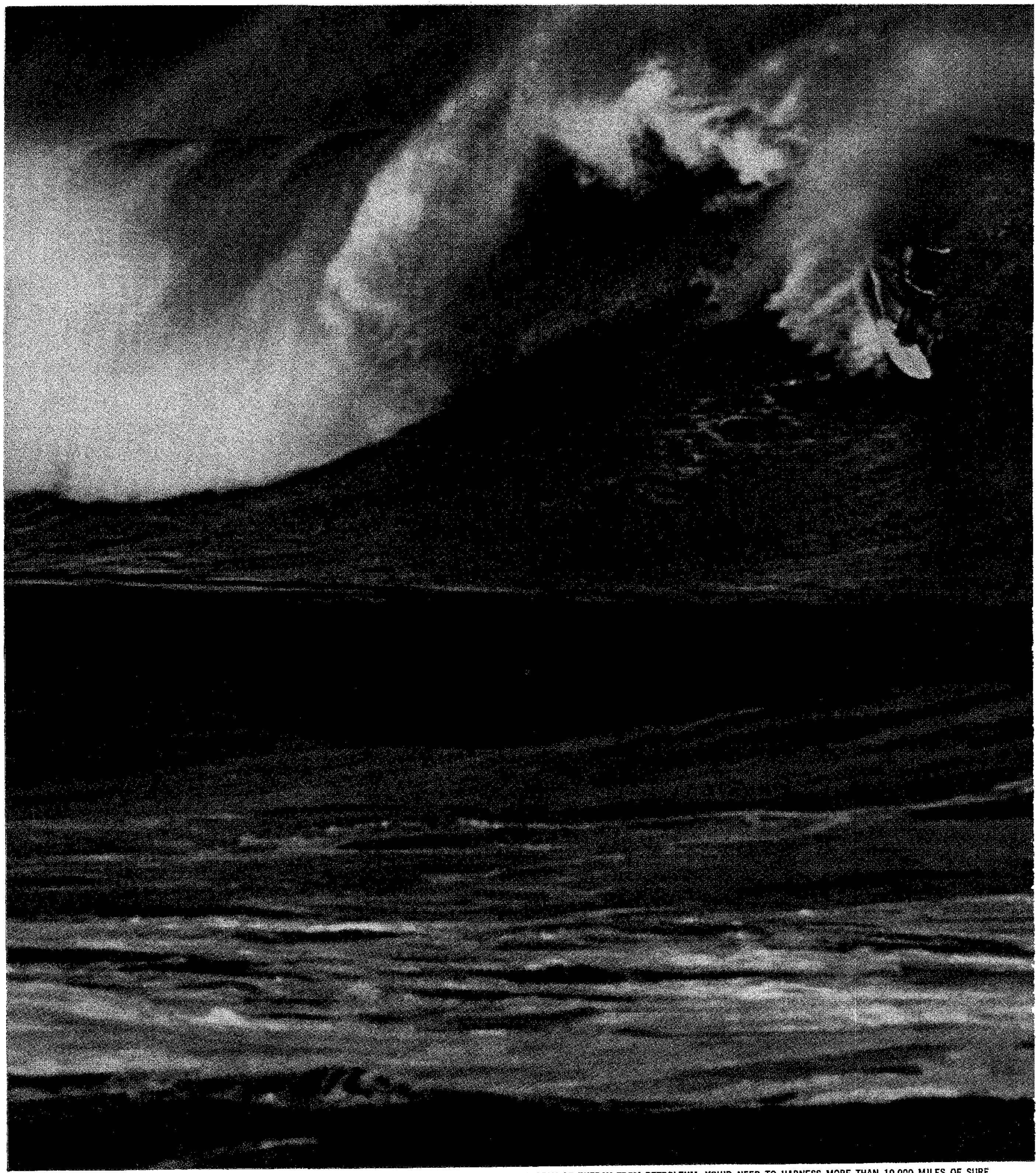

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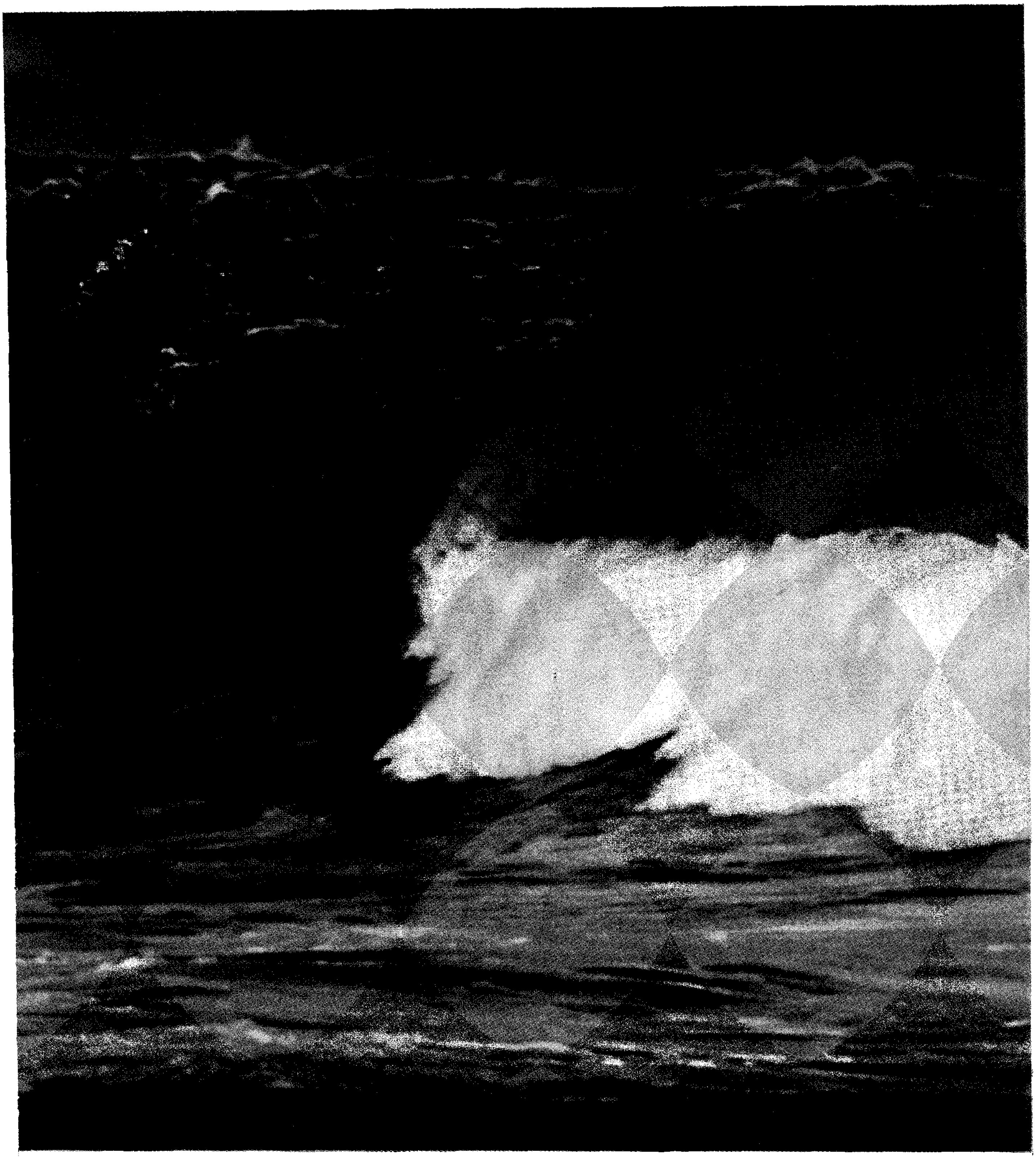

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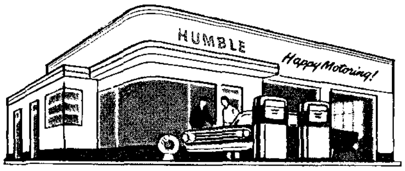
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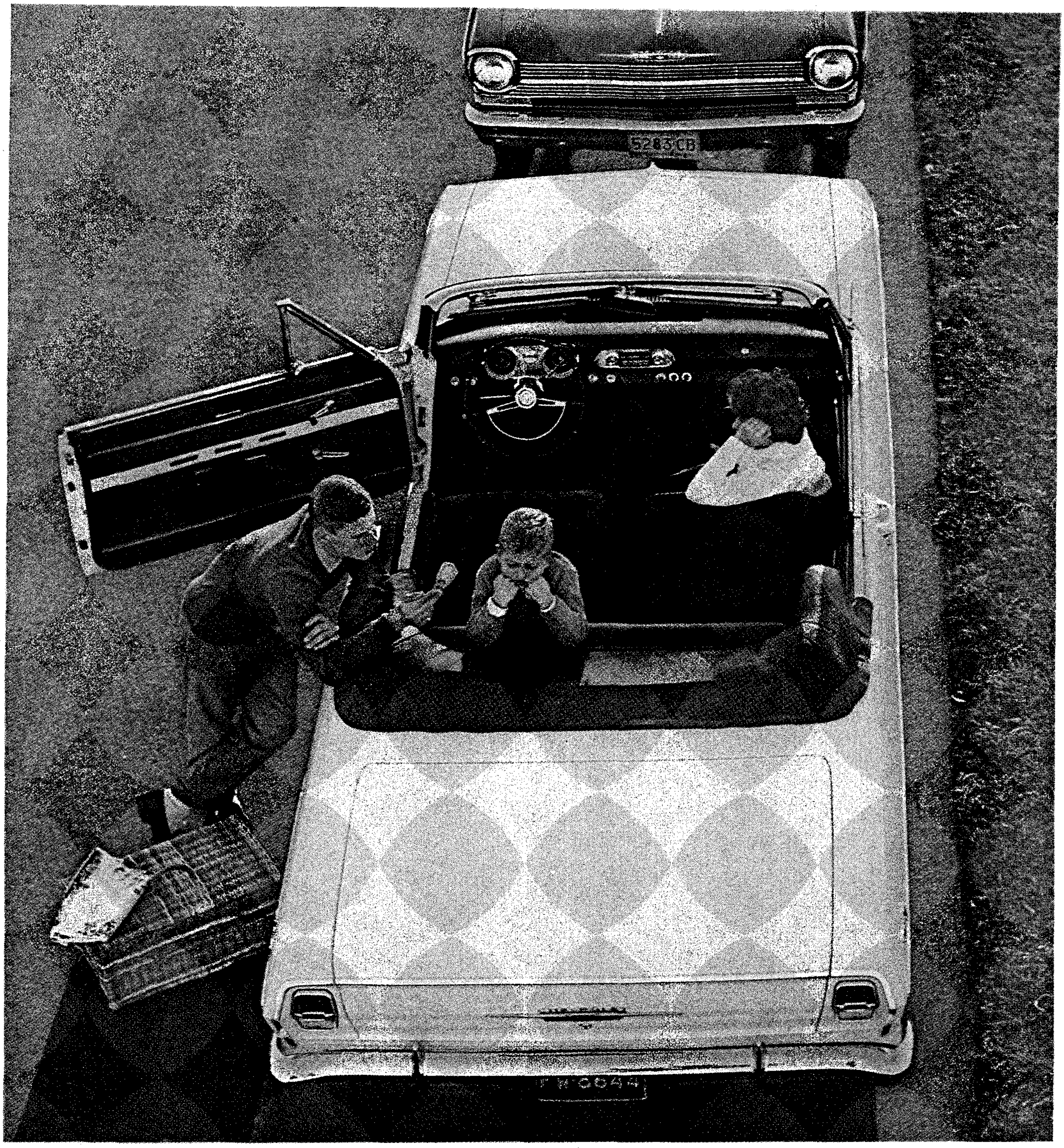

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role of the labor lawyer, too, was changing; where his functions had been mostly to get pickets out of jail and fight injunctions against strikes, he now began to handle a variety of extremely complicated negotiations over job security, fringe benefits, and the like. Having become big enterprises in their own right, unions had come to require a managerial and legal élite of their own. All this very much suited Goldberg, with his tempered, intellectual approach to all legal questions, and his belief in evolutionary social progress through almost mathematical compromise formulas. Even in the thirties, he had not believed in class warfare and class consciousness, though many union leaders, non-Communist as well as Communist, thought in those terms. "Arthur never saw labor taking over the country, or believed in a labor party," one of his longtime associates has said. "From the beginning, he thought in terms of social and economic formulations that he deemed good for all America. He was never a beater of heads against walls. Let a Eugene Debs keep yelling for human progress, he would say, but meanwhile it will help if we can advance just this one foot, and then another foot. It was a very sophisticated outlook on a pluralistic society. Beyond that, Arthur had an extremely precise and practical understanding of the nature of power—which included an almost Oriental view of the importance of face—and this kept him from adopting a tough position and holding it down to the last bend in the road, where he knew it was untenable. It was thanks to his understanding of power and progress that he was able to achieve as much as he did in his capacity as chief counsel and negotiator for the steelworkers."

AS it happened, the first big issue Goldberg was confronted with in the steel industry was one on which he was not willing to compromise—that of pensions. Early in 1949, he obtained a court ruling that pensions paid for by management were a legitimate bargaining concern, and that summer the union demanded a pension plan. When the steel companies refused even to consider the matter, the workers struck, and, after forty-two days, management gave in. Today Goldberg maintains that a hundred million Americans are protected by social-insurance schemes of some sort because the labor movement led the way—a circumstance that he likes to cite in answer to critics who are so busy deploring the movement's current apathy that they forget its long-term con-

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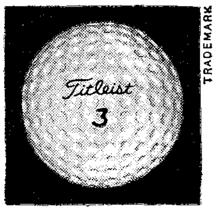

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tributions to social progress. "All along, labor has been both practical and imaginative in guiding collective bargaining toward improvements in social welfare," he says. "No individual workers could ever have bought themselves pension plans or protection against the vicissitudes of illness; the costs would have been astronomical."

In December, 1951, the steelworkers were ready to strike again, but President Truman asked them to present their case to the Wage Stabilization Board instead, because a strike would hamper our war effort in Korea. Goldberg, taking a stand that foreshadowed his present views on strikes during emergencies, backed Truman, and Murray reluctantly agreed. "It took all of my persuasiveness—it almost caused a breach in our relations—to get Murray to go along with the government machinery," Goldberg has recalled. "He was determined to fight it out his own way." The Board's recommendation, as it turned out, was favorable to the union, and the companies rejected it. Murray then called a strike, and Truman responded by seizing the steel mills, a move that compelled the workers not to walk out. Finally, in June, 1952, the Supreme Court decided that the seizure was unconstitutional, and the steel companies took over their mills; the workers struck for fifty-four days. The strike was settled "in an orthodox way," as Goldberg puts it, when the industry got a price increase and the union obtained "a pretty healthy package" in a two-year contract.

Soon after the strike was over, Murray died, and David J. McDonald succeeded him as president of the steelworkers. Goldberg continued to be counsel to the union, but he never became as close to McDonald as he had been to Murray. (For several years after Murray died, Goldberg arranged a memorial Mass for him on the anniversary of his death, and at one time he was the director of the Philip Murray Memorial Foundation, which received funds from the C.I.O. unions and made contributions to hospitals, settlement houses, and other institutions.) Over the next few years, the steel companies and the unions settled their differences amicably, and, Goldberg says now, "by 1956, I felt that a high point of understanding existed between the union and the industry, and I had hopes that we were going to enter upon a new period of relations, which would be what I call a period of maturity." A thirty-six-day strike took place that year, but it involved more jockeying over a few bargaining

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Three years later, this atmosphere of trust and accord had vanished, and the union held the longest and costliest steel strike in history—a strike that, in the course of its hundred and sixteen days, cost an estimated six billion dollars in lost wages and production. "There seemed to be, not only in steel but throughout a considerable portion of American industry, a feeling that the unions were overreaching themselves, that they didn't sufficiently understand management's problems, and that they were selfish because they didn't encourage greater productivity," Goldberg says. "As for the unions, they felt that management wasn't conscious of labor's problems—especially those having to do with job security. Just as the appetite of the American worker was whetted for a better standard of living, the appetite of industry for bigger profits was whetted too, and the situation was exacerbated by the fact that Europe and Japan, having recovered from the war, were starting to compete with us. It added up to a general feeling that the time had come for a power showdown."

In the spring of 1959, the steel industry was operating at only a little more than half capacity, and several hundred thousand workers had been unemployed for as long as a year. Almost two months before June 30th, the day the old contract was to expire, negotiations between the union and the twelve big companies that regularly set the pattern for the industry began, in New York, and they began in a mood that was close to hostility. Goldberg keenly felt the absence of men like Benjamin Fairless, the former president of the United States Steel Company, who had come from a coal miner's family, and Stephens, who had had varied experience in industrial relations; most of the officers and negotiators who had replaced them had financial and legal backgrounds, and did not understand that, as Goldberg has put it, "work in a steel mill is still difficult, that a mill can't be air-conditioned, and that danger is always there." The

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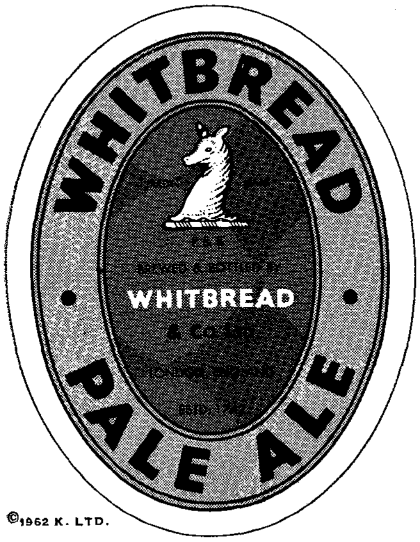

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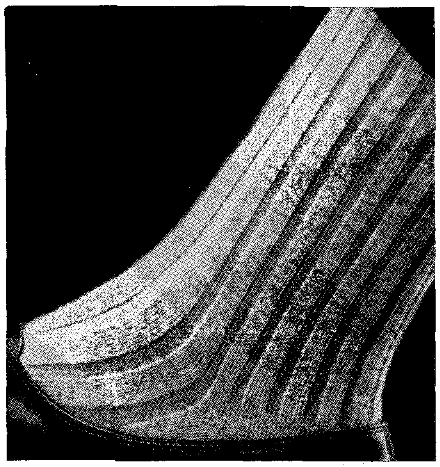

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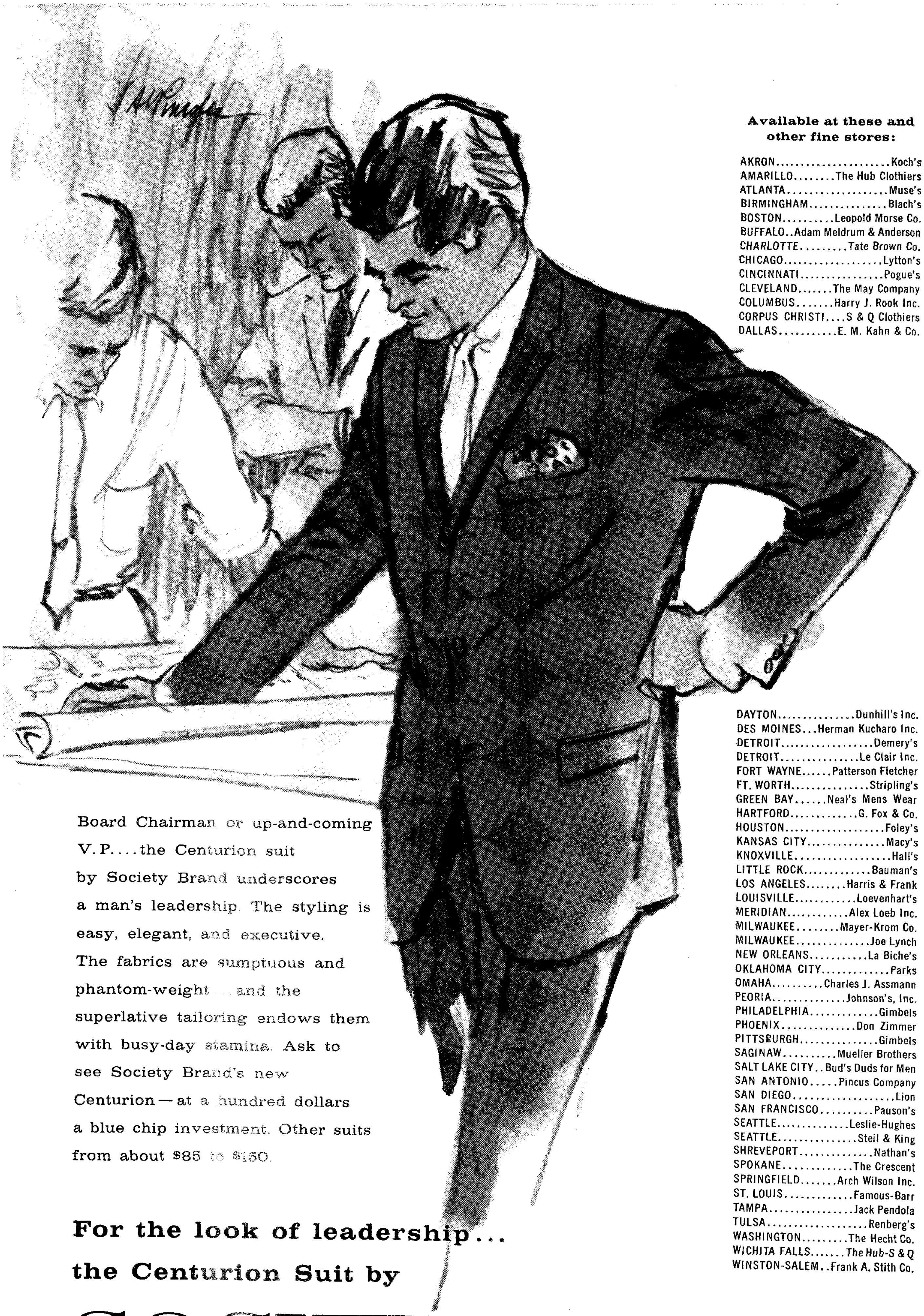

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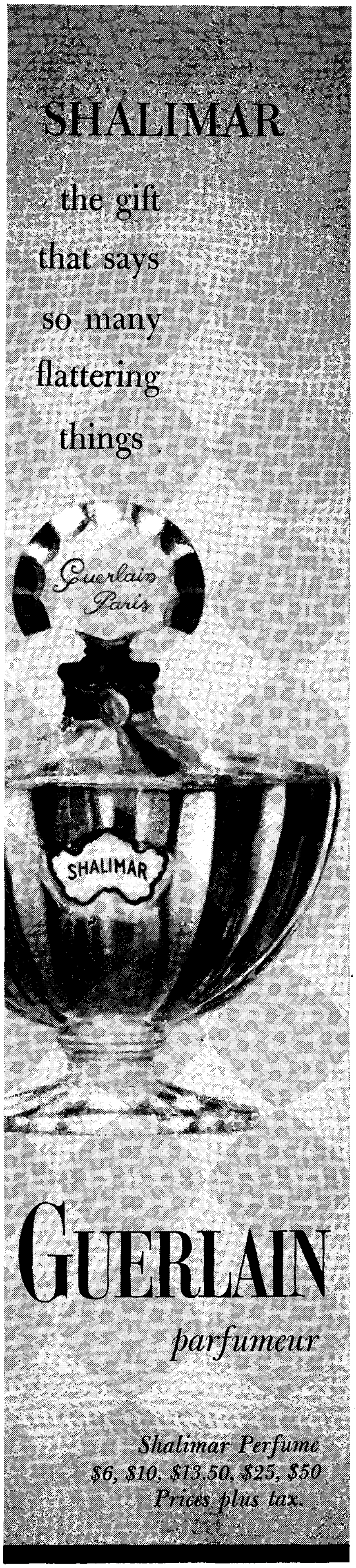

companies said that any wage increase had to be met out of improvements in operations, and that, in any case, an increase would have to be limited to two per cent a year of over-all employment costs. The union's position, as outlined by Goldberg, McDonald, and its economists, was that the company could afford a higher increase, and still not provoke an inflationary rise in the price of steel. But negotiations didn't get to this point, because the companies insisted that they must first be granted the right to alter local work rules—the body of regulations that deal with such matters as relief time and the size of crews—and the union insisted that the question of work rules, which had been standard in contracts as far back as 1947, was not negotiable. On June 27th, President Eisenhower asked the parties to continue to bargain, without interrupting production, for an extra two weeks, which they did, still never getting past the work-rules bottleneck. Then, on July 15th, the big strike began. It affected three hundred and ten steel plants, a hundred and eighteen ore mines, and eleven transport facilities—responsible, all told, for eighty-seven per cent of the country's steel production.

During the ensuing weeks, no progress whatever was made. Federal mediators were unable to break the deadlock. A Board of Inquiry was established by the President in October, and it got the parties to submit some of their basic demands in detail, but all attempts to bring about a settlement failed. By the end of that month, in addition to the five hundred thousand members of the steel union, two hundred and sixty-five thousand workers in affected industries were out of work, and payroll losses amounted to seventy million dollars a week. The industry indicated that it was hoping for a settlement by negotiation, and Goldberg commented, "The union is compelled to ask—how does one negotiate seriously with a stone wall? Serious negotiations can take place only when both parties are willing to negotiate."

The Taft-Hartley Act provides that workers can be enjoined from striking for eighty days if a strike endangers the national health and safety, and on October 20th the federal government filed suit for an injunction against the steel strike in the United States District Court in Pittsburgh. Goldberg fought the injunction primarily on the ground that what was at stake was not the nation's health and safety but just economic convenience, and the issue of whether

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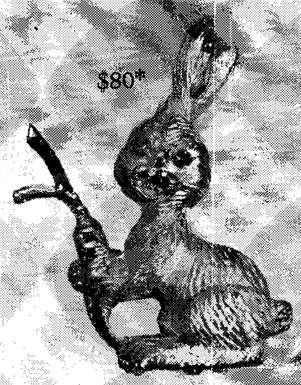

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the country's health and safety included its economic well-being was regarded as the greatest challenge that the Taft-Hartley Act had faced since it was passed in 1947. While Goldberg was arguing ardently that an agreement could be reached in three days once the companies knew they couldn't get an injunction, some of the workers, clustered in the courthouse corridors, were heard to express the wish that he wouldn't be quite so eloquent, so they could get it all over with and go back to work. Notwithstanding his eloquence, the court granted the injunction on October 21st, but Goldberg obtained a stay until the following morning, when he was to reargue his case before the Circuit Court of Appeals in Philadelphia. He and his law partners worked all night on their brief and flew to Philadelphia in a private plane early in the morning. After a four-hour hearing, during which Goldberg argued so well that he was congratulated by one of the judges, the three-man court, without coming to a decision just then on the main question, granted a stay until further notice.

On October 27th, Goldberg obtained an agreement from Edgar Kaiser, president of the Kaiser Steel Corporation. Kaiser is primarily an aluminum producer, and its steel output amounts to only two per cent of the national capacity, but the breakthrough was significant, because the union essentially got the compromise it was seeking—a twenty-two-and-a-half-cent-an-hour increase, spread over two years, in pay and fringe benefits, and no change in the work rules. "I regard Kaiser as one of the most enlightened employers in America," Goldberg has said. "The Kaiser settlement, I felt, was one that the industry could realistically accept." The industry, furious at Kaiser, scarcely agreed, but Goldberg quickly followed up his victory by obtaining similar settlements with some other small producers. The same day the Kaiser agreement was signed, the appeals court upheld the injunction in a two-to-one decision, but granted Goldberg a further stay to apply to the Supreme Court, which agreed to hear the case on November 3rd. On that day, Goldberg, pointing out that only about one per cent of steel production was used for defense purposes and that the economy as a whole was booming, again argued that the nation's health and safety were not threatened, and he asserted that "strikes are part of collective bargaining, sometimes an undesirable part but sometimes a very necessary part"—a point of view that he appears to have modified somewhat in the past three years. Goldberg

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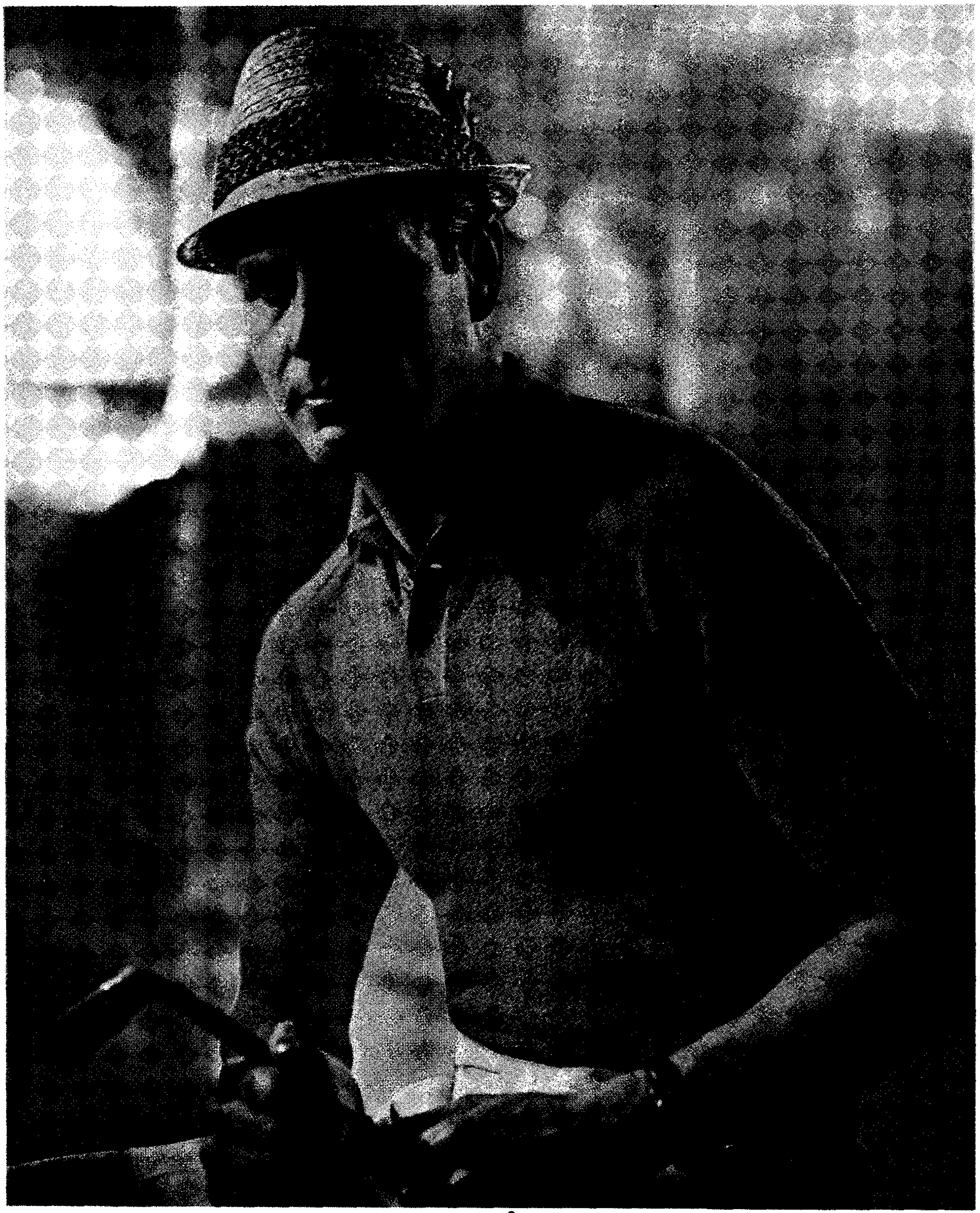

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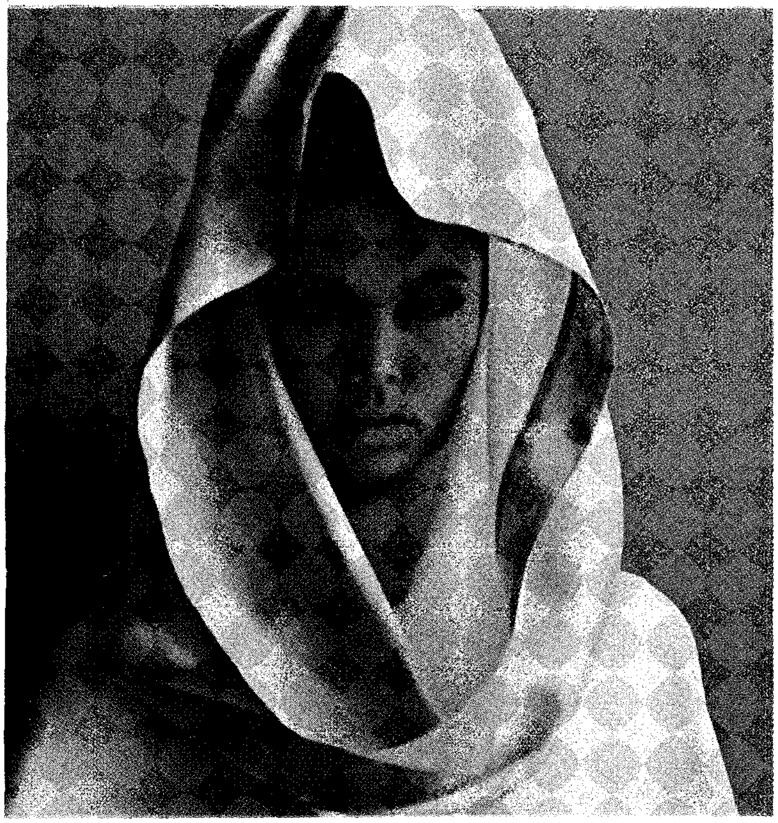
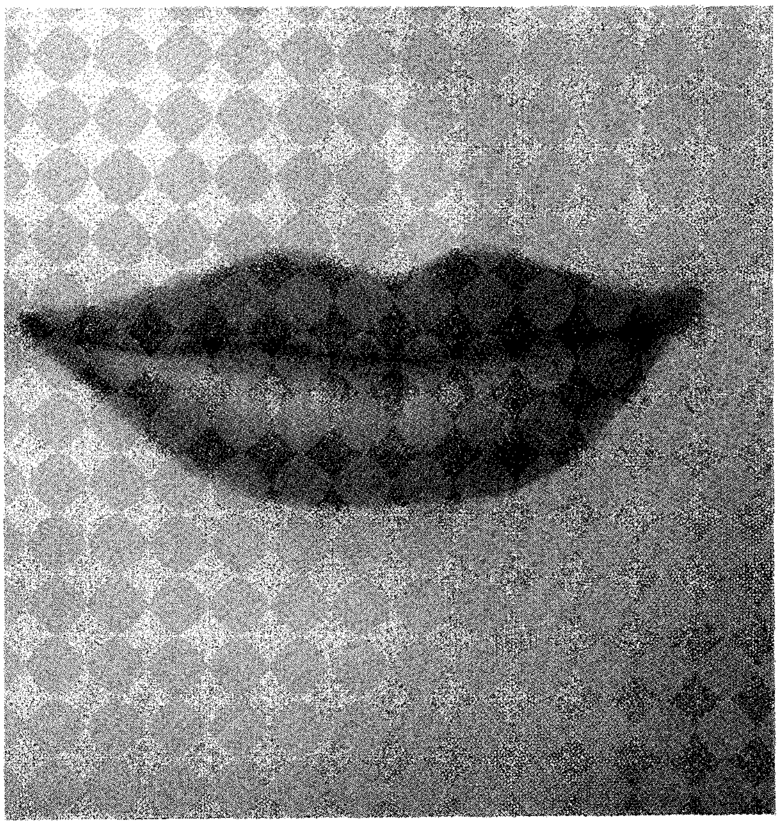


FLAIR is the silk hood, cowled by night.

FLAIR is ruffles-in-the-rain.



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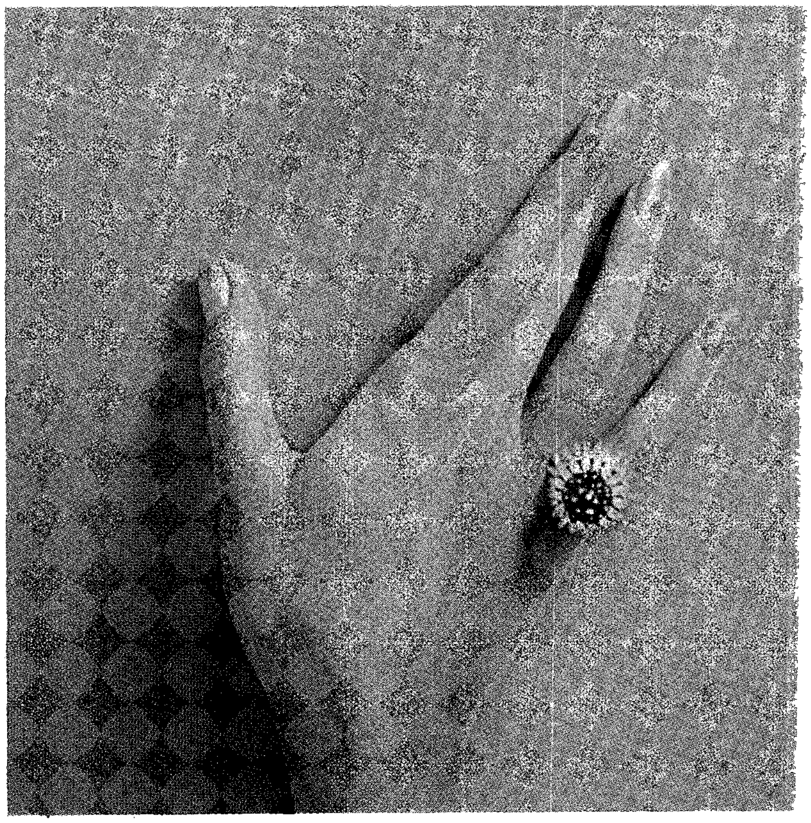

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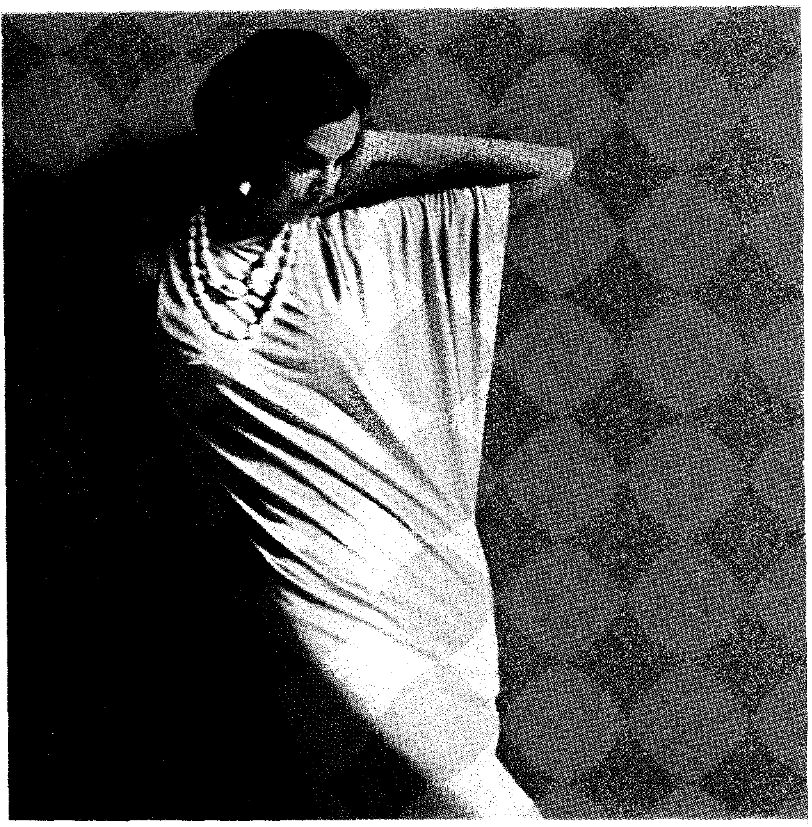

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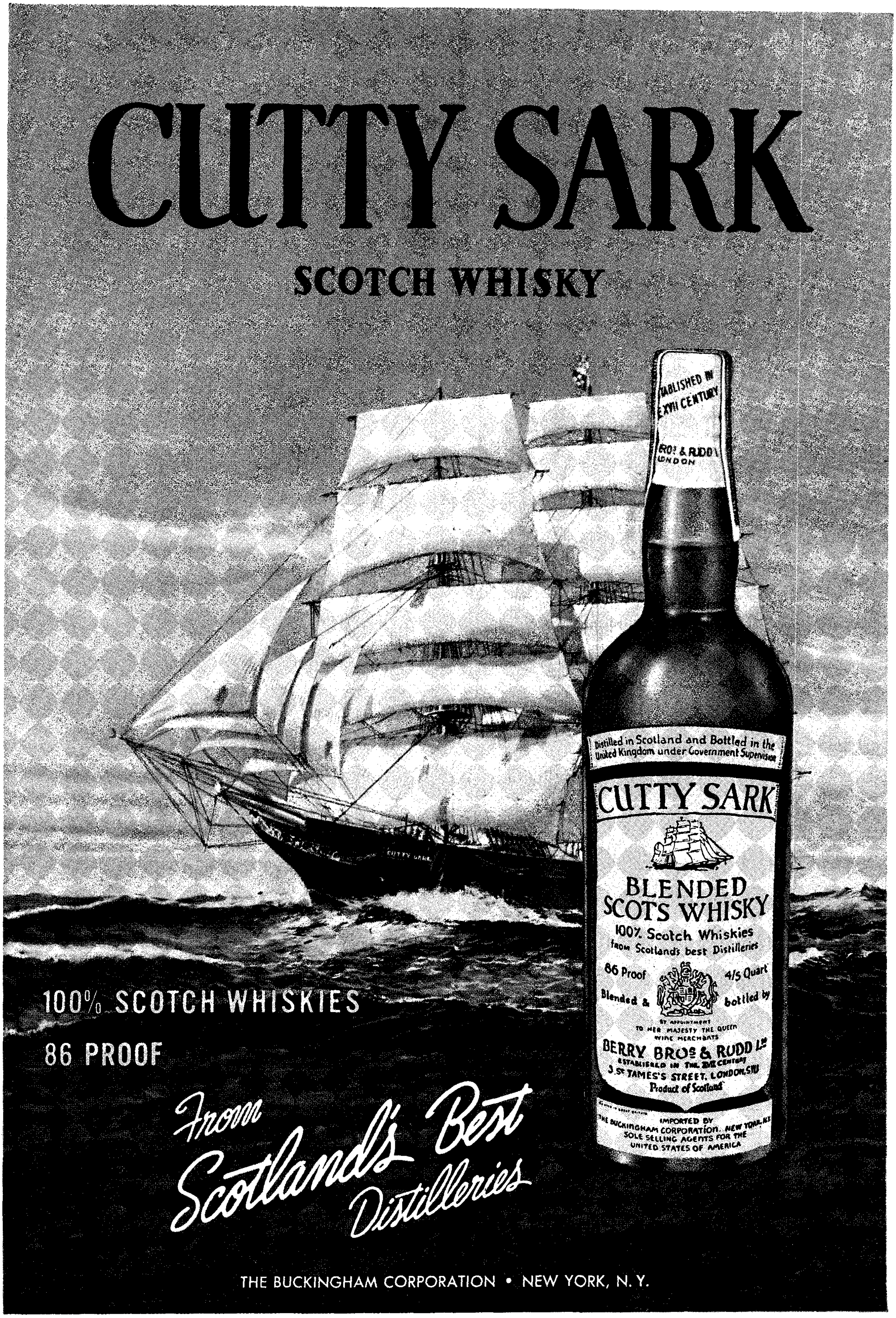
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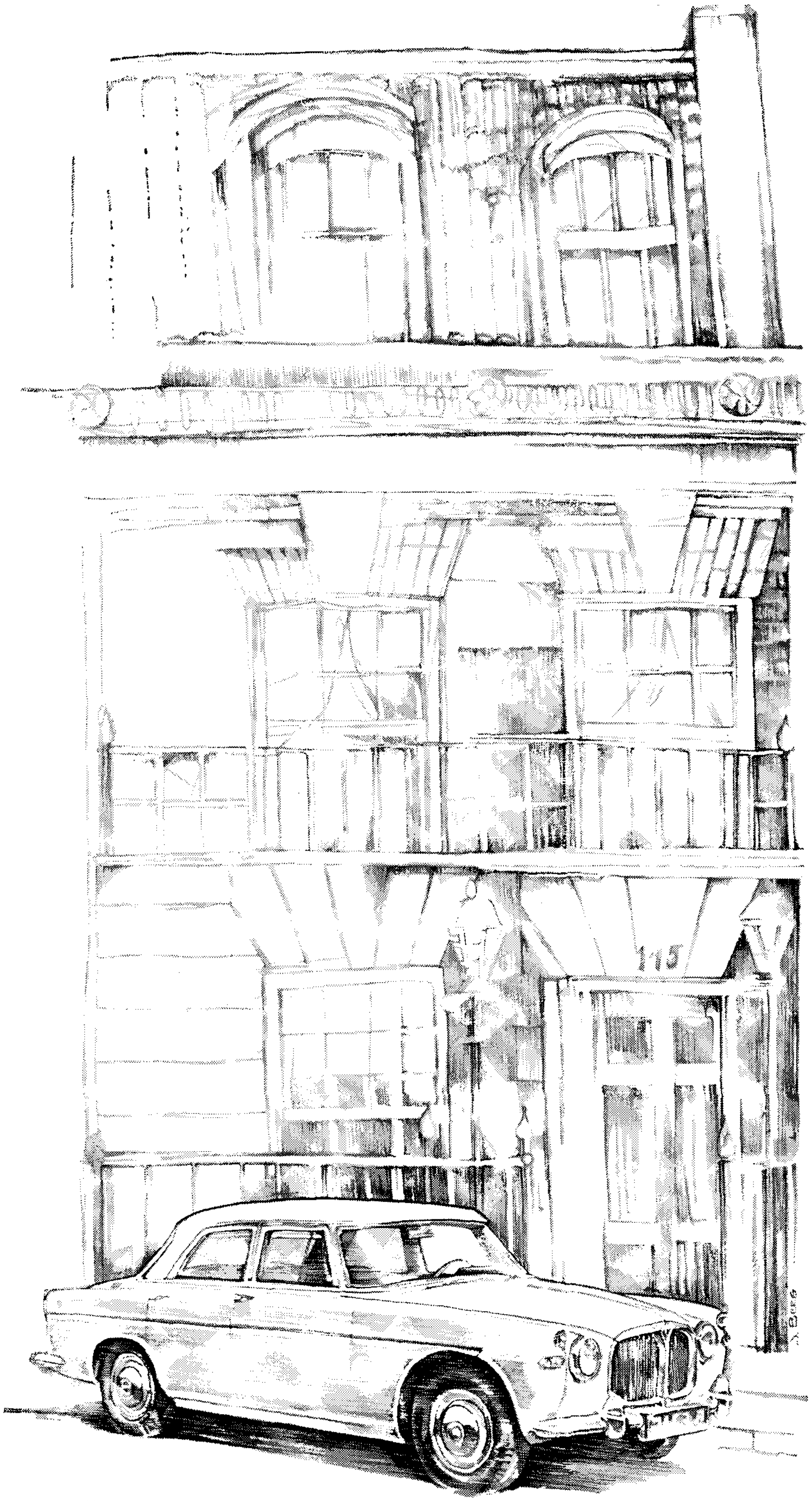
also argued that the law, as it was being applied, was unconstitutional, because it imposed on the courts non-judicial duties that properly belonged to the executive and the legislature, but the court decided, eight to one, against him, and the men were ordered back to work. In many quarters, the decision was seen as simply upholding the President's political prerogative to act. Goldberg, who has always firmly believed in every legal case he has undertaken, still feels that the injunction was legally and practically unwarranted at the time and under the conditions that existed, but he accepted the decision graciously. "The only appeal from the Supreme Court is to God," he declared.

Almost two months later, when the injunction had only three weeks to run and a resumption of the strike loomed, a settlement was finally reached, or forced, after an all-night session in Washington. Vice-President Richard M. Nixon and Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell had brought the two sides together, and Mitchell had privately informed Goldberg of what he understood to be the maximum the industry could pay without another increase in prices. Goldberg thereupon worked out the final formula—a complex one, involving two basic wage increases over a thirty-month period and progressive adjustments in the insurance and cost-of-living payments contributed by the companies. In effect, the union got a desirable package, while the industry was protected. Certain minor changes in the work rules were later agreed upon.

The settlement was generally regarded as a victory for Goldberg and the union, especially since the companies could very likely have settled earlier for less, but Goldberg was unhappy about the residue of bad feeling between the companies and the union. "If collective bargaining were to be conducted as an armistice from settlement to settlement, and not as a broadening of available re-



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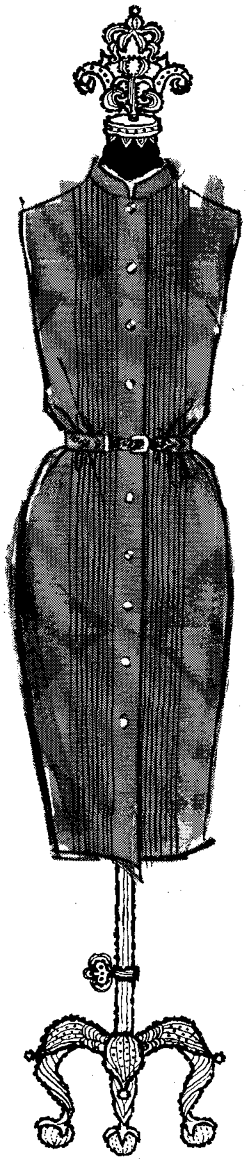

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lationships, then I anticipated that we would be in continuous trouble," he has since said. "This disturbed me no end at the time, and it still disturbs me."

The long siege had worn him out physically, and he had contracted a stomach disorder, which hospitalized him. When a friend suggested to the Goldbergs that they ought to send the bill to the union, Mrs. Goldberg replied, "Not at all. We ought to send it to the steel industry."

ALTHOUGH the various steel crises took up much of Goldberg's time between 1949 and 1959, he was able to do a great variety of other work on behalf of labor during that period, particularly in his capacity as counsel for the C.I.O. Once Goldberg had established himself in Washington, Murray had come to rely on him more and more, and before long Goldberg was acting as his chief of staff and principal formulator of policy. Ever since 1946, one of the major items of policy had been the possibility of uniting the C.I.O. and the A.F.L.—something Goldberg was very much in favor of. While the two labor bodies had held numerous discussions on the subject, not much progress had been made. Essentially, neither side had really wanted peace, because each had grown and prospered by itself under the Truman administration; besides, William Green, the A.F.L. president, had consistently antagonized the C.I.O. by demanding that it "come back to the house of labor"—in effect, surrender. Late in 1952, however, the situation changed; the Republicans won the Presidency, and Murray and Green died within a few weeks of each other. George Meany, who succeeded Green, and Walter Reuther, who took Murray's place as president of the C.I.O., reopened the talks on a less rancorous basis. One of the key problems had long been the issue of raiding of the ranks of one union by another and of competition to gain collective-bargaining rights with employers, and in the spring of 1953 Goldberg made his first big contribution to unity by drawing up a no-raiding pact, which defined raiding as the attempt of one union to disrupt or interfere with a bargaining relationship that another union had established, and which provided for the mediation of conflicting claims by arbitrators, whose decisions would be enforced, if necessary, by the courts. In June, 1954, the pact was signed by almost all the C.I.O. unions but by only a bare majority of those in the A.F.L. Additional unions eventually did sign it, but the raiding

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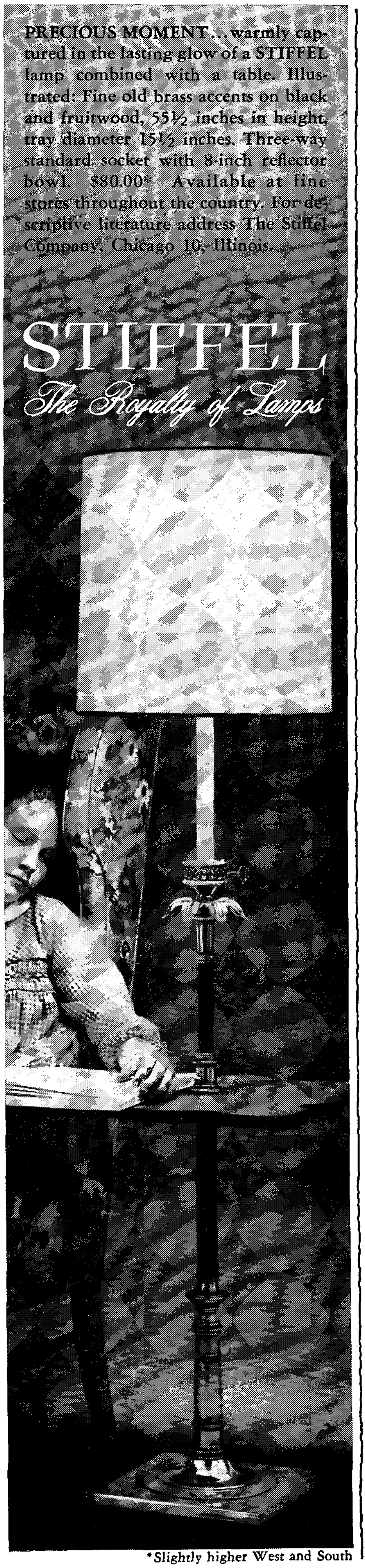
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issue remained a touchy one, largely because of the special position of the late signers; the arbitrators' recommendations were not made binding on them, and they included some of the big unions, like the teamsters' union and the various building-trades unions, that had traditionally been most bitterly involved in raiding disputes. A new, tighter formula for settling these fights was adopted at labor's most recent convention, last December, but how well it will work remains to be seen.

After formulating the original no-raiding pact, Goldberg stepped up his efforts to forge unity, largely by bringing together suspicious and angry men from both sides. At the time, his role was a self-effacing one—necessarily, in view of the egos of many of the men he was dealing with—but he has since analyzed his contribution frankly. "I was able to look at some of these problems more objectively than most of the men I talked with, who did not have the educational background or maybe the psychological temperament to be objective, and in any case were more deeply involved than I was," he has commented. "My merger formula, in fact, was postulated on my not being personally involved, as Reuther and Meany and the others were. I had the good fortune to be connected with the labor movement without ever having to run for office. Furthermore, I think I probably have a judicial temperament by nature—though I never believed I was God, or that my own position was inevitably sound." Even Goldberg's severest critics, who feel that he sometimes does think he is God, readily admit that he has an extraordinary talent for reconciling opposing viewpoints and getting bitter enemies to sit down together at a table and talk. "Goldberg always had a fantastic ability to cut through personalities and foster agreement on ideas," one critic has observed. "He has what creative artists call the intuitive leap." Dorothy Goldberg, a creative artist herself, has offered her own analysis of his qualifications as a peacemaker. "I think Arthur's tone of voice has a lot to do with it," she said recently. "He never quack, quack, quacks. While he's talking, he lets you know that he's listened to what you've said and will listen to what you still want to say—you can feel his concern. And in his silences he really listens, without thinking ahead to what he'll say next and making clucking noises, the way a lot of people do."

Goldberg's exercise of his peacemaking powers in the spring of 1954 is credited with averting the disintegration of

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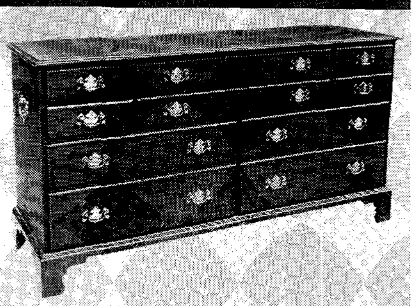

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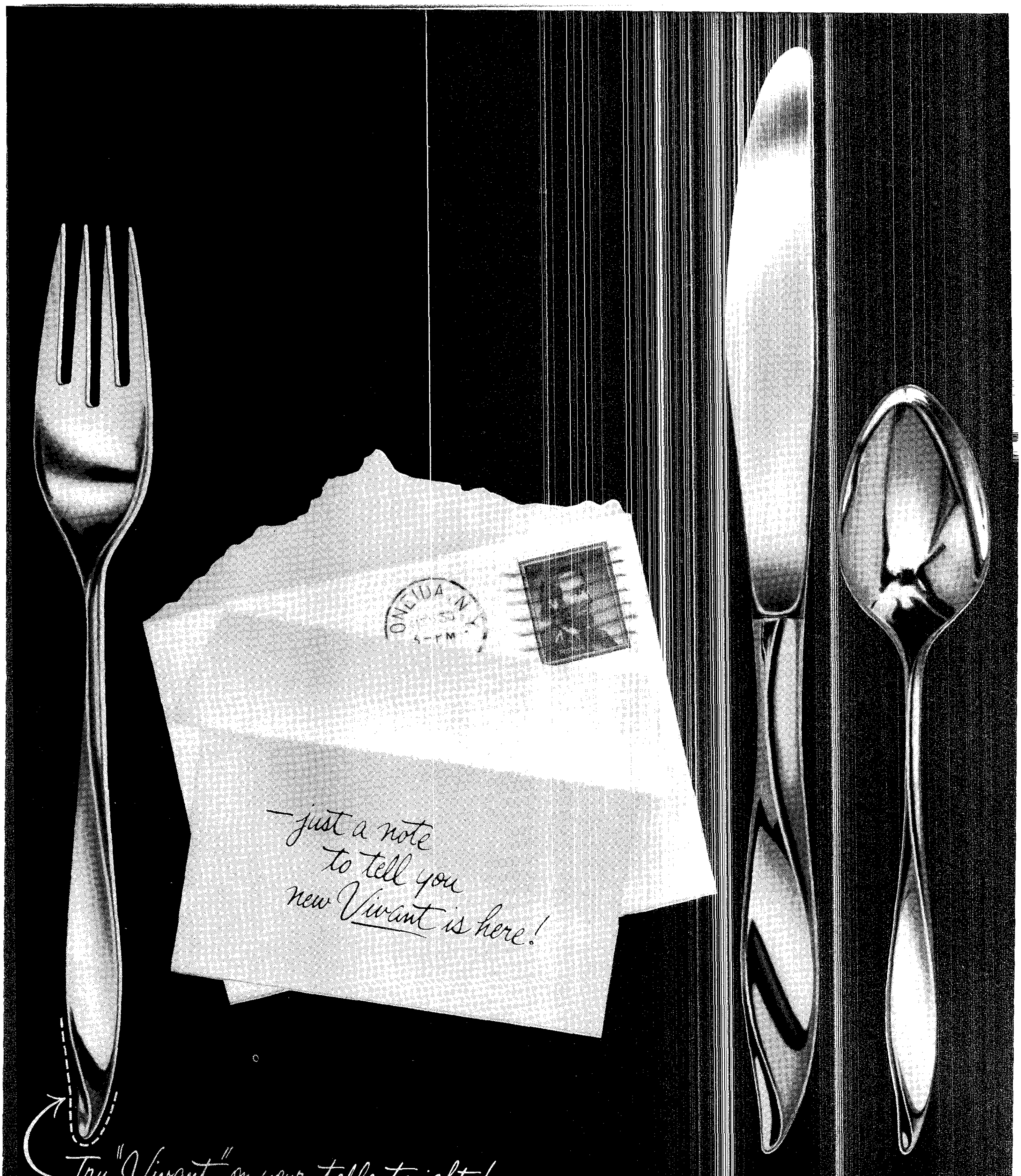

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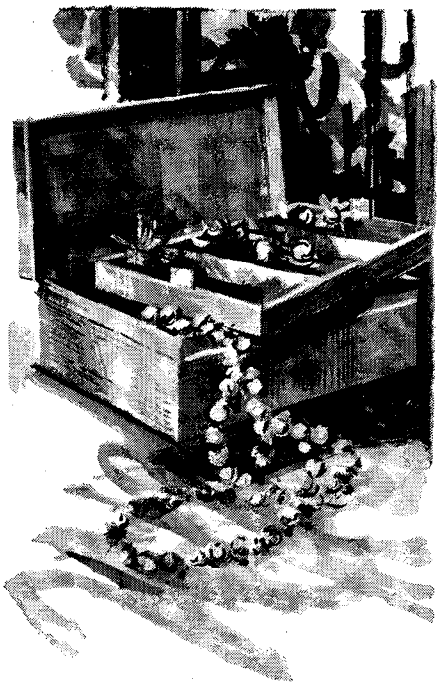

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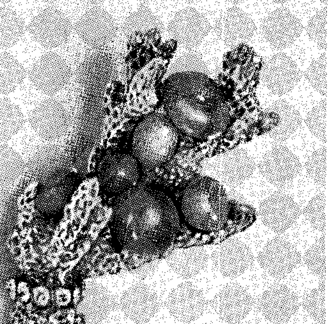
the C.I.O. Reuther and McDonald had long been at odds, and that spring McDonald, in a show of independence, met with John L. Lewis and Dave Beck, then head of the teamsters; afterward, the three men let it be known that they were thinking of starting a third labor federation. Goldberg, who was in the touchy position of representing both Reuther and McDonald, had breakfast with McDonald one morning and managed to persuade him that he was heading down a blind alley. "Arthur pointed out to McDonald that Lewis was old and isolated, and Beck was a curious character, and that if McDonald really wanted to be effective he shouldn't be playing around with those fellows," a C.I.O. official who knew about the meeting has said. "Arthur realized that the C.I.O. was getting sicker and sicker, and he was convinced that the only alternative to its demise was merger. Once having moved McDonald, he was able to go to work on Reuther. Nothing he did involved disloyalty to either of them."

Prompted by Goldberg, McDonald now became a leader in the unity movement, suggesting vital formulas that were later adopted, among them the creation of a separate industrial department for the perpetuation of industry-wide unionism. A final series of unity discussions was held early in 1955, and on February 9th, in Miami Beach, the merger was announced. Goldberg wrote the new organization's constitution and other implementing agreements, which were accepted at a joint convention the following December. At that time, too, Meany became president of the new federation and Reuther head of the industrial-union section. The name of the merged labor body—A.F.L.-C.I.O.—was suggested by Goldberg as a sensible, if awkward, compromise. The idea came to him while he was reading a newspaper—the product of a merger of two Washington newspapers, the *Post* and the *Times-Herald*. "If they could simply become the *Post & Times-Herald*," he said at the time, "why can't we do the same sort of thing?"

Most labor experts agree that the merger was a shotgun affair, with the big unions continuing to operate independently, and sometimes competitively, in a loose organization, but if so, it was, as far as the C.I.O. was concerned, a lifesaving operation as well. Under the circumstances, therefore, the agreement was probably the best that could have been obtained. Goldberg was so worn out after the long battle that he suffered



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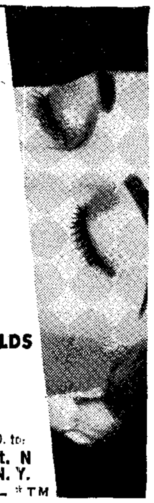

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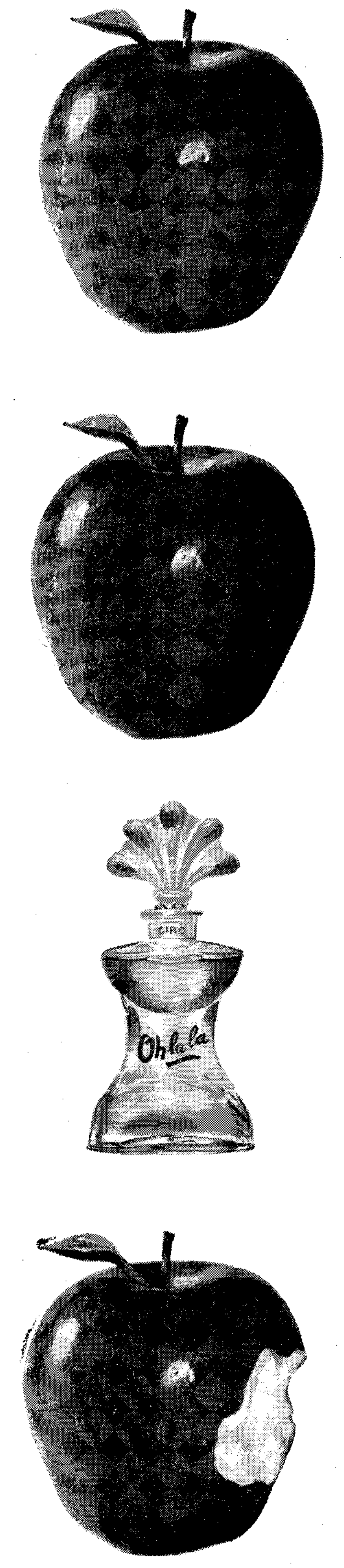

Oh la la
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a near breakdown and had to take an extended rest. Moreover, when he returned to work he was disappointed at not being offered the job of general counsel to the new federation. The post went to the son of an old A.F.L. associate of Meany's, and Goldberg was instead appointed both special counsel to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and counsel to the industrial-union department. He continued, however, to handle the most delicate policy matters, and, as things worked out, he enjoyed more freedom than he would have had as general counsel.

All through the unity campaign, Goldberg had, of course, been busy with other projects as well. He had become increasingly active in spurring on Histadrut, the Israeli labor organization, and on several occasions had helped obtain White House support for international developments related to labor. Both the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. were charter members of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, and in 1953, at the Confederation's Stockholm conference, which coincided with the workers' uprising in East Germany, Goldberg had persuaded Meany and Reuther to agree on a statement asking President Eisenhower to express sympathy with the rebellious German workers; Goldberg cabled the message to a White House friend of his, who, in turn, persuaded the President to use it almost verbatim. "I don't think Eisenhower ever knew that Arthur was responsible for it," a member of the delegation said afterward. "Maybe it was just as well." Goldberg has always enjoyed travelling, and wherever he goes, he not only does a great deal of work but habitually acts as a private travel agent in arranging side trips for himself and any companions he may have. "If he's in Stockholm, he'll want to go to Copenhagen and Oslo, too, and if he's in Vienna or Salzburg he'll insist on scooting off to Rome or Naples for a weekend," a friend who has attended many meetings with him, both here and abroad, has said. "Even at conventions in America, he'll organize excursions. At a C.I.O. meeting in Cleveland a few years ago, after a wicked day of drafting resolutions, he rounded up three of us for a midnight tour of the joints back of the Hollenden Hotel. 'Let's go see the local folk dancers,' he said, meaning some of the more down-to-earth shows. Afterward, we exchanged critiques. Leave it to Arthur—a union man to the last! He said that what he had mostly noticed, to his mixed disappointment

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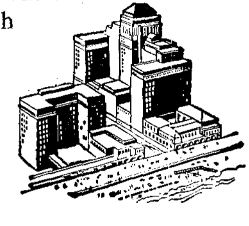

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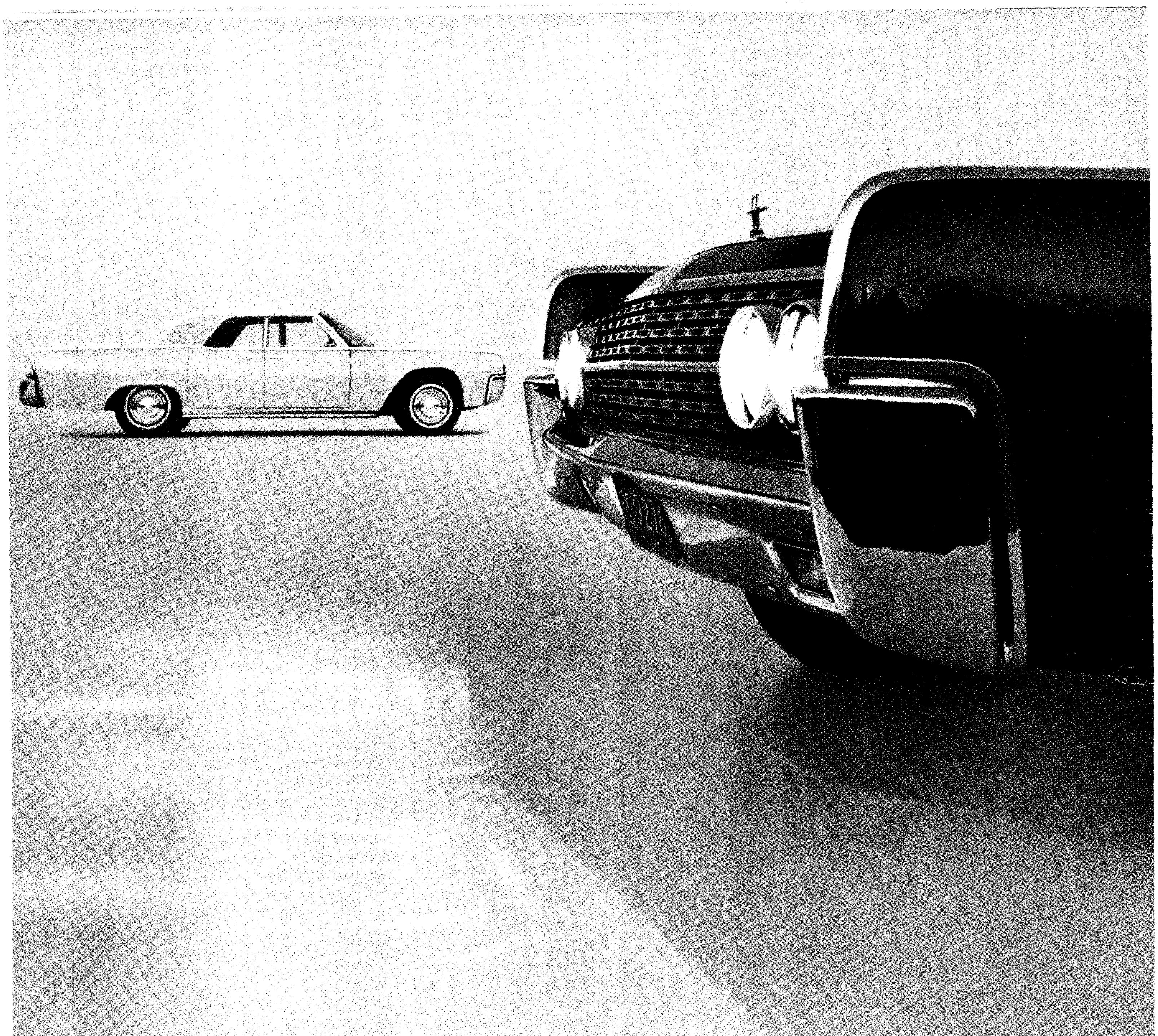

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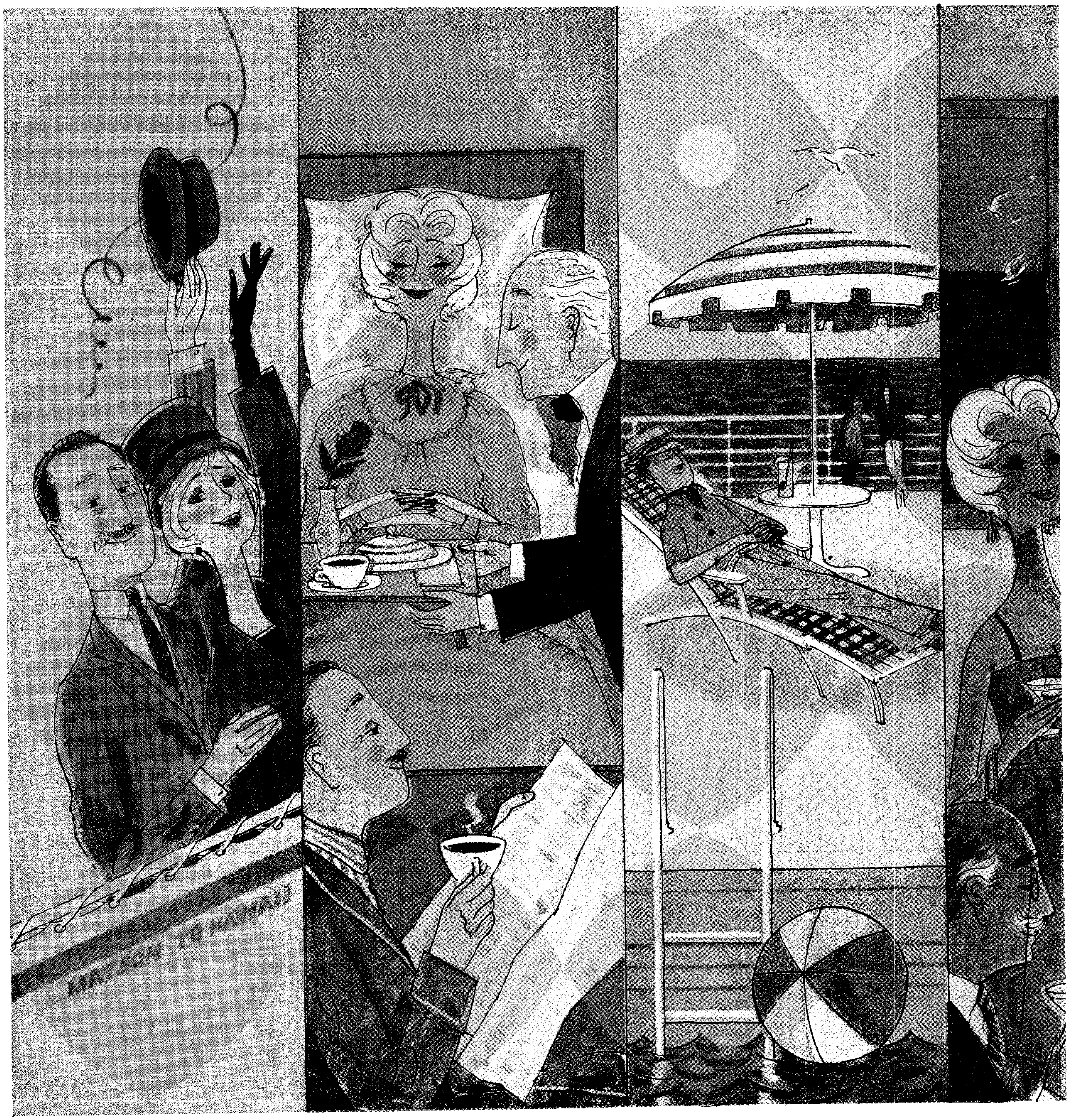

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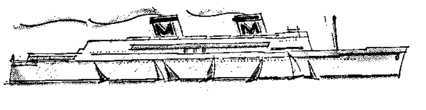

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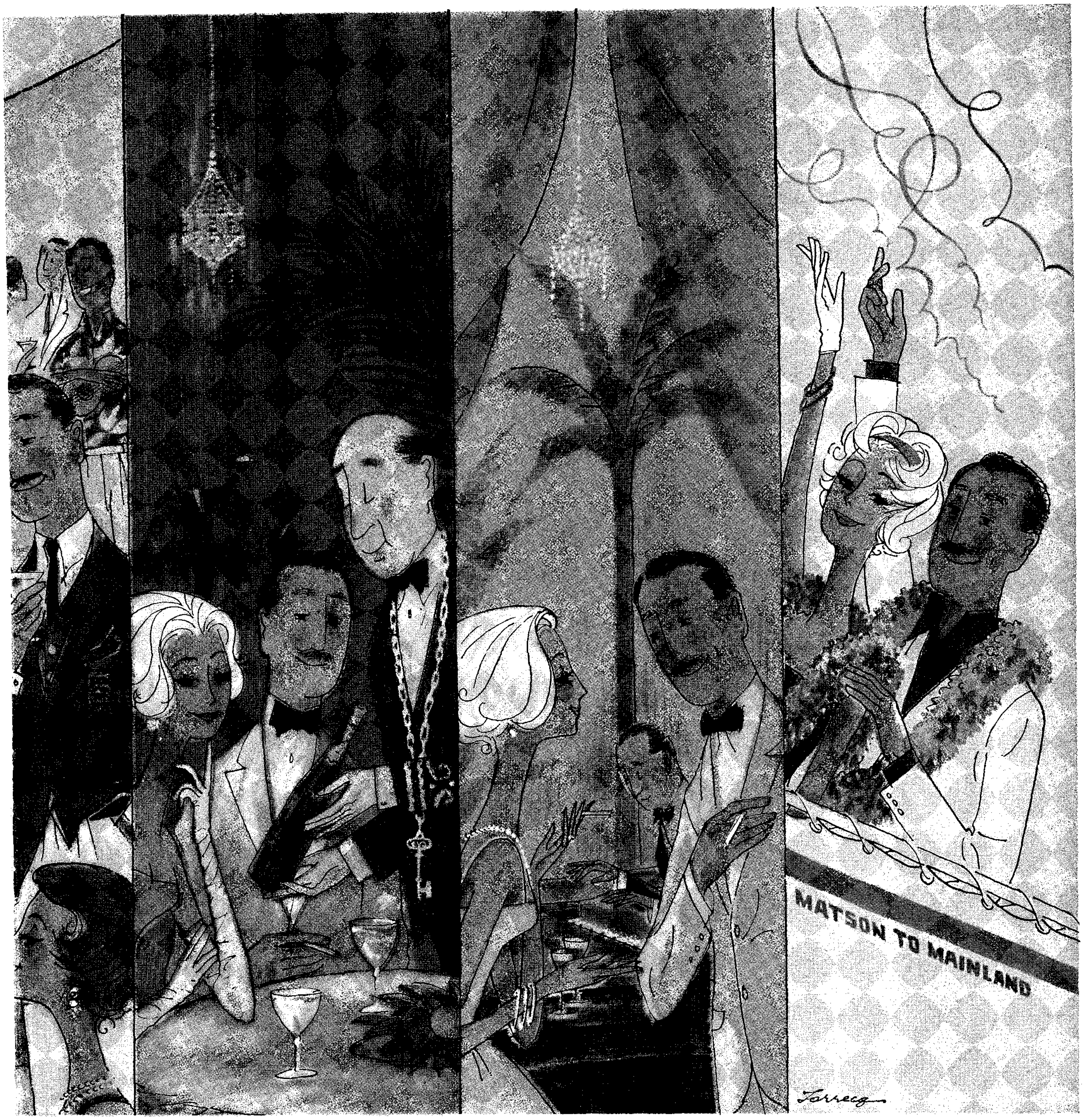

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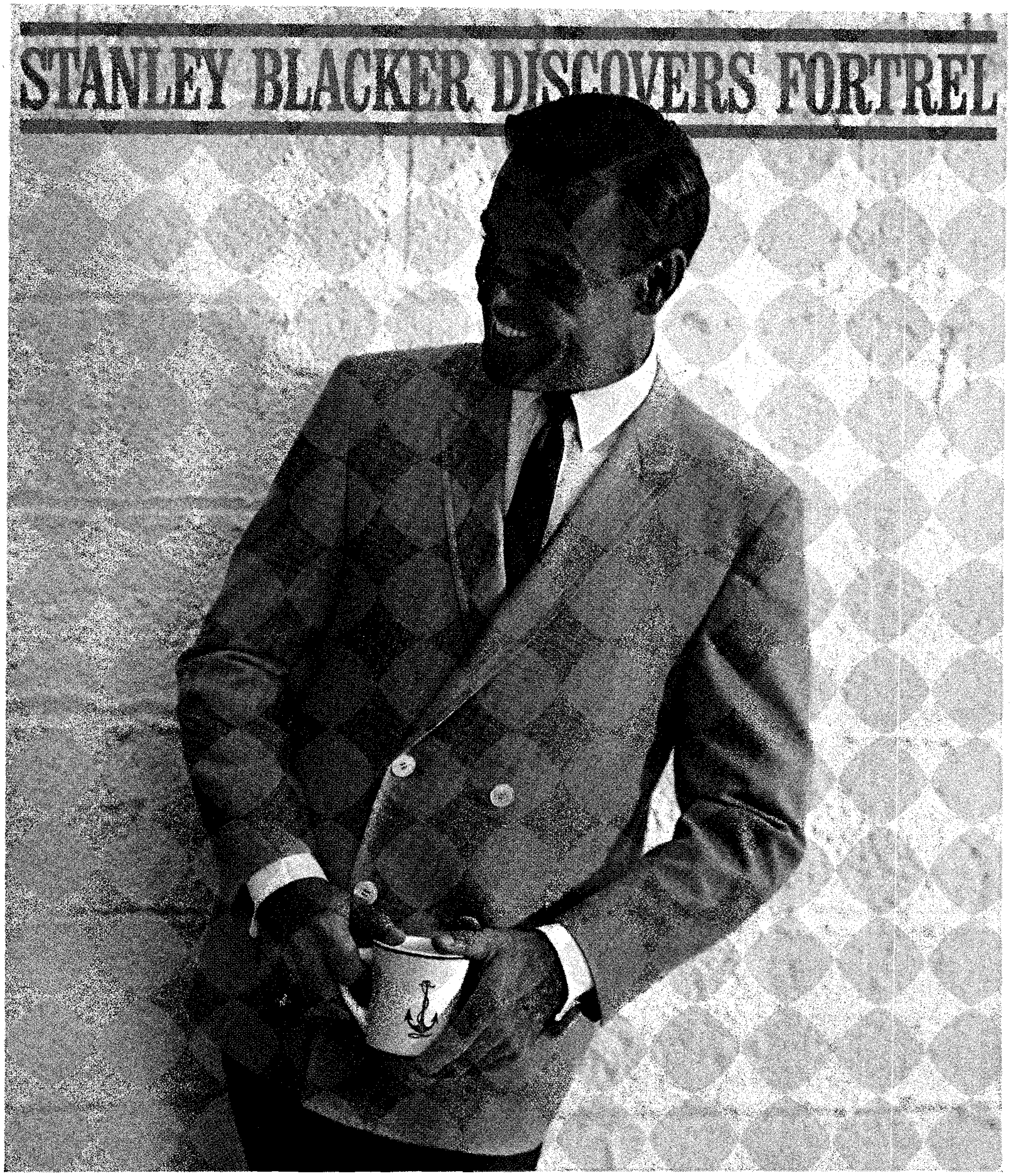

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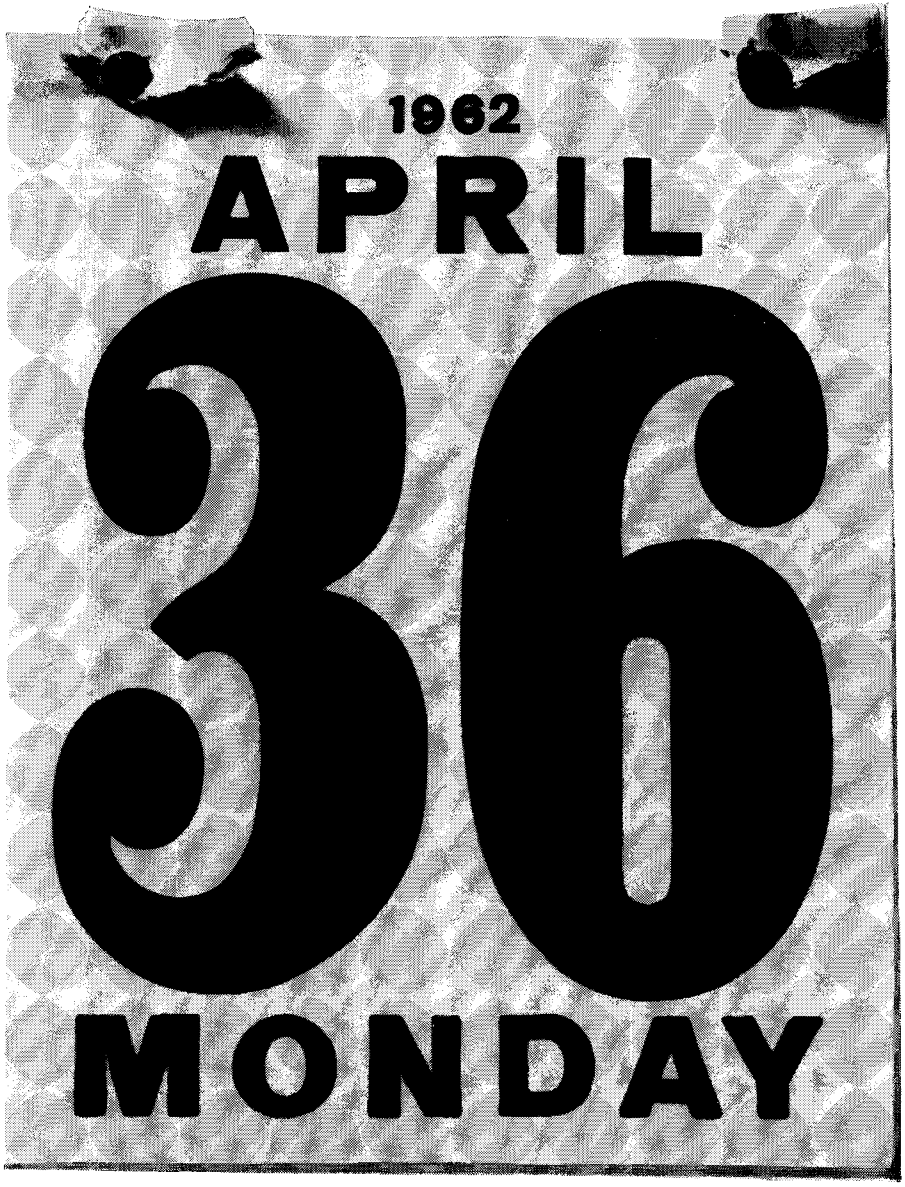
and satisfaction, was that 'seniority prevailed on strippers' row.' Arthur's finest trait, I think, is his ability to equate himself with others on the human level. In San Francisco, a few years back, we were having dinner in Chinatown with a Korean boy who had been brought up by the Marines. The Chinese restaurant owner, who didn't like Koreans, refused to serve the boy, because he wasn't wearing a jacket. Arthur promptly took his off and gave it to the youngster. The owner, embarrassed, then said he was willing to serve all of us, but just to drive the point home Arthur went back to his hotel and got another jacket. He may be self-righteous about that sort of thing sometimes, but it seems to work."

EARLY in 1956, with the help of David Dubinsky, the president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, Goldberg launched the broad campaign for ethical practices in the labor movement that brought him into close association with first Robert and then John F. Kennedy. Back in 1953, the A.F.L., which suffered more than the C.I.O. from labor racketeering, had expelled the International Longshoremen's Association (the East Coast group) for corruption and undemocratic procedures. As the C.I.O.'s counsel, Goldberg had become concerned about the problem even earlier, because of the opportunities for corruption that arose from the introduction of pension plans. Insurance companies, eager for the new business, normally dealt with local union officials, and diversion of funds was easy to manage and hard to track down. When unity was established, Goldberg drafted the ethical-practices code by which all unions in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. were supposed to govern their conduct thenceforward. In 1956, however, the subject of labor corruption was more alive than ever, and Dubinsky and Goldberg, seeing a threat to the whole movement, moved to meet it. The difficulty, as both men saw it, was that labor had no subpoena power of the sort employed by Congress. "Racketeers were riding high and getting away with it," Dubinsky recalls. "Our hands were tied, because we hadn't been able to verify anything." He and Goldberg worked out a resolution establishing a quasi-judicial body called the Ethical-Practices Committee of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which had the power to conduct hearings and, if it saw fit, recommend the expulsion of delinquent unions. Goldberg acted as prosecutor in presenting evidence



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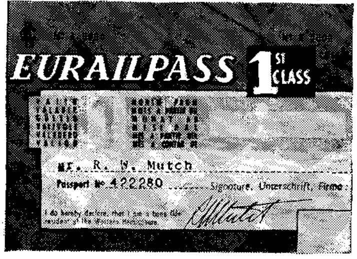

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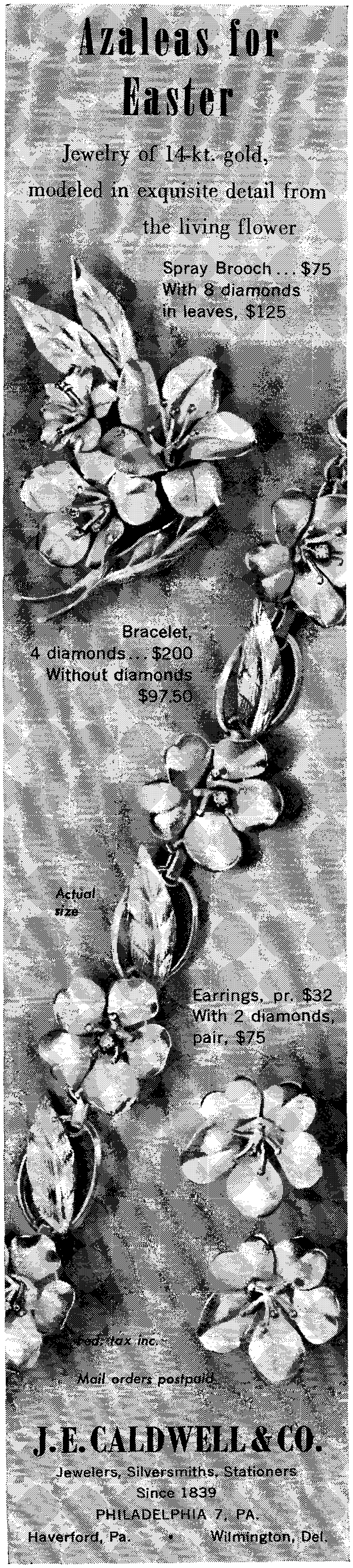

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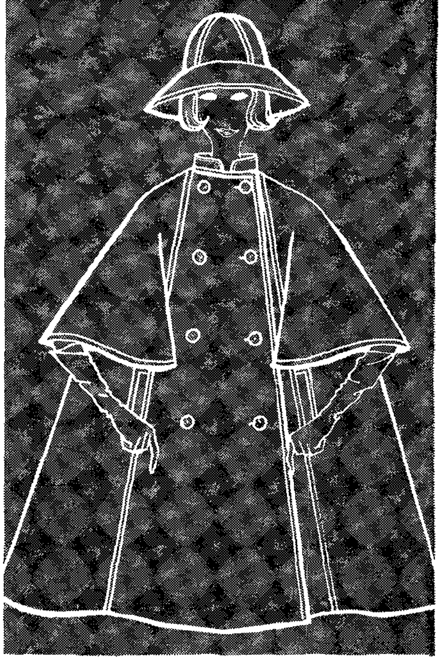
against offending unions, and at the labor convention of 1957, in Atlantic City, three unions—the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the Laundry Workers' International Union, and the Bakery and Confectionery Workers' International Union—were shown to have engaged in unethical practices and were dramatically expelled. Goldberg has never had anything but contempt for James R. Hoffa, president of the teamsters, and, unlike some labor leaders, who think that Hoffa as an independent is as much of a menace as he was before and perhaps a bigger one, insists the banishment was justified and should not be ended. On the other hand, he has expressed misgivings about expulsion as a general remedy. At the Atlantic City meeting, he argued with Meany and others about expelling the bakers, headed by James Cross; he thought that Cross should be demoted but that the union, after cleansing itself, should be kept in the federation.

The morality campaign was Goldberg's last major contribution to the labor movement, and in a sense it was one of the least successful, for the Ethical-Practices Committee has not met in three years. There was a feeling among many labor leaders that the Committee, if it was allowed to go too far, could involve the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in a fratricidal war of accusations and counter-accusations. To some extent, Goldberg came to share this feeling, although he still favors some sort of control, through due process, of errant union leaders. "Arthur doesn't get very excited if some guy steals fifty cents out of the till to buy himself a glass of beer," one former C.I.O. official has said. "What he does feel strongly about is the systematic business of underworld looting, exploitation, and preying upon a union." Like some, but by no means all, other labor leaders, Goldberg was willing to coöperate with the McClellan Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, which began looking into labor corruption in 1956, and with the Select Committee on Improper Activities in Labor-Management Relations, which took over the job in January, 1957. He conferred frequently and exchanged information with Robert Kennedy, who served as chief counsel for both committees. In the belief that labor would do better to go along with some sensible remedial legislation than to oppose it altogether, Goldberg backed the labor-reform bill introduced by Senator John F. Kennedy in 1958. At the time, George Meany was so incensed at the bill and Kennedy himself that he exclaimed, "God save us from

the village store



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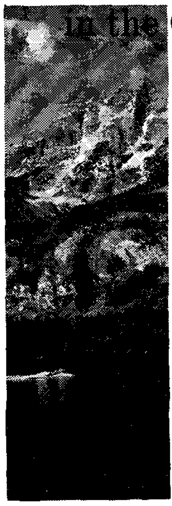

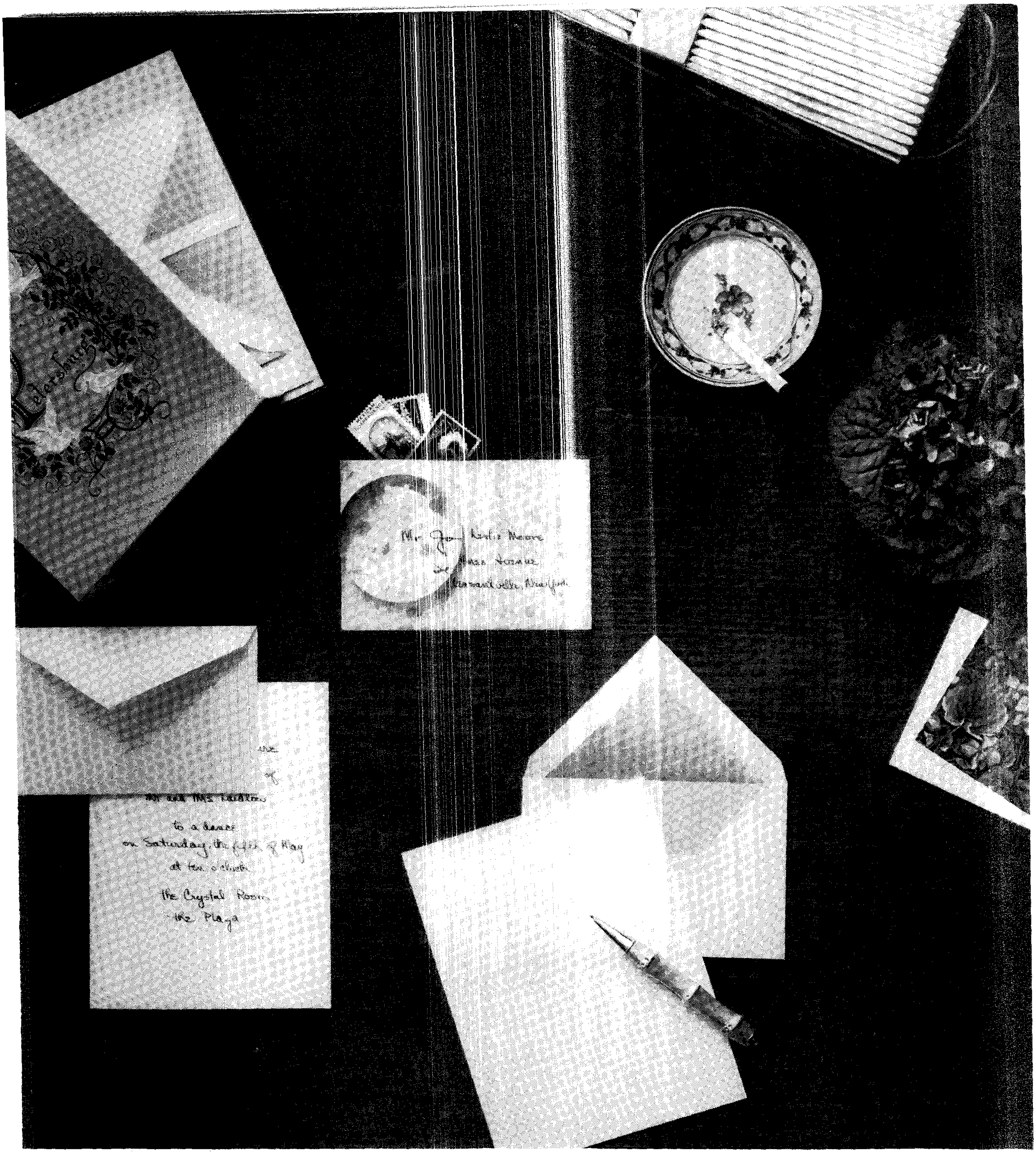

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our friends!” but, in another feat of persuasiveness, Goldberg got Meany to change his mind and support the bill. It was defeated, however, and the following year a more stringent labor-reform bill was passed—the Landrum-Griffin Act, which Goldberg, as Secretary of Labor, now has to administrate. “Goldberg was our best friend in the movement,” Robert Kennedy has recalled. “We had great confidence in his judgment. He felt that laws were required, and he stood up for them when others were trying to gut them, even though he sometimes disagreed with us. He always kept in mind his responsibility to the labor movement, and he demonstrated great courage and integrity.”

IN the months preceding the 1960 Democratic Convention, labor, which held Kennedy responsible for having initiated the repressive legislation, was extremely apathetic about his candidacy. In February of that year, in Miami, Goldberg and Alex Rose, the president of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers’ International Union, and also a leader of the Liberal Party in New York, met under a palm tree one afternoon and decided to push for Kennedy’s nomination, despite the fact that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders had stated that they would remain neutral until the Convention. Rose got Meany’s approval of a scheme to mobilize labor support for the Senator unofficially, and then he and Goldberg mounted a campaign to create a positive sentiment for Kennedy, stressing his ability to win if he could carry the industrial North and the Middle West. “I do not believe in the policy of sitting by and letting events shape labor’s attitude,” Goldberg wrote Rose at one point. “We must give Kennedy some guidance so that he will develop the support in the labor and liberal circles he needs.” Goldberg and Rose, who met several times with Kennedy in the ensuing months, were instrumental in keeping his primary fights against Senator Hubert Humphrey from getting out of hand on the Catholic issue, and then, after Humphrey dropped out, in preventing a switch by some labor elements to Lyndon Johnson. Gradually overcoming apathy in the ranks, the Goldberg-Rose team stirred up enthusiasm for Kennedy, and the two men did much to overcome general labor opposition to Johnson as the candidate for Vice-President. Then, during the campaign, they did all they could to persuade many labor people, especially those who had so long favored Stevenson, to get out and work hard for the

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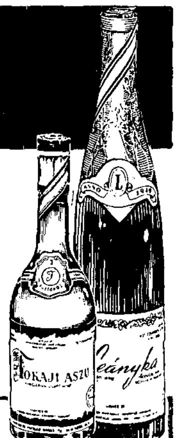

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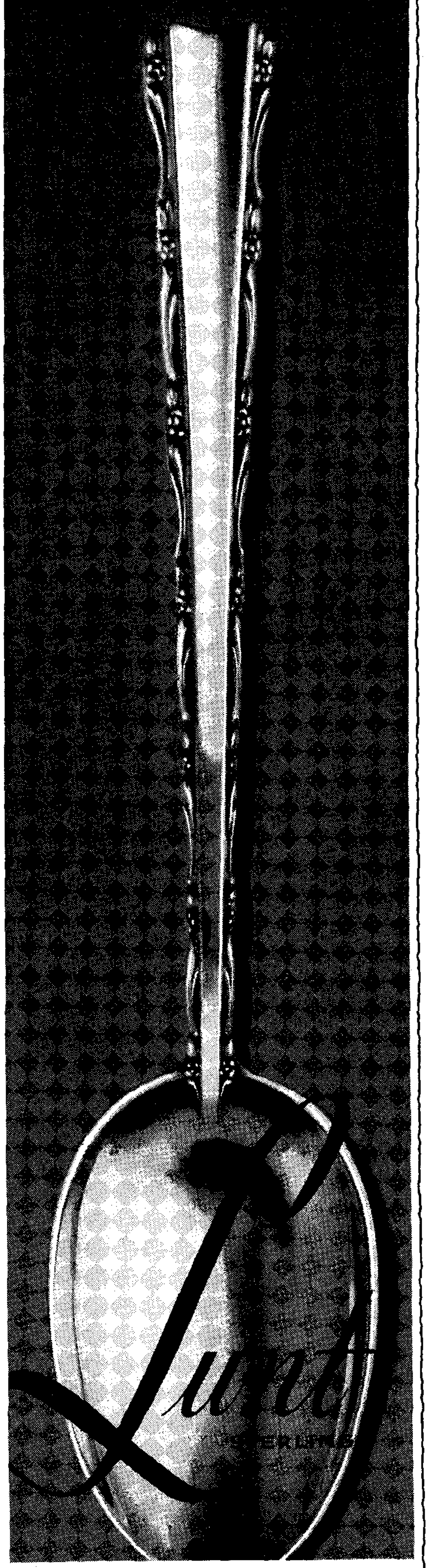

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ticket. "There was a lot of misunderstanding about the really ameliorating role that Kennedy had played in labor legislation," Rose has since said. "Arthur and I moved to set the record straight and to eliminate the feeling that the Senator had given labor a raw deal."

Since becoming Secretary of Labor, Goldberg has continued to mend political fences. Not long ago, he paid out of his own pocket for a large private dinner held in a hall in the Labor Department building in honor of Vice-President Johnson, whom he wanted to introduce to important labor leaders. Regularly, in his speechmaking, Goldberg seeks to explain to his former associates that his present views are in effect an extension into the realm of politics and public affairs of his practical theory of labor-management accommodation. "In many ways, Arthur has drifted away from us, but I suppose that was inevitable," an old friend and supporter of his in the movement said recently. "In some respects, it's as if he were the only boy on the block who was bright enough and could pull enough strings to go to college, and now he's got it made. Yet he's also got that wonderful knack of remaining human. Last summer, for example, when we were having an executive-council meeting of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. up at Unity House, the garment workers' recreation center in the Poconos, Arthur decided to drop in on us. He did it, literally, by getting the White House to give him a helicopter, which plopped right down on the Unity House lawn. We had never seen anything like *that* before, and it was really exciting. Everyone came out of the swimming pool or stopped eating his sandwich and rushed up to the helicopter. Arthur emerged, like an angel. He greeted all of us with his warm, broad smile and kissed the ladies on the cheek, just as he used to. It was all very *gemütlich*. For a moment, he had come home again."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the first of two articles on Secretary Goldberg.*)

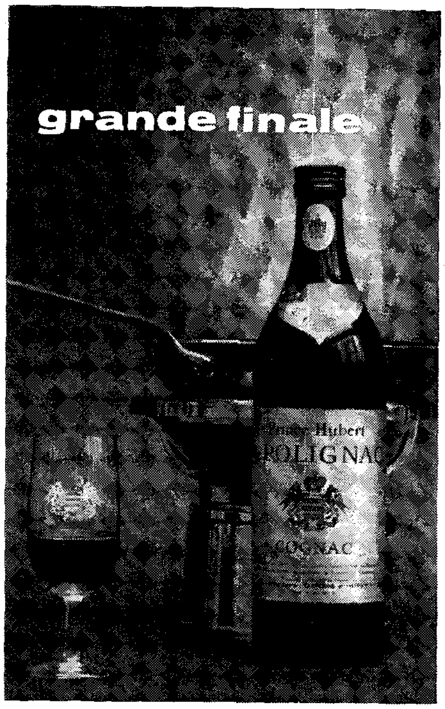
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Barre (Vt.) Times-Argus*]

WAITSFIELD

passed through one of the smaller windows in the living room of Harrison Hoblitzelle. It came near the owner's favorite chair, which, fortunately he was not occupying at the time.



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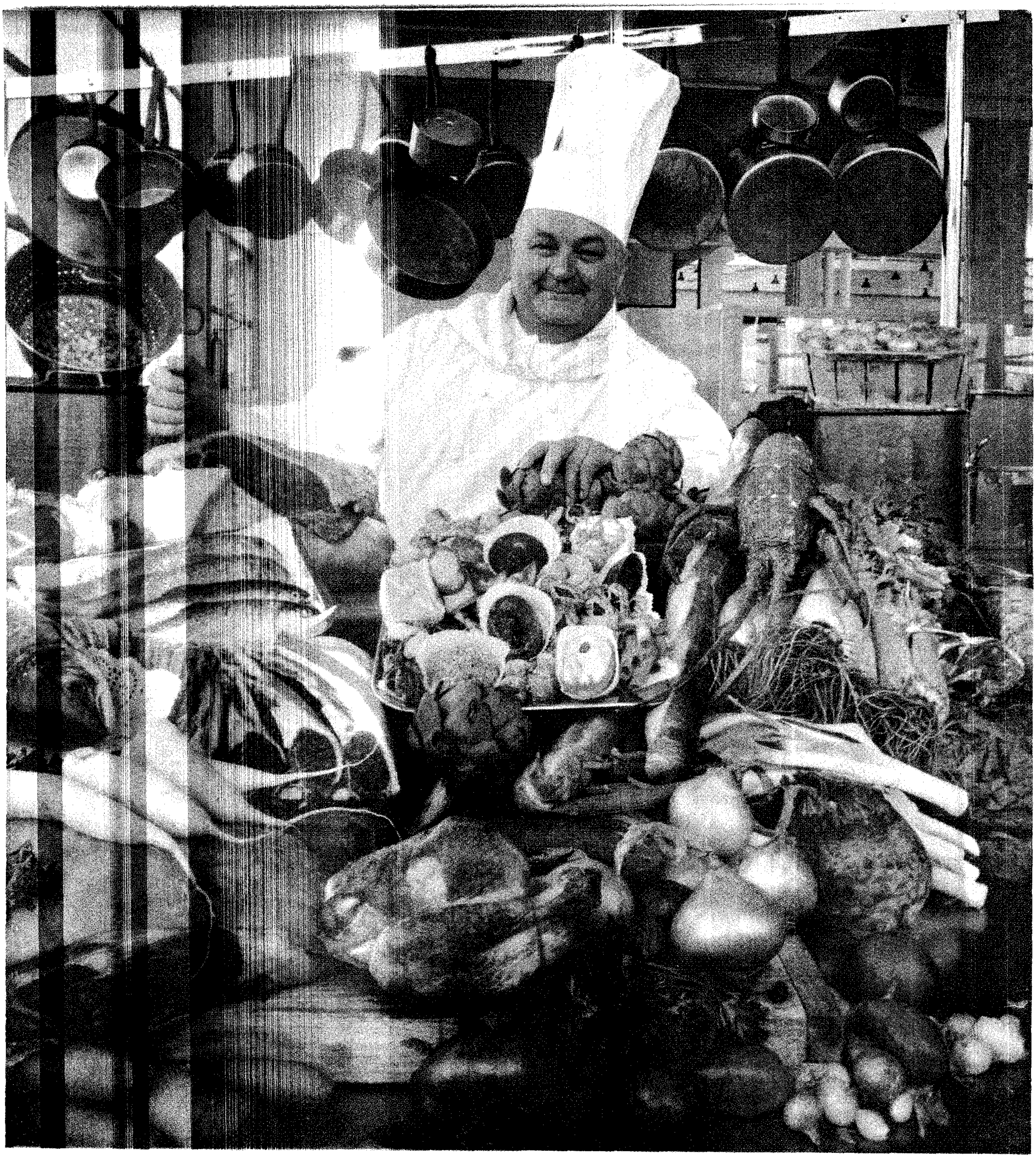

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See.

All lipsticks are not alike. This one is Stained Glass by Fabergé.

THE THEATRE

SOLID GIRL

COLLEEN DEWHURST, who was so admirable last season in "All the Way Home," is equally admirable in "Great Day in the Morning," at Henry Miller's. The play itself, which was written by Alice Cannon, is a very loose-jointed affair—a kind of vaudeville sketch about some shanty-Irish types in St. Louis in 1928—but if Mrs. Cannon hasn't constructed a well-carpentered drama, she has succeeded in giving Miss Dewhurst and her colleagues some highly entertaining vignettes to run through, and nobody can fault her evocation of the way an Irish party used to go when there was home-brew to be had and plenty of gullets to pour it into. Mrs. Cannon has a sensitive ear for dialogue, and all her characters—there are fourteen of them—are plausible and comical. Miss Dewhurst is afforded endless opportunities to display her remarkable talents, and the two children in the cast, portrayed by Peggy Burke and Jeff Herrod, are the most likely small fry I've encountered on the stage in a long, long time. Among their elders are Frances Sternhagen, Clifton James, Elisabeth Fraser, Thomas Carlin, Eulabelle Moore, Lou Frizzell, David Canary, and J. D. Cannon, all of whom are first-rate.

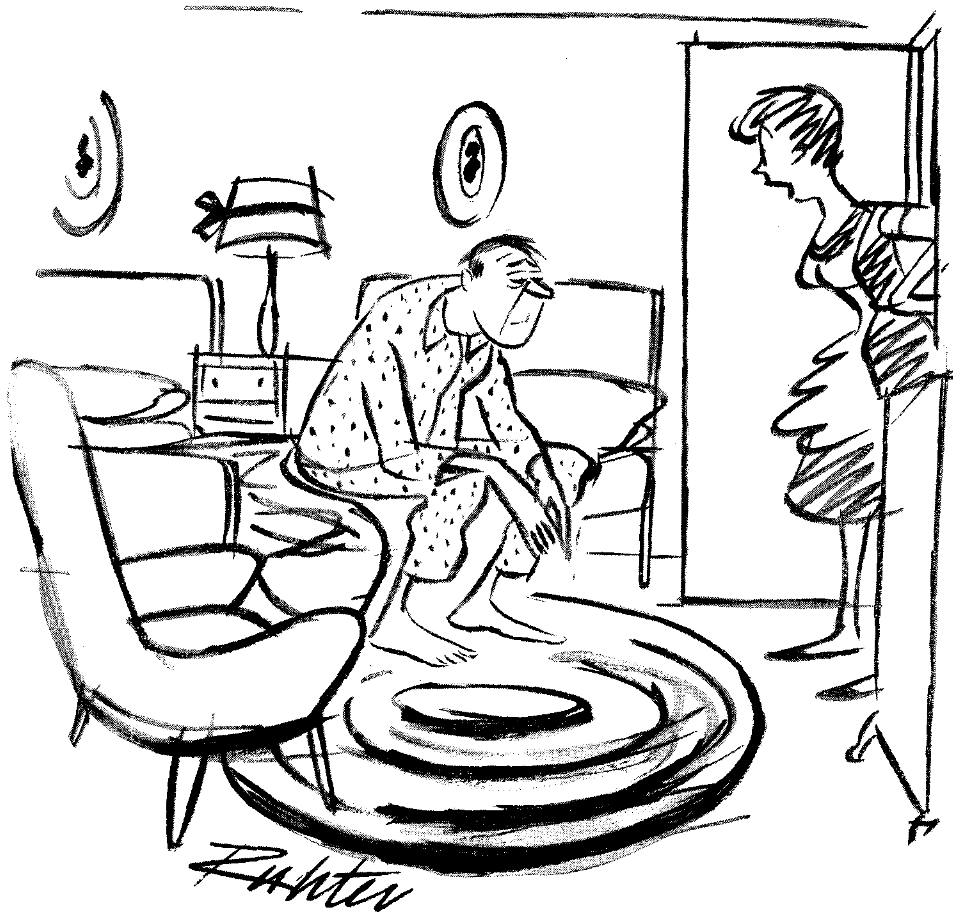
The plot—and there's the rub—has to do with the dilemma of a former daughter of the Catholic Church who wants to return to the fold on the occasion of her niece's First Communion but is reluctant to disrupt her career as a bootlegger and a wanton living in sin with a lover who is afflicted with fat around the heart but is quite a lad for all that. Although Mrs. Cannon is excellent at cutting a comic caper, she never succeeds in bringing out the sort of pathos that James T. Farrell used to develop in describing the same sort of people. Nevertheless, I think you'll find enough entertainment here to offset the play's defects, and if you're as prone to nostalgia as I am, you'll get a very large bang out of Miss Dewhurst's rendition of "Louisville Lou."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Certified Chekhov

AS a company effort, the Association of Producing Artists' "The Seagull," now in repertory at the Folksbiene, is a model of clarity, understanding, and fidelity to the playwright. There are some serious or slight shortcomings in individual performances but no shortcomings whatever in Ellis Rabb's ingenious staging. At the opening of the first act, lights play on the gauze curtains and become, for a moment, the waves on the lake in front of Sorin's country house, and birdcalls are heard along with the sound of lapping water; in Masha's drunk scene with Trigorin, she hands him a pencil after she has told him about the amount of secret drinking that women do, so that he can jot down the information in his pesky little notebook, for future reference—a piece of business that exemplifies not only the ingenuity, in its small details, of the direction but the humor and irony that run hand in hand with sadness through the play. Clayton Corzatte and Rosemary Harris are so good as Konstantine and Nina that they almost (not quite) throw everything off balance. Mr. Corzatte has the tougher assignment, for the young writer he plays—unstrung, often in tears, frustrated at every turn, his love for Nina hopeless and his affection for his mother rebuffed—could so easily be merely pathetic, but Mr. Corzatte makes him tragic. In his final scene with Nina (his dream has come true and here she is again—but here she isn't), he is superb as every bit of hope quietly drains out of him. Miss Harris is a lovely Nina, who grows and deepens and toughens before our eyes. The contrast between her Act I recitation,


Richter

"What do you mean, you have nothing to live for? The house isn't paid for, the car isn't paid for, we need a new oil burner . . ."

in a funny high-school voice and with declamatory gestures, of the monologue in Konstantine's play and her repetition of it, with depth and conviction, right before her final exit, when its significance and its importance to her and to Chekhov's play have become clear, is touching indeed. David Hooks is fine, too, in the satisfying part of the doctor. But Nancy Marchand's Mme. Arkadina and Paul Sparer's Trigorin—the destroyers and mischief-makers who spin the plot—are simply not strong enough to balance Miss Harris and Mr. Corzatte. Still, although I at first found Mr. Sparer hard to believe in, by the time the play was really under way I had fairly well accepted his slack, offhand seducer and successful man of letters. The Arkadina, though, has none of the feline, silky grace that should mask her thick-skinned selfishness and indifference, and indicate to the audience that she really might be the famous and beloved actress she is meant to be. Her dislike of her son is so bald that the "Nonentity!" she flings at him, which ought to come as a shock, doesn't. I admired Earl Montgomery as Sorin, wheezing away and dying of the emptiness of his life, and Page Johnson as the poor, worried teacher. Both of them seemed right and Russian.

The clothes are modern—a fact that I noted at the beginning and then almost forgot, since there is nothing old-fashioned or period about the play. The sight of Mme. Arkadina's white shorts, through a slit in her pleated skirt, rather took me aback, though. The new translation, by Alex Szogyi, is fluent and acceptable, but his having Trigorin say something about wanting to know "what makes you tick" is a mistake. It may be just the rotten sort of phrase that Trigorin would use, but I don't think so. The point about Trigorin and Arkadina is not that they have *no* ability—literary or dramatic—but that the ability they do have doesn't measure up to their reputations or excuse their indolent heartlessness. "The Seagull" is a marvel, and also, in its slight theatricality, its emphasis on overt symbolism, and its gaiety and freshness of feeling, is clearly the first of Chekhov's Great Four. How it does hint at the themes and characters and the subtleties and riches that lie ahead!

"THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL," a war play at the Maidman, tells about a seven-man British patrol in the Malayan jungle, and a Japanese soldier it has captured. When the men learn that the Japanese have

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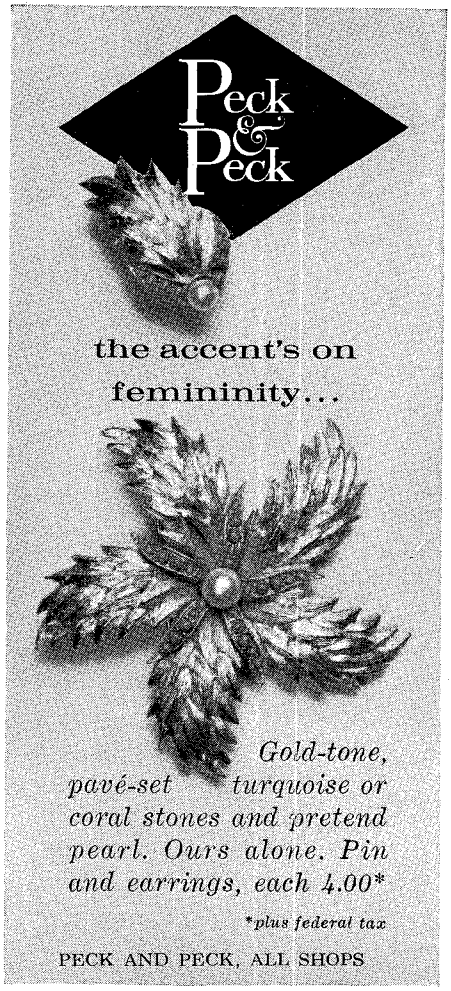

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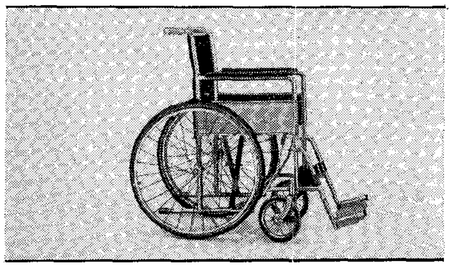

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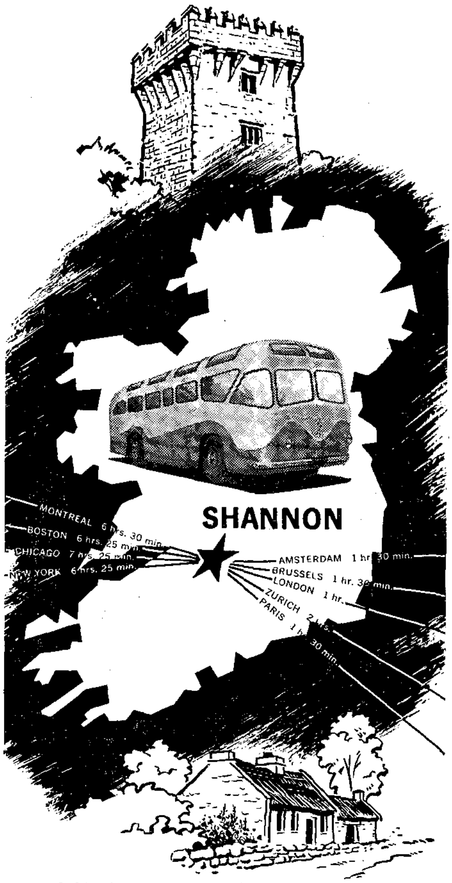
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broken through the British lines, they realize that the prisoner is now a danger to them and must be killed before they pull out. If Willis Hall, the dramatist, has bypassed a single convention of this conventional story, I cannot think what it might be. The members of the patrol, as chatty a bunch as ever got into uniform, represent the usual cross-section—a Cockney, a Welshman (Taffy), a Scot (Jock), a man from the North of England (Smudger), and one from the Midlands—plus a hard-bitten but kind sergeant and a soft-bitten but cruel corporal who have advanced beyond their geographical origins. Everyone behaves typically at all times. The Japanese prisoner takes out snapshots of his wife and children, and it suddenly dawns on his captors that he is human. The bursts of panic and violence that are mixed in with sentimental reminiscence and routine sensitivity are all predictable. The writing is tough on the surface and pulpy inside, and a lot of it is just a rearrangement of chestnuts. Nevertheless, there is an appealing innocence about the play, and once it has been accepted as a stencil it is possible to have a pretty good time at it, in a detached kind of way. Lots of action, lots of fooling around. Some of the lines and business are funny. ("Her mother's my auntie," says the Welshman about his girl. "You can't marry her, then—it's disgusting," says the Cockney.) The role of the Cockney, by the way, does seem to be the result of first-hand observation, and there is life in it. Much of the life is contributed by James Douglas, who handles the part with evident relish. The rest of the actors, all but one of whom (the Japanese soldier) have appeared in the play in Canada, sporadically manage to conceal the fact that their roles are about eighty-five per cent pure, virgin plastic. The direction, by Murray Davis, is brisk, but his idea of opening each of the two acts in darkness and then having the lights come up slowly is meaningless and stagy. —EDITH OLIVER

•

From there on, while Mr. Curtis pretended not to listen, Mr. Boggs led Mr. Ball through as bland a series of questions ever directed at a Congressional witness. The whole exercise was designed to nail down the Democrat's contention that the program is needed to strengthen the alliance.

Here's how it wound up. Mr. Boggs: "Would you then agree, Mr. Ball, that our failure to do nothing would be catastrophic?" Mr. Ball: "That would be my view."—*Journal of Commerce.*

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NEW YORK CITY,
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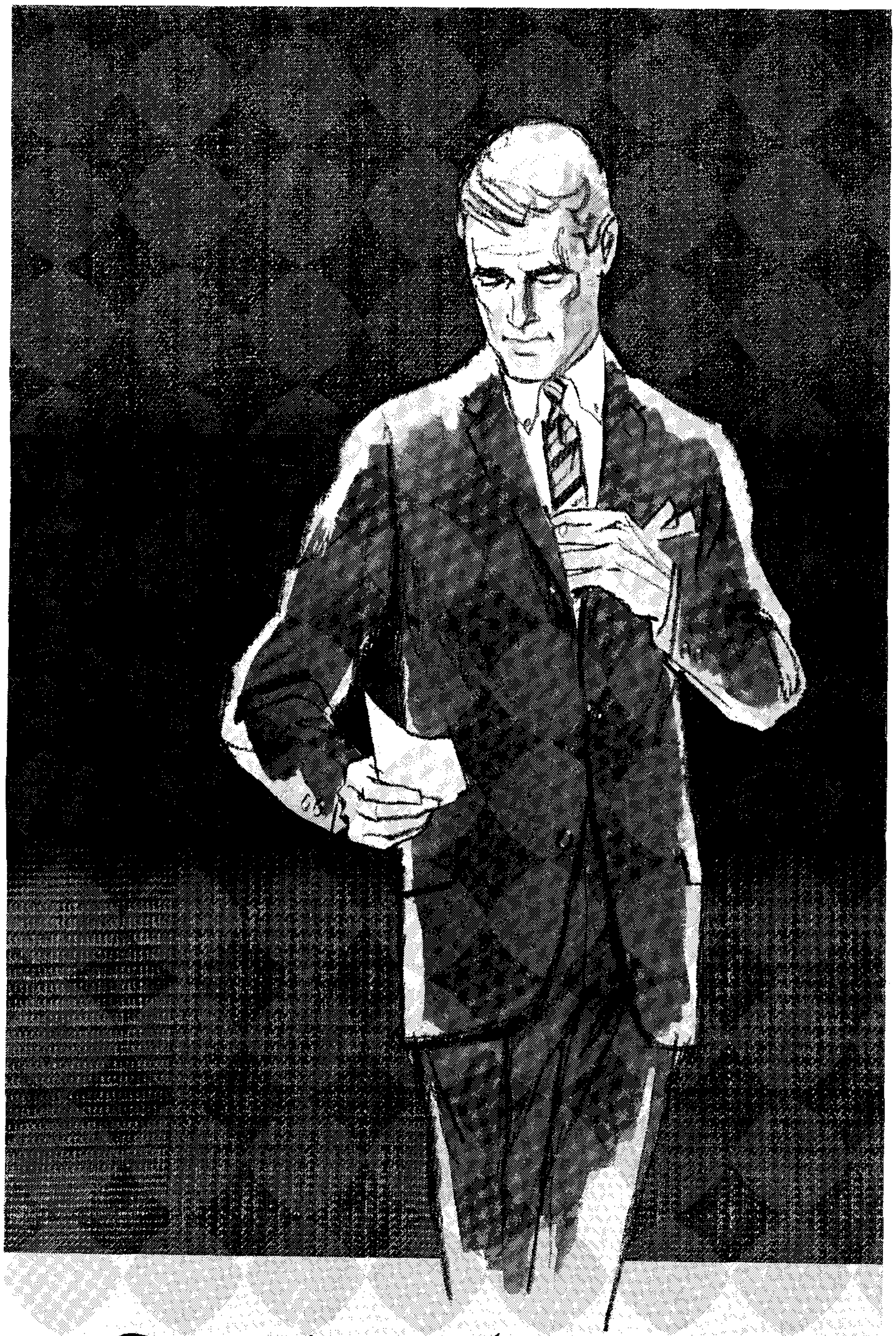
The Editors, *The New Yorker*
GENTLEMEN:

IN the course of some reflections on the career of the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, of Michigan, in the March 24th *New Yorker*, I had occasion to mention a contemporary of Vandenberg—Warren R. Austin, a Republican senator from Vermont from 1931 to 1946, who was appointed by President Truman to be this country's first permanent delegate to the United Nations, and filled that position with distinction until 1953. My memory played a deplorable trick, and I wrote of him as being dead. Within no time at all, it was called to my attention that he is more alive than I am.

It is a pleasure to be able to report that Ambassador Austin is today, as he has been for many of his eighty-four years, the first citizen of Burlington, Vermont. He has had to limit his diplomatic and political activities in recent years, but even now they are not negligible. He is honorary chairman of the Committee of One Million, which opposes the seating of Communist China in the United Nations. He keeps a watchful eye on the Warren R. Austin Institute, which conducts a program in international affairs at the University of Vermont. He is a trustee of a number of worthy enterprises, among them the Harry S. Truman Library Corporation, in Independence, Missouri; the Shelburne Museum, in Shelburne, Vermont; and Old Sturbridge Village, in Massachusetts. He is also the owner, and the director of operations, of an international apple orchard in back of his home, on Williams Street. Upon leaving the United Nations, at the age of seventy-five, he took a course in apple-growing at the state university. He felt this necessary because his colleagues on East Forty-second Street had presented him with apple trees of more than thirty varieties. He tends them lovingly and has done a good deal of experimenting with them, according to a representative of the Burlington *Free Press*, who also advises me that Ambassador Austin feels he is upholding the noblest traditions of Vermont politics by doing all his grafting right out in the open.

Sincerely,
RICHARD H. ROVERE



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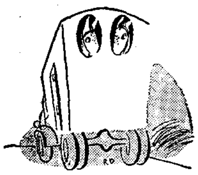
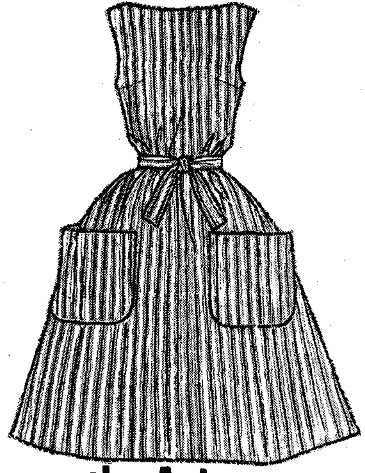


THIS time last year, as you may remember, Globemaster was the talk of the backstretch at Aqueduct. Just about the handsomest horse in training (as he still is), he showed high speed on several occasions. In the Wood Memorial, for instance, he beat Carry Back, who was fresh from his triumphs in Florida, but late in the summer he faded out of the picture. However, he's in fine shape again this spring. Although he couldn't stand off Yorktown in the Campbell at Bowie a couple of weeks ago, I venture to say that he's never run better than he did in last Saturday's Westchester at the Big A. Carrying 125 pounds and conceding big weight, he won by a neck, with Rideabout (the Paumonok winner), Merry Ruler, and Wise Flushing inches apart behind him. It was a race and a finish that left the crowd breathless. From a good start, Globemaster quickly headed the front-running Udaipur and went stride for stride with him for the next half mile; then, on the turn for home, Rideabout and Merry Ruler came bearing down on them. For a moment, it looked as if Rideabout would get his head in front, but Globemaster was too much for him. The time for the mile was 1:34⅗, and the first six furlongs of it were clocked in 1:08⅕, which is four-fifths of a second faster than the track record for the distance. For this you can blame March's going out like a lion. I can't tell you the exact velocity of the tail wind that blew the runners down the backstretch, because Colonel Martingale mislaid his anemometer, but consider this: The first quarter was run in 0:22 and the second in 0:22⅕; the quarter that saw them around the turns, going cross wind, was done in 0:24; and it took Globemaster, bucking the head wind, 0:26⅖ to cover the last one.

CICADA didn't win the Florida Derby at Gulfstream last weekend, but she certainly made a good try. Indeed, she led for most of the mile and a furlong, and was beaten only by a nose, in the last jump, by Ridan. Admiral's Voyage was third. Then there was an inquiry, because Ridan and Cicada had bumped as they came down the stretch together. It was the third inquiry in a major Florida race this season, but this



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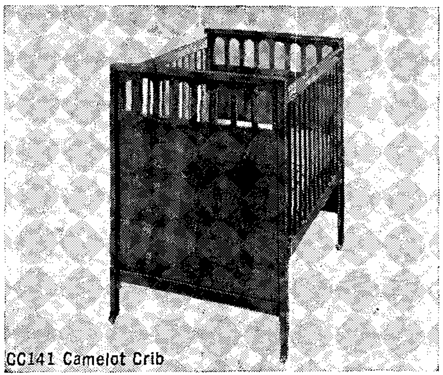

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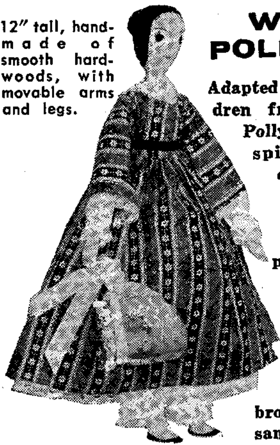

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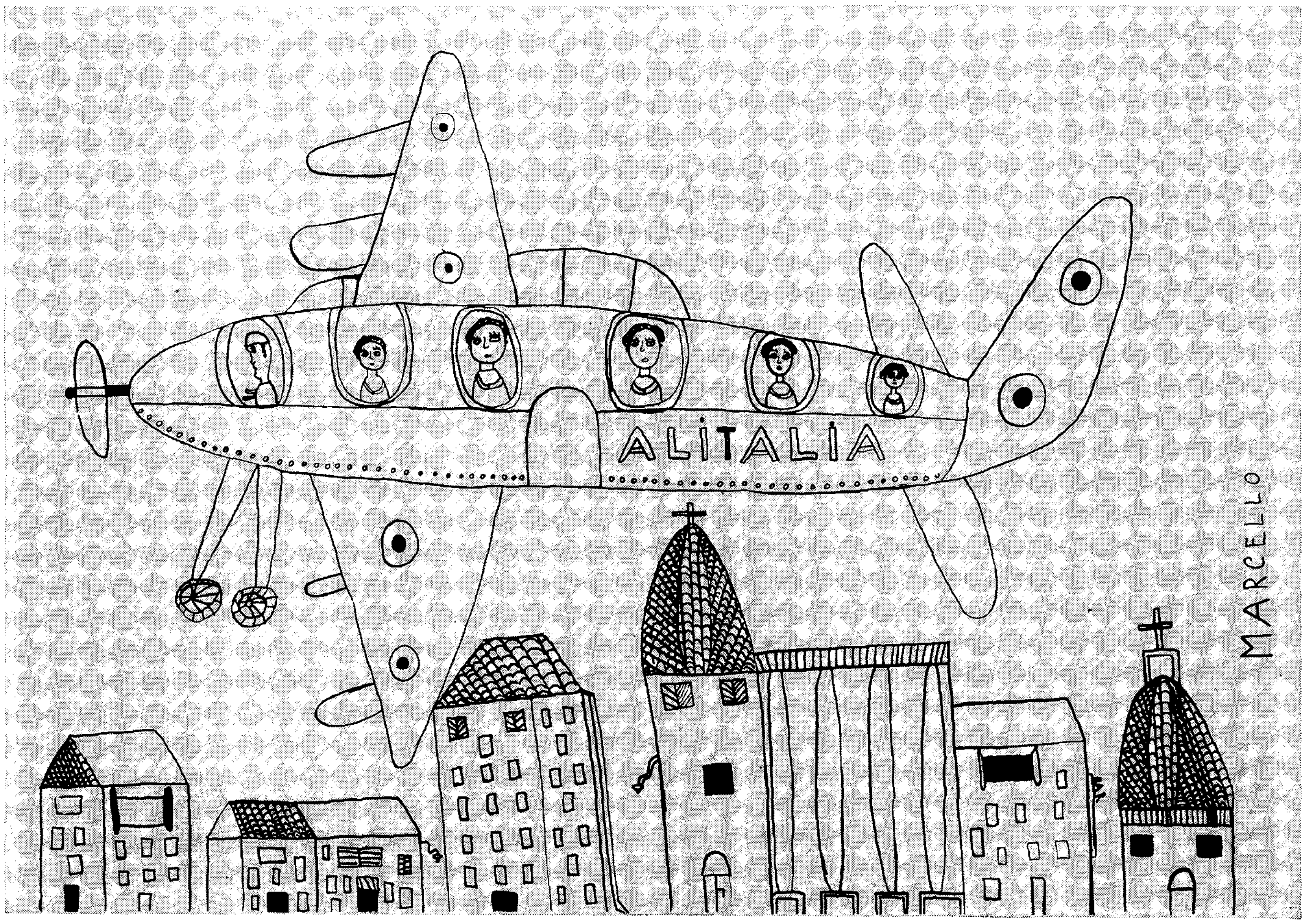
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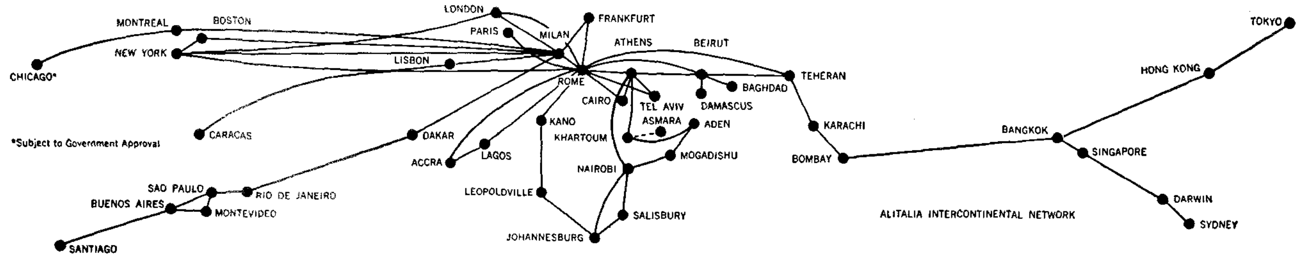
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time there was no disqualification. Still, it's anybody's guess how much the bumping affected Cicada, who lacks the size and substance of Ridan. Along with a dozen Aqueduct horse watchers, I saw the race on television, and it was generally agreed that she got at least one good bump. It also seemed to me that Cicada, always a free runner, was hard to handle going down the backstretch and around the far turn, and then, with two furlongs to go, Shoemaker, who rode her, went into a hard drive. Ridan, ridden by Ycaza, was always in a good position, made his move at the right moment, and finished well. No doubt this will boost Ridan's stock for the Kentucky Derby. In the last line of future-book prices I saw, he was 4–1 to win. He should be that to show.

IT looks as though we ought to have somebody come around from the service station and tighten up some of the three-year-olds hereabouts. The other afternoon at Aqueduct, sixteen of them ran for the Bay Shore Stakes, which was sent away in two sections, and nobody saw a Derby winner in the lot. The first-division gallop ended in a photo finish, with Duc d'Or beating Sidluck by a neck, and Lucky Uncle third. In this gay little number, Endymion, who has disappointed on several occasions, did so again, getting off slowly and finishing fourth. In the second division, Western Warrior nosed out Mister Pitt, with Dedimoud third. Green Ticket, who won the Swift so smartly on opening day, was dead last. Observers are still undecided whether his impost of 130 pounds anchored him or whether he simply didn't want to run.

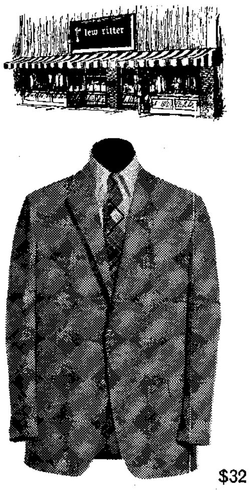
Trusting to first impressions gathered when Donut King ran fifth in the Swift, I suggested that he'd do better the next time out. Well, an hour before the Bay Shore, he had a workout at a mile, and it was most impressive, for he stepped the distance in 1:36. Since the first division of the Bay Shore was run in 1:36⅘, and the second in 1:36⅖, it's obvious that he could have romped off with either one by lengths. He'll be the favorite for the Gotham this weekend. —AUDAX MINOR

•

RALEIGH—The State Highway Commission has announced the ferry Sea Level, in dry dock since January 6, returned to service Wednesday.

The Sea Level, which operates between Atlantic and Ocracoke, runs from Ocracoke to Atlantic.—*Wilmington (N.C.) Morning Star.*

Many a ferry is in a rut.



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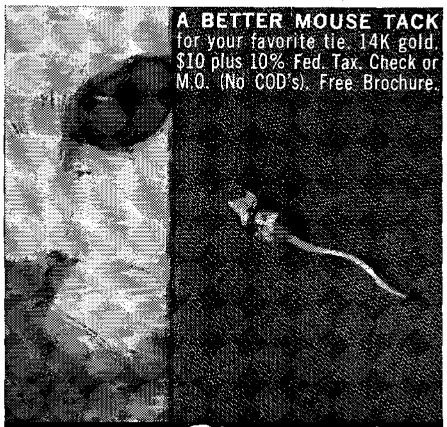

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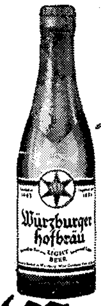

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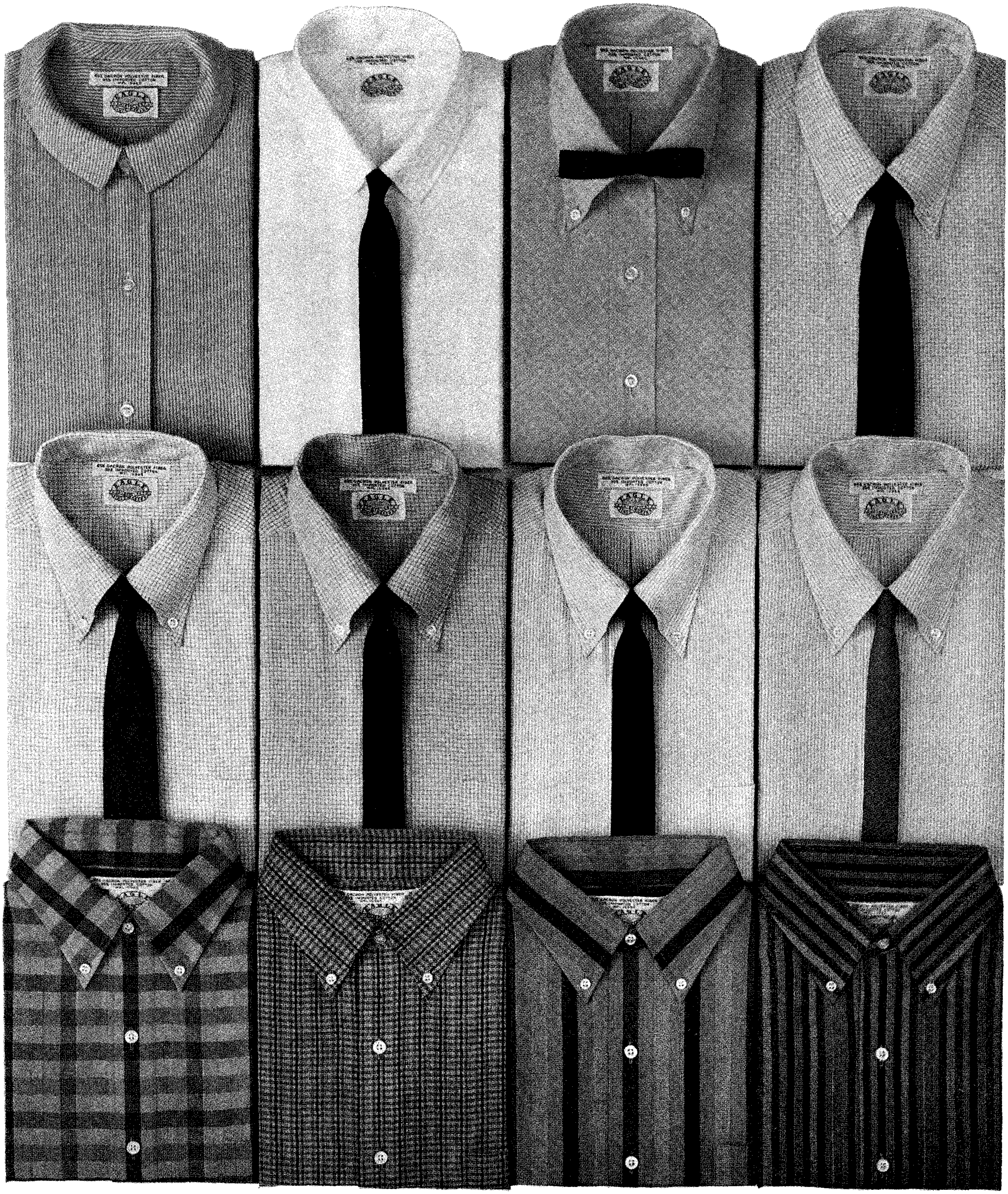

IRTS IN EUROPE THAN YOU WEAR AT HOME?

NOW that spring is here and you're planning your trip to Europe or somewhere, Eagle suggests that you give a thought to the logistics of shirt-planning, too. Unless you're going on one of those see 58-countries-in-3-days tours, you'll probably need more than *one* shirt. And unless you want to pay overweight on your baggage, you *can't* take more than 103 (154 first class). ★ Eagle recommends that you strike a comfortable medium – perhaps five or six. Then you'll have room for the cameras, Berlitz books, and currency converters going over, and the lederhosen coming back. ★ But what *kind* of shirts to take? Share with us the results of a recent survey: Every year between April Fool's and Columbus Days, approximately 522,983 shirt-wearing men travel to Europe. With them go many wives*, several children, and 3,137,898 *solid white* drip-dry Dacron** and cotton shirts. ★ We find the lattermost datum particularly interesting. And since Eagle makes a wide array of handsome striped, checked, colored, and printed drip-dry Dacron and cottons, we simply cannot understand why men wear less interesting shirts in Europe than they wear at home. (Say, that would make a catchy headline – a little long, though). ★ So when you pick those five or six shirts for your next European jaunt, give a thought to including a few from among Eagle's drip-dry stripes, checks, etc. They're guaranteed to drip *and* to dry just as well as the whites, but they sure look prettier. ★ Would you drop Miss Afflerbach a note and tell her where you're going . . . she likes to keep track of everybody. In return, she'll tell you where you can buy Eagle Dacron and cottons in your neighborhood – they don't always have the Eagle label in them, you recall.

*Note that we've included one lady's blouse among our lavish display. It's one of several Dacron-cottons we make.

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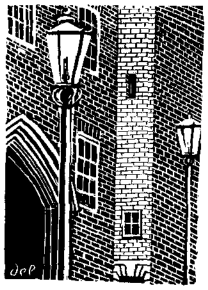
LETTER FROM LONDON

March 28



It is just two weeks since the Liberal Party upset the whole political applecart by scoring an overwhelming victory in a Kentish by-election that was thought to be a Conservative certainty, and by putting the Labour candidate ignominiously right out of the picture. The shock to one and all, including the delighted Liberals, was immense. Agitated discussions are still going on in the press, on television, in homes, and, of course, in every constituency office of the two defeated major establishments about what exactly hit them and (still more important) whether it was a freak or a portent. How the obviously growing Liberal strength will change the picture in the next general election, which Mr. Macmillan is now more unlikely than ever to call before this Parliament's statutory decease in 1964, is the big political question of the moment. Nobody seems really clear about the answer. The principal consolation that shaken Tory and Socialist supporters appear to be fishing up out of the debris is that in a national general election people are said to vote more cautiously than in a by-election, when they may indulge in the luxury of expressing discontent by coming out for a change that will not bring down the Government. All the same, Mr. Jo Grimond's Liberal Party came precious close to pulling off still another victory, which has made the voting seem more significant—narrow miss and all—than the usual voicing of dissatisfaction with the existing Government, which often turns up in the doldrums of a term of office.

Two weeks and a day ago, in the by-election in Blackpool, up in Lancashire, the Liberal man beat the Labour candidate back into third place in this comfortable Conservative seat, and the successful Tory scraped home by the skin of only nine hundred-odd votes. Next day at Orpington, a Kentish dormitory town where the Conservatives felt the nest was so snugly feathered (as it was last time, with a majority of over fourteen thousand votes) that they selected it for a particularly brilliant candidate from the Conservative Central Office who was generally thought to be headed

Photographed on the Upper Promenade Deck of the S.S. Rotterdam sailing for Europe.

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for an early place in the Government, their disaster was a knockout. The electors got up quietly and returned the Liberal, Mr. Eric Lubbock, with a smashing eight-thousand majority, and the Labour man, having failed to secure more than an eighth of the total votes cast, lost the hundred-and-fifty-pound deposit that each candidate has to ante up on nomination. It was a famous victory, all right, and particularly astonishing because Kent is not a part of the country where Liberalism has strong, nourishing family roots, as it has, for instance, in the West Country; in the last three general elections at Orpington the Liberals came out at the bottom of the polls. The extraordinary reverse is clearly regarded by the Government as being so serious (according to the statistics of most of the political commentators, who have been busy calculating what would happen in the general election if the Orpington mood proved catching and the Tories lost votes to the Liberals all over the place, the Socialists would benefit in the long run) that Mr. Macmillan is about to break the tradition that the senior Minister of the Crown does not take part in by-election campaigns by appearing on the Conservative candidate's platform at next week's by-election in Stockton-on-Tees. The explanation being given is that this was his old constituency, though most people seem sardonically certain that his turning up there is designed to show the flag and keep the local faithful steady against the Liberal invasion. In a violently bitter speech at Manchester last Saturday, Mr. Iain Macleod, who is chairman of the Conservative Party, belted into the Liberals as being "faceless peddlers of politics, with a pretty little trinket for every taste," against whom the Government would nevertheless have to fight with every ounce of energy, ability, and organization at its disposal. At Orpington, the peddlers' energy, ability, and organization had clearly outsold the Tories, as he did not add.

The "faceless" gibe certainly appeared to pin down one of the Liberal Party's two serious weaknesses. Besides funds, it is short of seeded politicians, though it is attracting many of the young and intelligent who will make the future. Apart from Mr. Grimond, a well-known and extremely likable television personality, most people would be hard put to it to name a hypothetical Liberal Cabinet, which some newspapers sarcastically attempted to do for them after Orpington. Even Mr. Grimond has never been tested in the

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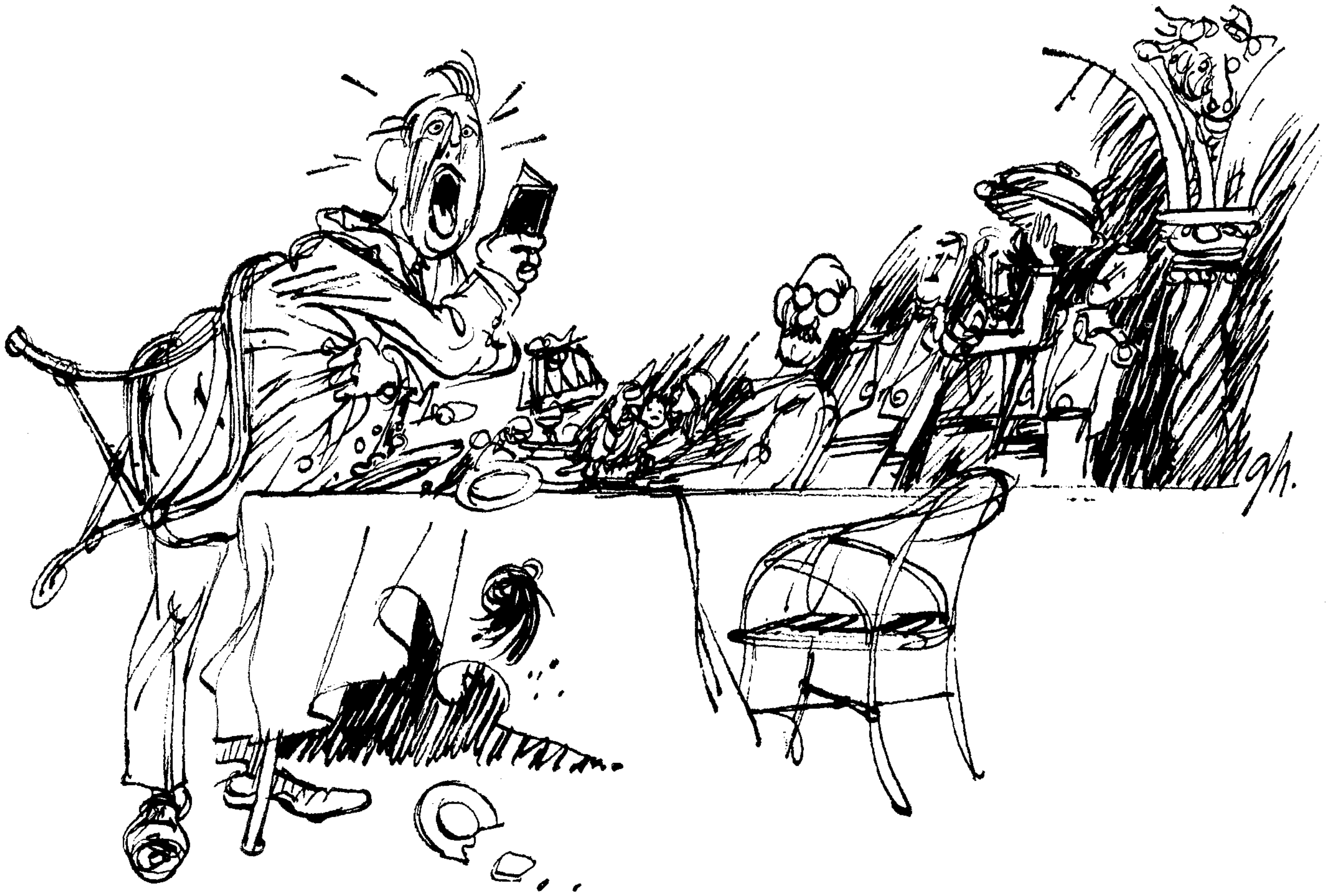

IF THE ZAPATO FITS,
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The gentleman diner above, who is frantically thumbing through his miniature English-Spanish, Spanish-English dictionary, is a shoe salesman on business in Mexico. He has just bitten into the hottest chili pepper in Latin America and would sell his soul for a glass of water. In exactly 30 seconds he is going to shout in a voice colored by desperation rather than by bad manners, "Why can't the natives here speak English so they can understand us!"

The gentleman seated at the next table, as luck would have it, just happens to be the Director of our Mexico City Berlitz School. (Through such coincidences worlds have been conquered—and advertisements written.) He will instantly offer a glass of water, solving Problem 1. Problem 2 will take a bit more doing. But in the end he will convince our over-peppered diner that the Berlitz School in Boston will not only teach him to speak Spanish but will design his course to include the special vocabulary of lasts, uppers, welts—and even show him how to land orders for an 8½ "Carlos" or a 10 "Benito".

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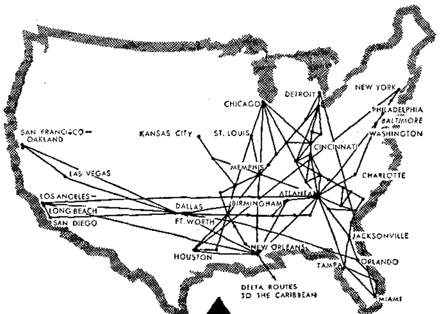

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stresses and strains of government. As Liberals tell you crisply, neither had Mr. Kennedy. (It is new and interesting how much wistful and wishful thinking there is here about leadership in the Kennedy image; the present inhabitant of the White House seems to have made Downing Street look dusty.) Many leading Liberals have, however, stated firmly in the middle of the recent jubilation that they are still a long, hard haul away from a return to political power; the quite feasible objective they aim at now is to bump up their minuscule Parliamentary numbers so that they will be a strong third force in the House—a prospect that thoughtful Conservatives find sufficiently gloomy.

In all probability, not many non-Liberals could come up with a clear outline of the Party's distinctive policy—let alone its leading men's features. The one feature of the Liberal countenance that is not possessed by either of the other parties is that it has all along come out strongly, in solitary welcome, for the idea of joining the Common Market, and thereby seems to lots of British at once more contemporary and more historically imaginative than the Conservative and Labour Parties. On defense, the Party is for having the nuclear deterrent retained by NATO but is against Britain's trying to afford its own independent bomb. The Liberals are critical of the way the Government has managed the unpopular economic discipline of the pay pause, which doubtless rang an answering bell in the by-elections for very many citizens, who likewise consider that the Government has come down unfairly hard on certain sections of the population, such as the teachers. Orpington is considered to be symptomatic of the turning of the worms in white collars—the army of retired people who live on modest fixed incomes, and the new, struggling middle class of young commuters, who are not All Right Jacks. It seemed comic that many Conservatives seized pens and wrote letters to the papers saying that the Orpington debacle was a sign of voters' disgust with the Government for acting pseudo-Liberal and not keeping staunchly to its policies in Central Africa, for instance—the somewhat strange sequel to this line of reasoning being that the Orpington Conservatives went out and marked their crosses for the genuine article in large numbers. Possibly one of Mr. Grimond's strongest selling points in Orpington and all over is that his party seems to many people to be the only one not rigidly identified with a class. In spite of the valiant

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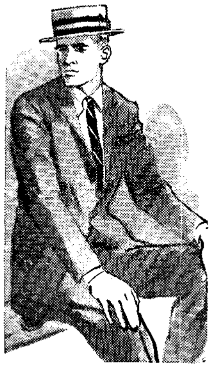

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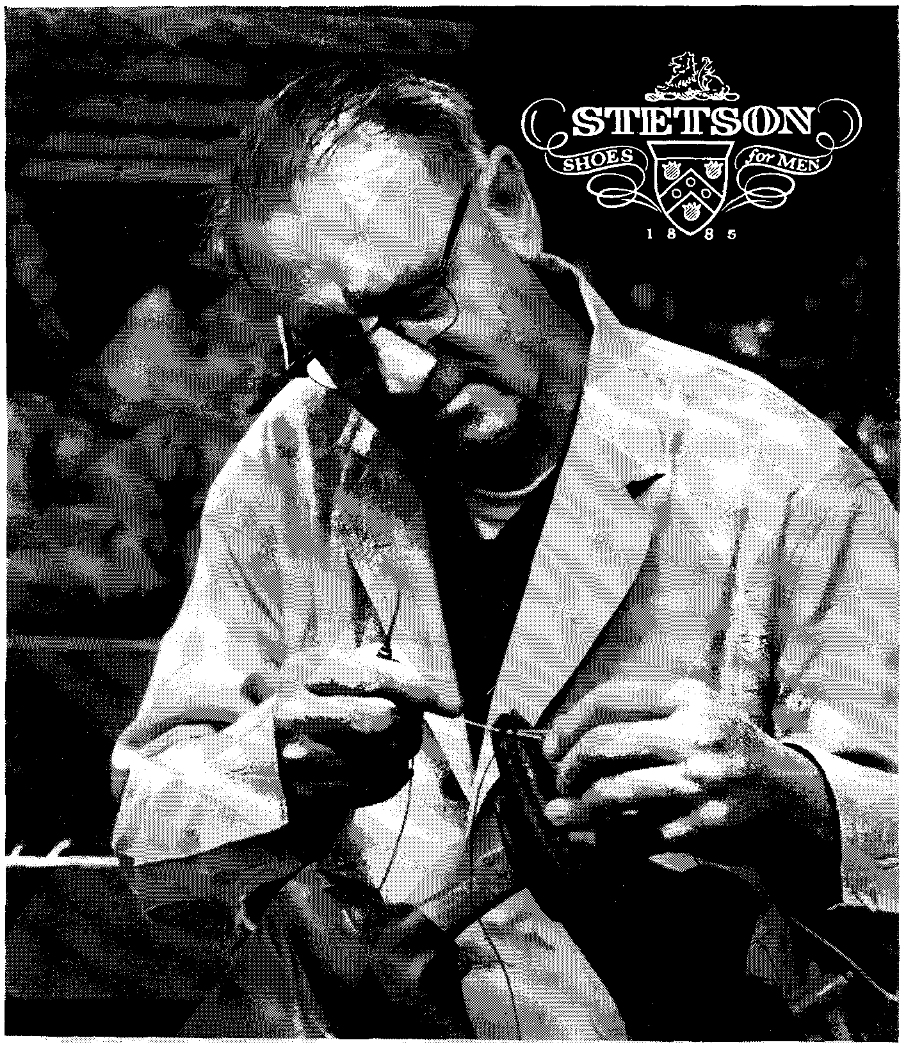
efforts of the Conservatives and the Labour Party to point out that a City gentleman in a bowler hat and a workingman in overalls are unfair caricatures of their followers today, it is open to doubt whether they have succeeded in rubbing out old labels or animosities.

The Socialists also have their problems in the changed situation. The Liberals took a nasty nip out of their votes, too, at Orpington, and if the results there and at Blackpool show that the Government is highly unpopular at the moment, and that the idea is gaining that it has been in office too long, they do not show that people are finding the Labour Party any more appealing. If the Socialists could manage some arrangement with the Liberals, it is obvious that their radical combination would sweep the country, and a Labour M.P., Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, has long been banging the drum for an open Lib-Lab pact, without, however, getting much enthusiastic rallying to his idea from either side. One thing sure is that it would send straying Conservatives hastening back to their own party at the double. Since Orpington, Mr. Gaitskell has been advised in friendly editorials that his best course now is to try and look as much like Mr. Grimond as possible, and to give his party's more dated bits of dogma, which scare off voters, a coat of modern liberalizing notions. To judge by the thunderous applause with which Labour Party conferences always greet any contemptuous reference to crypto-Liberals, a sizable section of the Labour rank and file would be in opposition to anything of the kind. At the moment, nothing happening in Parliament is getting such close attention as what is going on outside it, in Stockton and the other by-elections that are coming off shortly, which may show how valid was the warning that the two major parties received at Orpington.

THE Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company, under its gifted young director, Peter Hall, now has two London homes besides its permanent country seat at Stratford on Avon. The company presents a mixed repertory of modern and classic pieces at the Aldwych, and it has just started a fresh venture—an indefinite season of producing a new experimental play a month at the cozy little Arts Theatre Club, for members only. By a coincidence, the first production there and a new item in the Aldwych repertory are both devastating morality plays dealing with the powers of corruption, though the



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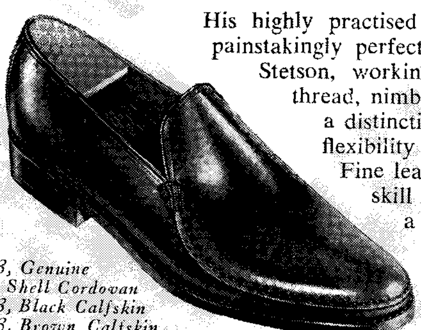

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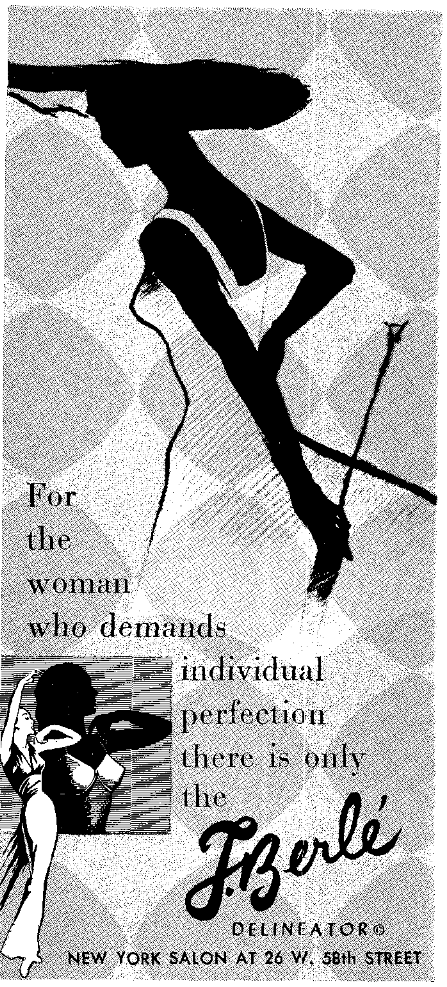
Arts play is also extremely funny. "The Art of Seduction," at the Aldwych, is an adaptation by John Barton of Laclos's "Les Liaisons Dangereuses." (The Roger Vadim film version has still not been permitted to be shown here.) It is an ingeniously arranged reading of the famous scandalous letters by five players in eighteenth-century costume, who sit in a decorous semicircle of gilt armchairs on the far too capacious stage holding quill pens and portfolios—though without too much irritating fake scribbling—as they chronicle the deliberate moves in the destruction of virtue and, finally, of the destroyers themselves. Keith Michell, as the seducing de Valmont, and Irene Worth, as his vicious Paris pen and bed friend, the Marquise de Merteuil, have particular style. In the Arts play, "Everything in the Garden," by Giles Cooper—a forty-four-year-old Anglo-Irish writer who has written successful radio plays, mostly fantasies, and now has a big hit—the corrupting agent is money. With cash, in the premise of his outrageously funny, horrific fable, everything in the garden is indeed lovely (as the British say), and no one will mind if the lilies, when closely inspected, are found to be giving off a highly unpleasant smell. The setting innocently prepares one for classic English suburban comedy—a lawn-mowing husband, Bernard, and a pretty little wife, Jenny, both bored silly and plaintively wishing that they could afford this and that. Their conversation is wonderful, composed of fragmented inanities and half-finished clichés spoken with punctilious clarity and timing, so that it sounds at moments like a parody of an Eliot verse chorus. Into this familiar dissatisfied Eden enters—while Bernard has gone along to the local pub—the Serpent, in the person of a flamboyant Polish Jewess who has come in answer to an advertisement that Jenny, seeking part-time work, has surreptitiously inserted, against Bernard's wishes, in the papers. The caller proposes that Jenny should work afternoons, excellently paid, in her high-class bordello in Wimpole Street. "Leave my house!" flutes the little hostess, quivering with shock beneath her twin set. The procuress amiably does so, leaving her card and a fat packet of five-pound notes—an advance, she insists, on Jenny's first week's work. When Bernard accidentally discovers one day that the house is now absolutely bursting with fivers and learns the truth, he is appalled, but the thought that now they can buy that coveted motor mower and possibly a car, and never again have



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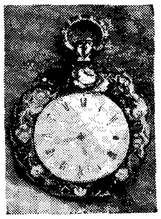

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those financial rows that made their lives miserable, gradually cushions the shock. Also, they find out that their neighbors are cultivating their own gardens in the same prudently amoral way. The satire is deadly, though marred by a last-minute plunge into Pirandello, with Bernard stepping clear out of the play to condemn its cynical author and characters. It is flawlessly staged by Donald McWhinnie (who directed "The Caretaker") and superbly well acted by Derek Godfrey, as Bernard, and by Geraldine McEwan, as Jenny—refined as a kitten who has got at the cream and sees no reason it should stop, ever.

THE Royal College of Physicians' best-selling report on smoking and lung cancer seems to have hit home, this time, to the public. In last week's House of Lords debate on the subject, the speakers gave a pretty good cross-section of opinion, convinced or otherwise, but with the balance, beyond question, on the sombre side of those like Lord Hailsham, who wound up for the Government by giving it as his "serious conviction" (backed up practically by his having given up smoking) that "the case has been proved beyond any reasonable doubt." He gave no hints as to what the Government is going to do about it, though all sorts of curbs on advertising and sales, particularly to the young, are being urged. One of the Lords' speakers pointed out chillingly that two years ago the millions that rolled into the national exchequer from the smokers almost exactly equalled the bill for running the National Health Service. The Government, as much as the tobacco manufacturers—on whom a Hailsham depression seems to have descended—will now have to square up to the issue of what a vast number of British seem finally to have decided is life or death.

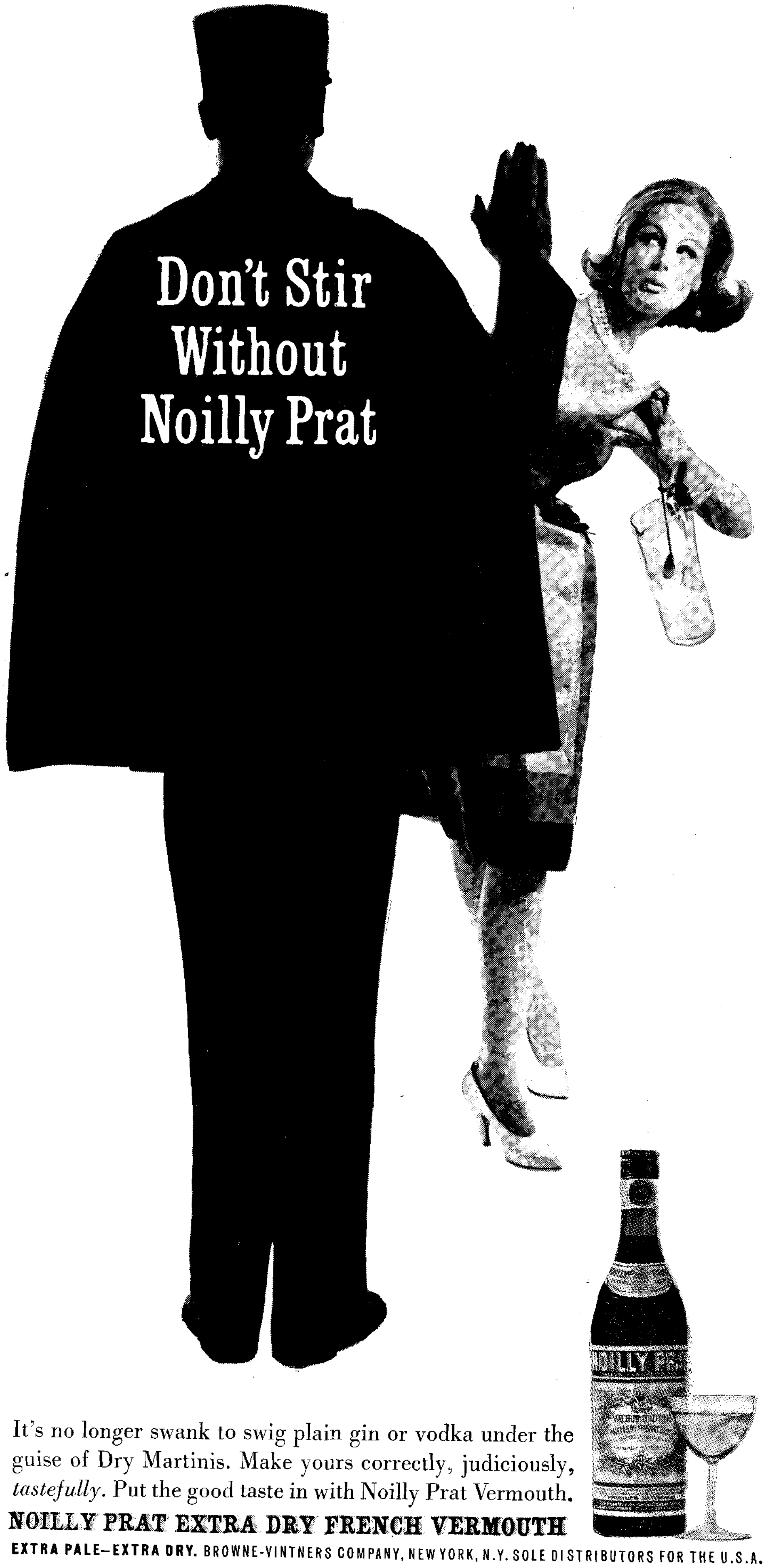
—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*Roger Babson in the Brookline (Mass.) Citizen-Chronicle*]

The possibility of devastation from nuclear explosion is now a matter of concern to the whole world. It could be argued that this dismal prospect will have a depressing effect on the value of fire and life insurance stocks. However, the insurance industry assumed no war risk liability during World War II, but acted merely in the capacity of a government agent when war risk insurance was instituted. Today, most of the insurance policies which are in force exclude payment for damages from enemy action. These facts should at least be reassuring to those investors who own insurance stocks.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

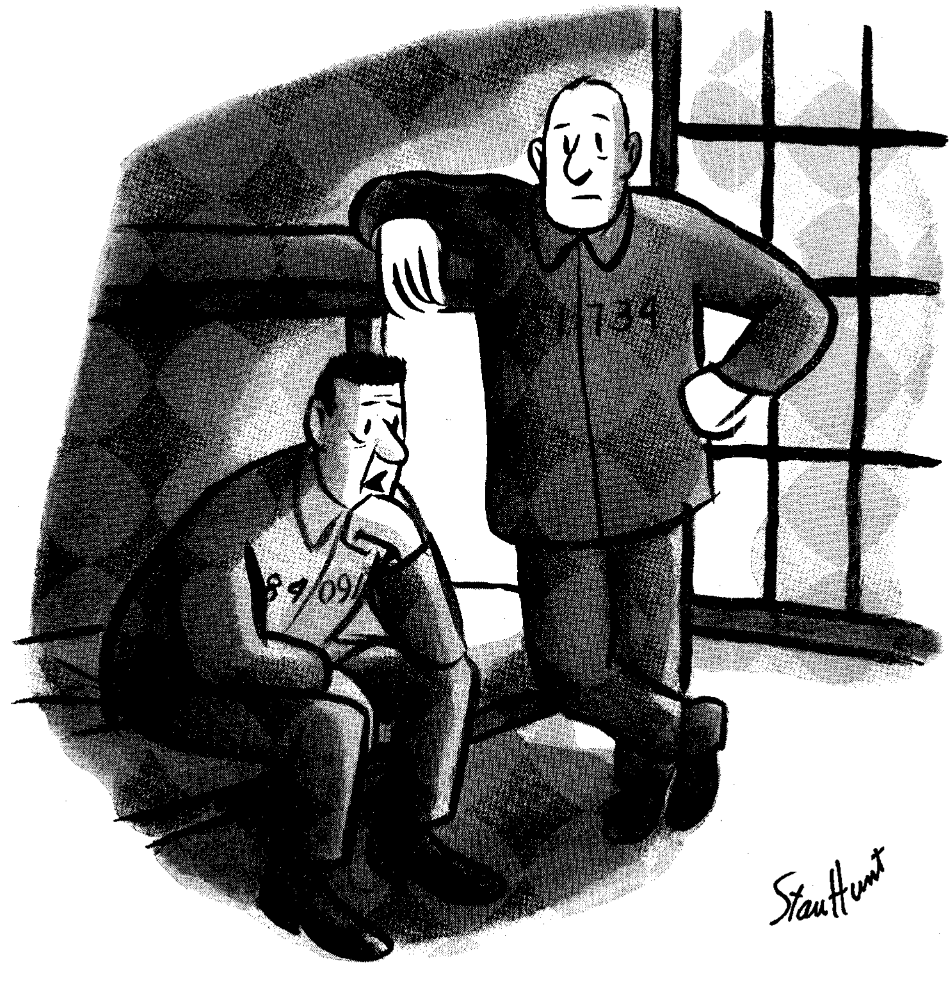
FEMININE FASHIONS

THE cult of the individual has been taking a terrible beating for some time now, but I really hadn't expected the Paris fashion designers to succumb so readily to mass-mindedness. After seeing the swarms of clothes that have arrived here from abroad for copying, I have a feeling that French couturiers should spend more time in Paris, where they could—as they used to do—get ideas from their more elegant and decisive private customers. Instead, they put in an enormous amount of time rushing over here to study what the average American woman *already* looks like, so that they can go home and cater humbly to this conservatism. Custom designers, it seems, *can* stale their infinite variety. Only our own designers and adapters know that the American woman, that dragon incarnate, doesn't always want to look the way she does, and it is they who are endlessly artful about supplying the ideas that in the past were often supplied by a mild toning down of the eccentricities thought up in Paris. Many of the grandest Paris clothes look as if they had already been adapted for ready-to-wear requirements before they arrived here. It all gave me a very pastel feeling. But Ethel Frankau, of Bergdorf Goodman's fashion salon, who knows the cream of the crop when she sees it, has, as always, returned from overseas with stuff from Paris (and many delights from London, too), ready to be tailored to the requirements of the Bergdorf customer, which gives it a special look. Ohrbach, also as always, has line-for-line ready-to-wear copies of the best from Europe at prices that are staggeringly reasonable, particularly since many are done in the fabrics of the originals. The copies will be all over the place, Paris included, and so will the hundreds of literal duplicates that are turned out at prices in between these two. Rising above the exquisite shilly-shallying by Paris is the work of Marc Bohan of Dior, for he is not in the coals-to-Newcastle trade. His "matchbox" silhouette—up-and-down high-ridged seams, like those on a man's trousers—gives his models a youthfulness that Chanel once stood for. Her clothes are still beautiful, but such casualness requires a quantity of mature poise. And towering high above the whole pack is the masterly Balenciaga, whose clean, sweeping lines are for women of every age everywhere.

Freewheeling independence, not directed at the station-wagon set, exists in other houses, too. A strangely gawky, de-luxe, but kookie mood prevails at both Givenchy in Paris and A La Carte in New York. This mood's awkward-age charm makes women look as if they were about to grow out of their clothes—snug shoulders with high armholes, tiny collars (if collars exist at all), and a skimpy aspect in general. Givenchy is all over the shops, but Chez Ninon has things of his (custom-made) that it believes are to be found there and nowhere else. A La Carte (designed and made to order on the premises, which insures that yours-alone appeal) is downright pugnacious about its likes and dislikes. Everything should be trimly buttoned, to eliminate clutching at openings, and floating panels that flop about are out. All the clothes have simple tops, high necks, and pared-down lines, but this faint austerity is offset by brilliant colors, solo or in combination. These clothes are for broad-shouldered, lean women who wear riding habits well.

Then we have the *chubby* sort of teen-age youthfulness (it's popular with the older group, too) that's provided by Bob Bugnand, who is no longer dealing with the New York manufacturers. Instead, he gives his happy clientele clothes made to order in Paris from their own *toiles*, starting at $350, which is real gracious these days. One costume begins with a collarless coat of heavily ribbed white jersey. Horseshoe-shaped pockets cling to the ribs, and gathers below these go stubbily and distractingly around the waist. The dress, of navy jersey, has a boat neck, a wide white belt, two pockets that come down over the belt at the sides, and two more beneath.

Then we have houses that are adamant about being graceful, using every art to flatter the figure and having no truck with distortions of it. Elizabeth Arden's variations on themes from Paris houses (some are ready-to-wear and some to order) are unmistakably feminine. Sophie's custom salon, at Saks Fifth Avenue, reflects her belligerent refusal to succumb to freak trends. Year



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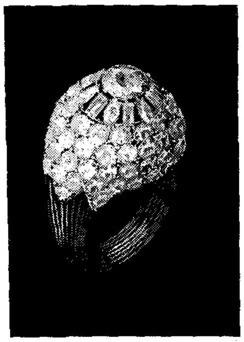
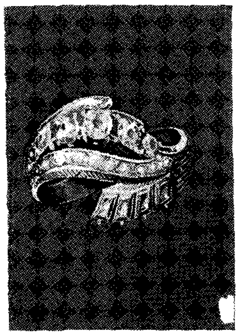


MODERN SETTING



DIAMOND SWIRL

In choosing a ring for your diamond wardrobe (in addition to your cherished engagement ring) let your heart and your hand and the life you lead be your guides.

A diamond ring should be a personal delight, a fascinating expression of your taste and charm. On your finger, it becomes a part of you, ever visible, a sparkling accent to your every gesture.

There are many exciting new designs in diamond rings. Try them on, just for the joy of it. Even though the thrill of adding one to your diamond wardrobe may be a long dream away, discovering the look that makes your hand more beautiful is a delectable experience.

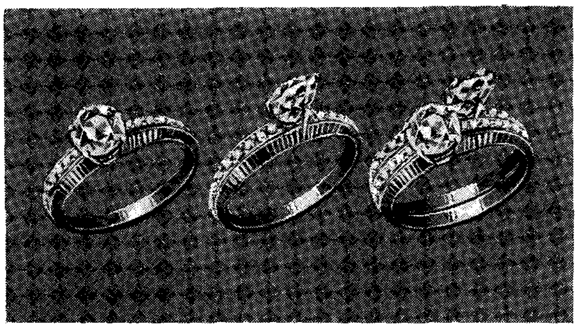
A fine jeweler will have lots to show you, rings from his selections, ideas for a design he can create especially for you.

If you've inherited a diamond ring, why not consider having it restyled? With your diamonds as the starting point, your jeweler can fashion a modern setting, make up a ring that's beautifully, distinctively yours.

Or you might explore such fascinating new ideas as these: diamonds in a dramatic swirl, or double rings (two that can be worn together or separately) for both day and evening.

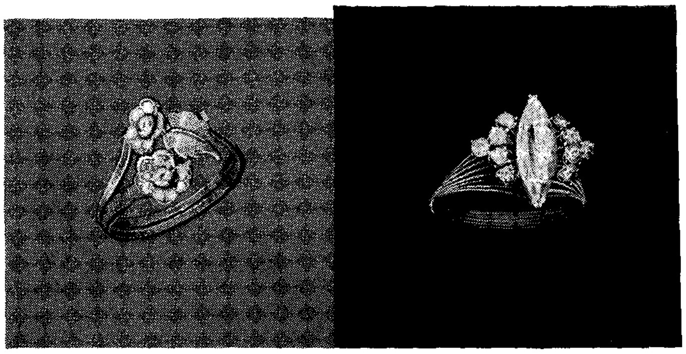
And, there are little-finger rings that are new and charming, "fancy" rings that are truly individual. Many of these are to shine 'round the clock. Others are for gala occasions when you want to look your most dramatic.

Try them all, then decide which are for you and your diamond wardrobe.



DOUBLE RINGS, WEAR SEPARATELY OR TOGETHER

LITTLE-FINGER RINGS:



DIAMONDS AND PLATINUM

DIAMONDS AND GOLD

Other diamond wardrobe ideas:

CLIP, PIN OR BROOCH . . . fabulous or fascinatingly feminine. Designers are dreaming up delectable new ones all the time.

EARCLIPS . . . these can match, or complement, your clip or brooch. Or, you can choose two lovely little clips that double as ear adornments.

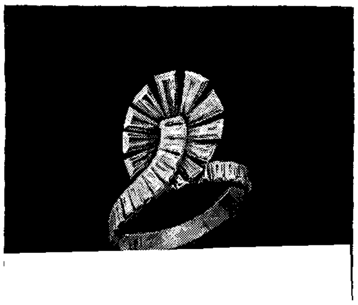
BRACELET OR WRIST WATCH . . . or both. A diamond wrist watch can become a diamond bracelet by adding a diamond at a time to a paneled metal band.

NECKLACE . . . this may be a breath-taking many-jeweled masterpiece. Or it may have a small beginning, with a single diamond on a slender chain. Diamonds can then be added from time to time.

Acquired one by one over the years, and usually on gift occasions, the jewel pieces in your diamond wardrobe will be treasures to cherish. Such a collection may be started modestly, of course. But modest or splendid, each jewel will have a lasting value.

Shown are designer's sketches, ideas in diamonds.

FANCY RING



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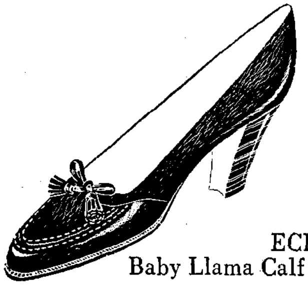

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by year, her fitted redingotes sway down the chassis in the smoothest way (Paris talks about the closer fit, but she's *always* done it) and her suits are nipped in at the waistline. The mood is trim by daytime, soft and swirling after five, and the becoming necklines make the most of bare shoulders and chests. Not for her the stark, untrimmed, high-necked numbers, unless they are very sheer indeed. Then we come to the triumphant Hattie Carnegie custom collection, which, though remaining completely in the spirit of its originator (particularly in those famous little suits with all that fine detail), has a new buoyancy and bounce, thanks to a number of transfusions of personnel that have been occurring all over the premises. The peppery Miss Carnegie would be delighted with the activity, not to mention the resultant beauty.

BUT let us go onward to a door-to-door peek at some of the cozy and expensive little retreats I have recently invaded. Nearly everything we'll come across is made to order, but model-sized sirens have been known to talk their way *right into the clothes the models are wearing.*

Chez Ninon (487 Park Avenue, at 58th) has French things that are paragons of understatement, to be made up in paragon fabrics. The assortment includes great numbers of Givenchys and Balenciagas that you're not likely to find elsewhere. One Givenchy is a charmer of a coat in white piqué that is heavily and horizontally ribbed. There are the tiniest of lapels, and black buttons go on down the bodice; next comes a high waistline, below which seams curve inward. Two of them are released on the front of the skirt to give it a little inverted-pleat pucker. The back is princesse. From Balenciaga arrives my favorite long-skirted evening dress, which is medieval, for the elbow-sleeved, scoop-necked top nips into the waistline and flares a trifle from there to the hipbones; the skirt is gathered. Balenciaga's bust-length matador bolero is all gold sequins and white chalk beads. It covers a dress of pale-blue silk that is all Line. Seams descend the front and then arch out on the hips, and heavy gathers below the deep U back induce a slight bustle effect. Balenciaga and Givenchy also contribute charming two-piece dresses (cloqué silk is a pet material) and suits so simple as to be indescribable. Lanvin-Castillo is responsible for a dream coat of princesse ancestry. I saw it in a bright-yellow wool, and I remember that little pocket flaps are placed on a high yoke seam that goes across the tops

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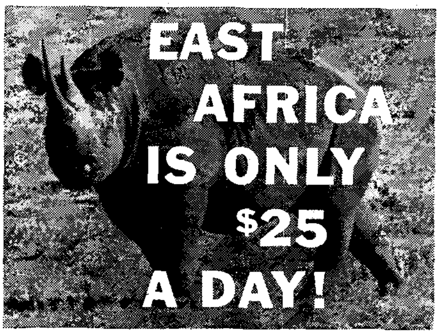

Why not go see the big game, the grandeur of the scenery, on a low-cost tour? Kilimanjaro, Zanzibar, Nairobi, Kampala . . . bring home life-time memories of them (pictures, too). Visit great game reserves . . . Queen Elizabeth Park, Murchison Falls. Also Mombasa, Dar es Salaam on the Indian Ocean. You'll be quite comfortable in modern hotels, safari lodges. Your Travel Agent can help you with itineraries, folders. Or write Dept. NY

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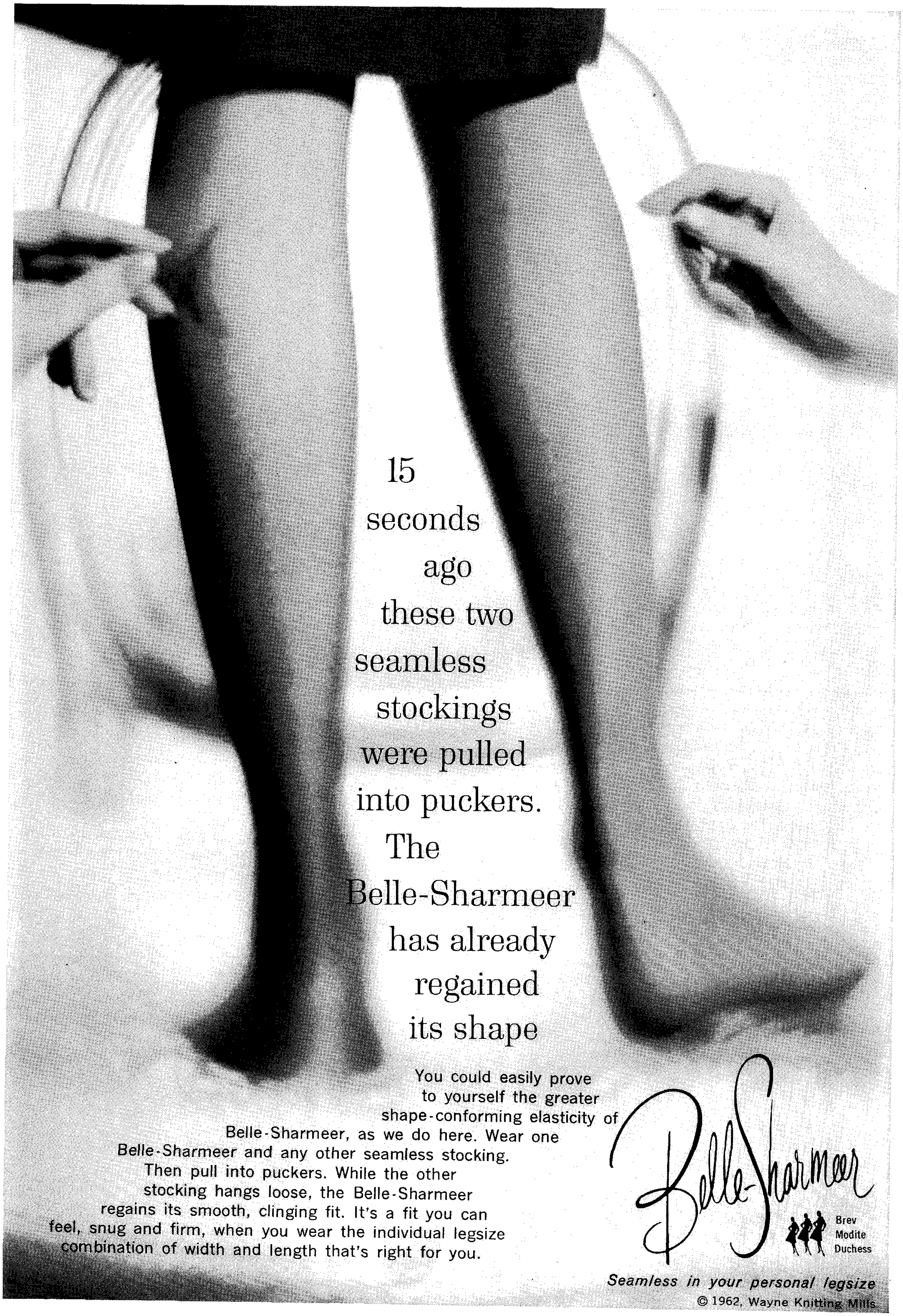

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of the arms. From Lanvin-Castillo, too, issues one of the most springlike full-skirted ball gowns in town; big white daisies and tiny yellow ones are hand-embroidered and hand-appliquéd all over the white organdie that makes it.

THE little shop called A La Carte, at 21 East 63rd, is as uninhibited as Chez Ninon is cool, and it uses unusual fabrics and giddy colors to give bounce to very, very simple lines. The stuff of the robe worn by Japanese priests makes a short evening coat with a wide panel down the front and slits at the sides above the hem; the sleeves are trimly set in, as is invariably the case here when there *are* sleeves. On hand as well are any number of obis, saris, and odd hand-woven materials ready to be made up into things, and I suspect the supply will shortly be augmented. There are wonderful day coats, several of which resemble two-piece suits. One shown in hyacinth wool has a middy fold around the hips to give this two-piece effect, and there are gathers below this fold at the sides in back; one of new-leaf-green wool has a sharp turnover collar, from which two rows of buttons climb down past the same hip fold. Bright yellow is the color of my true love's waffle wool, the fabric of a dress with picot ribbon in bright cerise around the prim neck, at the waist, and above the hem of the slightly belled skirt; periwinkle blue is the color of the wool in a dress with a fleur-de-lis appliqué in bright Kelly at the neck and hem. All the suits here are entirely lined with silk, often in a contrasting color. One of blue hand-woven raw silk has a lining of lavender silk. The whole place is as jolly as it is chic.

BOB BUGNAND, around the corner (19 East 62nd, to be precise), has been having a ball with really flaring gored skirts that don't exhibit the umbrella-rib sharpness of Norell; instead, the gores are worked and pressed so that they are curved inward for softness down the seams. White zibelline made by Staron (it looks like silk serge and is very tailorable) does a suit with an eight-gored skirt of this genre. The blouse, which is all black lace ruffles, has a casual belt (a Bugnand trademark this year) that's very wide and shiny and black, and knotted in front. A more earthy costume combines beige-and-white wool plaid with beige-and-white small checks. The checks do the top of the dress and the slanting horseshoe pockets on the wide skirt, and Bugnand's small, waist-length jacket is piped with the checks. Mr. B. is cur-

Alan Paine

From England — two
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Cardigan, about $30.
Pullover, about $25.

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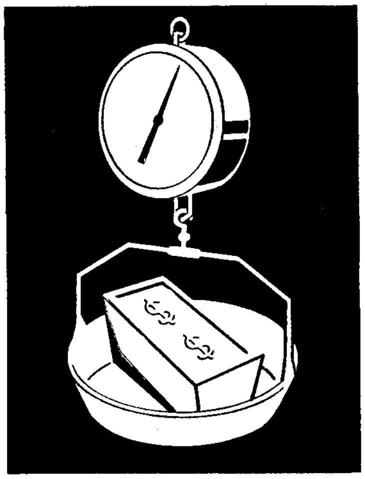

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rently infatuated with a trench coat for every time of day. It is distinguished by an inverted pleat below the yoke in back and a wide self tie slung through loops on the hips. (No war correspondent would wear the belt like that, but it's pretty authentic otherwise.) One I saw was in red wool gabardine, and it went with a long-waisted dress of slubbed silk that had white polka dots on red at the top and on blue at the bottom. He also does the coat in pink zibelline for evening, and in pink-and-white checked gingham (over a dress of black linen) in honor of another character whose initials are B.B. Frivolity is the purpose of his small lace ruffles. A dance dress of white organza has them running up and down the gores in the skirt. He dallies, too, with accordion pleating, pulled out to make it frilly at the edge. Several dance dresses of chiffon have three-tiered skirts of this, and one boasts a bertha to boot. Flowers get their due; a short, puffy-skirted dance dress of green net is entirely covered with pastel spring flora, the petals very curly and ragged. For formality, he stays with the prevalent pairing of short-waisted tops and contrasting slightly gathered ankle-length skirts; *he* fills in the gap between with wide, wrapped leather sashes. One beauty has a strapless top of velvet in a dark olive and a skirt of white organdie with green-leaf-and-black-branch appliqué; another, of white piqué, has scattered black and bronze beading on the bodice, plus brown cherries bob-bob-bobbing along. Everything is done to order in Paris in three weeks' time.

THE Hattie Carnegie "little" suit is too famous to need mention by the likes of me. New versions of it abound, sometimes with new versions of blouses. One blouse is all up-and-down small box pleats caught in at the waist and making a tiny peplum below. (This scheme also appears in one- and two-piece dresses.) The new suits start out with a waist-length jacket, dipping a bit in back; what is called a "dome" skirt, deliciously rounded out on the hips, with a waistband rising perceptibly in front, goes below. Navy is synonymous with spring, and I particularly loved a suit of blue wool with a blouse of white piqué. Fullness is apparent in the skirts of other suits. One, of a gray Staron silk tweed, has black heart-shaped buttons (this is the only time the Carnegie designers are black-hearted) and a skirt that flares all the way around because of its inverted pleats. Another is shown in a tan French Jacquard cotton with raised white dots; the jacket is cropped and

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the skirt has a deep inverted pleat in front to give it an A line.

The consensus is that the main fashion interest is provided this season by the skirts, so let's look at other skirts, which are involved in the Carnegie late-day and evening scene. One satin dance dress has a cowl neck that is graceful, all right, but my attention was riveted on the skirt, which goes into long, overlapping petals at the sides. Another dress (it's in apricot satin) has another arresting skirt, which wraps to one side and has a petal panel on the hip there. This production also has a new type of diagonal seaming through the midriff, gliding down the body without being (thank God) interrupted by a belt, and it flatters the diaphragm and stomach to the utmost. I am a bigot for this type of bias seaming. It appears all through the collection, sometimes almost in spiral effect. In the formal field, it breathes beautiful aplomb into two of the loveliest chiffons I've seen in a city that teems with them. One is shown in brown in columnar array except where it is draped up to a point under one breast. Bright-turquoise ribbon emphasizes the godets that cascade thence to the floor. The other is shown in a pale yellow—nice and elongated through the middle because of those diagonal seams—with matching ostrich fronds emerging all through the skirt to waft with the slightest breeze.

THERE'S a conspiracy to make me a convert to chiffon (I was a heretic), and you have probably gathered that the efforts have not been in vain. One of the high priestesses who have shown me the error of my ways is Eleanora Garnett, at 47 East 51st. Her clothes are made in Rome; a goodly supply in ready-to-wear sizes is on hand here, and other models can be expeditiously put together for you in Italy. The trouble is that her superb flaring coats, in particular, are taken home by customers so quickly that I can't be sure what will be on hand when you read this; all I can do is give you an idea. Anyway, in among the chiffons I glimpsed a dance dress in a blue-and-pink Paisley design with a full skirt and a wrapped waistband. It had a high top and short sleeves. Over it went a coat of royal raw silk with a deep inverted pleat below the armholes in back to produce one of the emphatic Garnett flares. Another dance dress was all grays, from silver to charcoal. Like almost everyone, the Signora is tempted by twin prints. In her version, the sheer print makes the *coat*, which is cut like a peignoir, very full in back and

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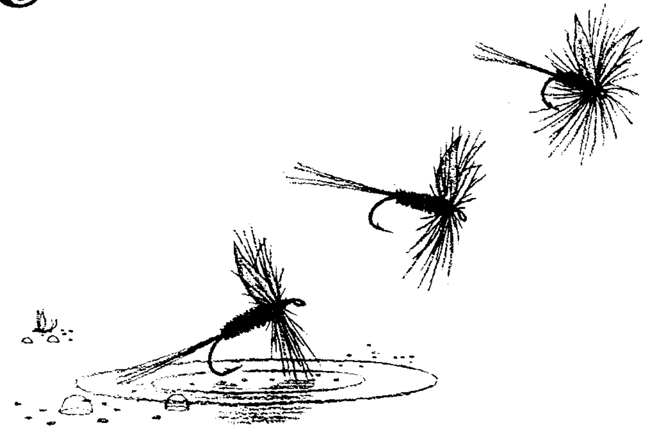

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Speeches, of course, lead to questions and off-the-cuff answers often lead to heated discussions. For example, someone may toss the panel a question like "Whatever happened to the Soaring Sixties?" Before you know it, there's a lively debate going that might touch on everything from local labor to international politics.

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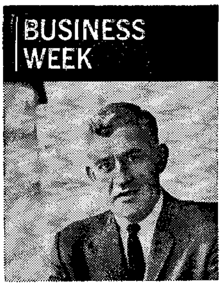

casually tied around the band neck; the shantung dress—all muted yellow-browns, greenish browns, and cocoa—has a full, circular skirt, and cocoa velvet ribbon does one slanting shoulder strap. Another chiffon dance dress, black this time, has wide shoulder straps, an elongated, willowy middle, and a flounce that is layer on layer of chiffon in handkerchief points, rising nearly to one hip from a very low start. Miscellany in a gala collection: A slender boat-necked dress of rather sheer white linen with huge black splotches (some more than seven inches across) has pleats around the hips and a wide, box-pleated front panel. One of Garnett's perfect coats is narrow-shouldered and has set-in sleeves. It drops, in moderate princesse fashion, to a slightly flaring hem; two self bows, one at the collarless neckline and one shortly below, make it look high-waisted. I saw it in bright-pink shantung.

YOU don't catch any of Oldric Royce's customers standing for gathered puckers or wide belts around their diaphragms; they count on him to make them look slender through the middle, especially in profile. One of his many artifices is a sidelong approach (which attenuates a woman) with diagonal lines, as in a dress of pale-blue tweed pulled up to one hip and draped up above that to a couple of tabs on the shoulder. A tiny cape, extending just to the middle of the upper arms, fastens under one of these tabs. Royce is interested in a new Staron fabric called Machecoulis, which looks like a loose-weave linen and is virtually uncrushable. I saw it in two costumes. One has a straight coat, unlined and collarless, of royal blue, with outward, stitched tucks at each side, front and back, and similar tucks on the flaring short sleeves. It was shown over a two-piece dress of blush-pink Dupioni. The second costume has an open, straight-hanging bolero, and those outward tucks add to the flare in both the skirt and the sleeves of the jacket. By eventide, Royce begins to like sheer, long-sleeved coats over dresses of more substantial fabrics. A dress of navy crêpe print (American Beauty roses) has the same roses appliquéd on the navy organza of the straight-hanging, long-sleeved coat. Royce does a masterly black-and-white dinner combination (despite all my prating about fanciful color, black and white looks great) in the form of a white cloqué silk coat over a black chiffon dress with tucks all around it and a big chiffon bow with cascading ends on one hip. Always an expert at the ball

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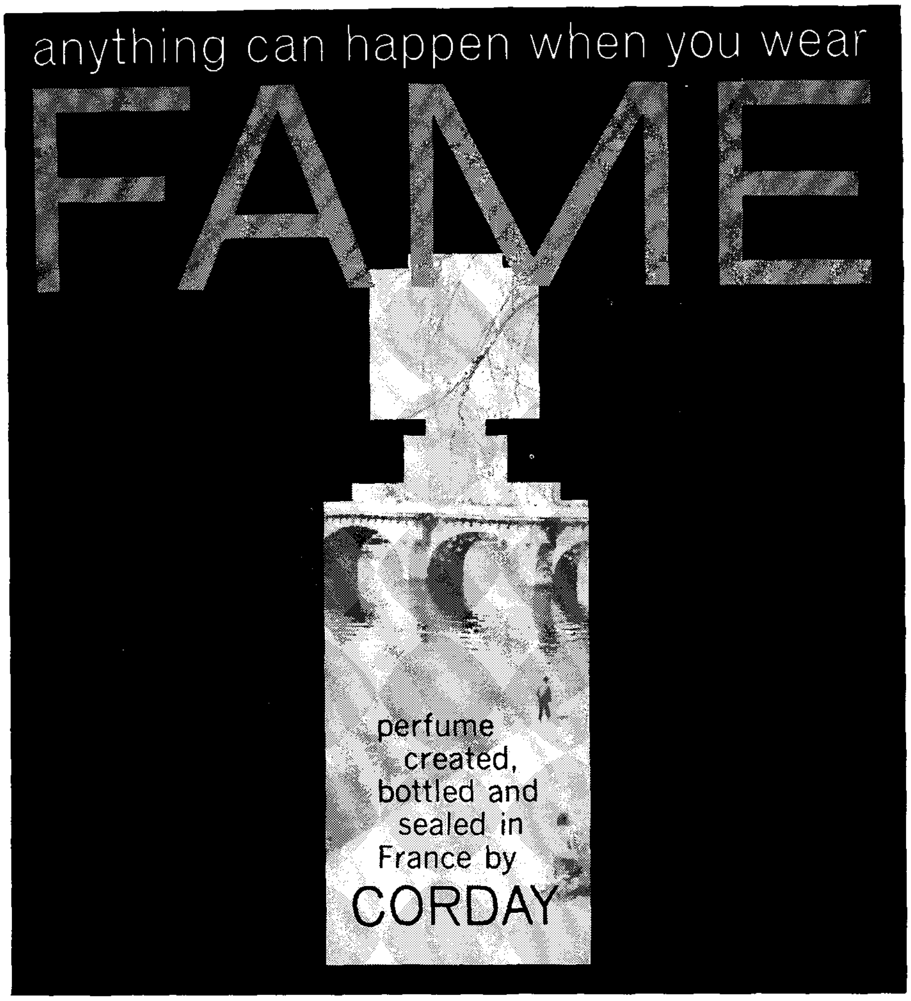
gown, he proffers one in white nylon net that is hand-painted with a charcoal rose pattern and is given swirls of black organza to emphasize the petal detail. This has an orange cummerbund and a full skirt, pouting out in back. I've written "meticulous detail" many times in my life, but I have to say it again, here and now. —Lois Long

THIS AND THAT

The Marrying Kind

WEDDING dresses that will be added to the trousseau as evening frocks instead of aging in an attic trunk are practical (if not poetic), for who has an attic nowadays? Bergdorf Goodman's bridal salon has got around to simple, summery, and—I might as well add—delightful wedding gowns of the sort, just in case this year's mating season is not called on account of rain. They run from size 3 to size 20, and may be ordered in combinations thereof—a 10 top, 12 hips, and whatever waist. White cotton brocade from Switzerland does a scoop-neck, short-sleeved dress with a pseudo double-breasted closing that goes part-way down the long bell skirt. Two small, flat satin bows sit at the sides, waist-high. It's $135, the least price here, and quite a way from the top one. Rows of écru Cluny-type lace and écru embroidered leaves go down the front of a dress of eggshell Moygashel linen. There are a bateau neck and above-elbow sleeves, and the linen belt ties in a bow. A gown of white ribbed piqué is outlined along the high, square neck, the sides, and the bouffant train by narrow bands of Irish crochet-type lace. White daisy embroidery wanders about a dress composed of double layers of frosty white organdie that is plainly for a wide-eyed and very young bride. Larger daisies are visible at the tall, round neck. A lantern-sleeved gown of white organza is encrusted with embroidered berries and leaves of Alençon-type lace. These dresses may be accompanied by headpieces with veils of white French silk illusion that carry out the floral theme—Dutch caps of organdie dotted with embroidered daisies and big bows of silk illusion that are caught at the knots with berries and greenery. (The veils are made to order.) An ivory silk linen with a wide V neck all the way around sprouts matching cabbage roses at the hem; roses and streamers adorn the detachable slit train, which is of linen. More elaborate and romantic are the strapless dresses and the bolero jackets of white silk organza embroidered with swags that are held—the ultimate touch—by lovebirds. The wedding dresses and the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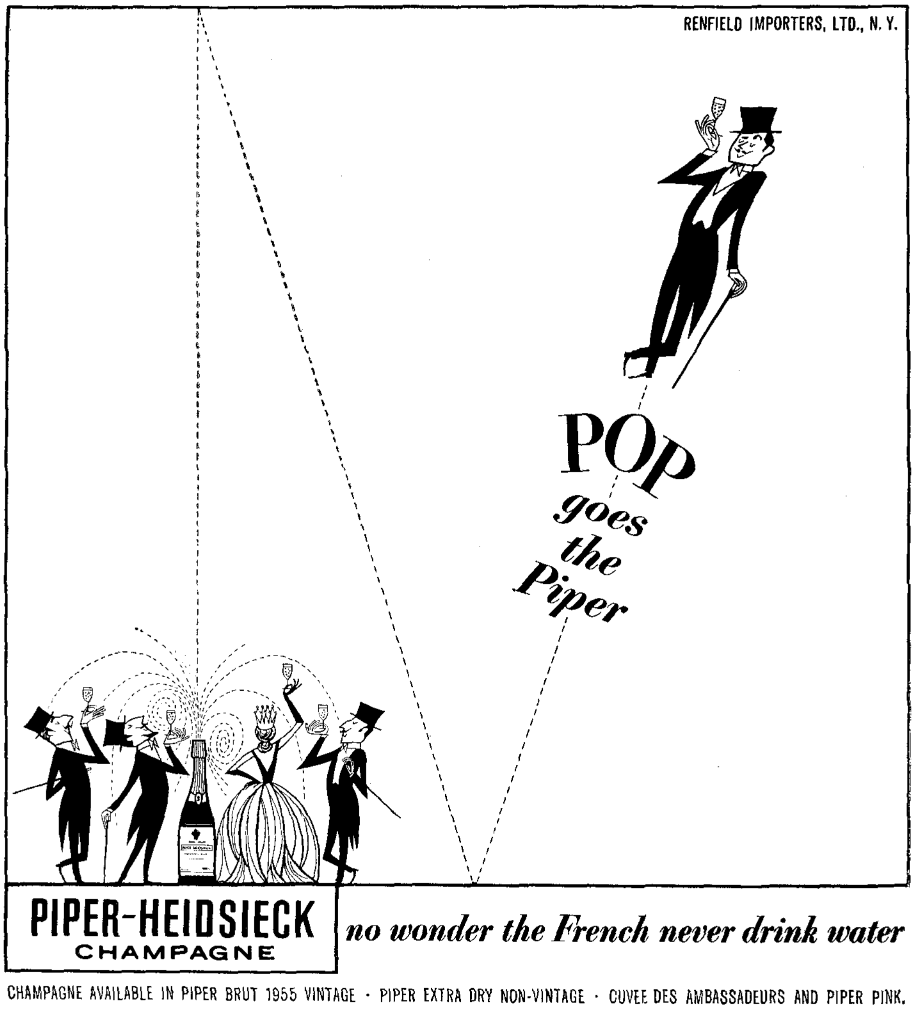
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custom veils (from $100) take a month; ready-to-wear veils (from $45) take ten days.

WILLIAM J., who now resides in a jungle of tropical flowers and plants in Studio 1001 of Carnegie Hall (the best entrance is 881 Seventh Avenue, at 56th), is doing custom wedding veils as a pastime. They are slender at the sides and intended for sheath dresses. White net coifs with detachable point-d'esprit veils descending to the knees could later become hats and scarves. Coifs of Chantilly-type lace permanently secured to a face veil and a three-quarter veil, both of tulle, are scalloped at the hems. Victorian bonnets—alternating rows of white horsehair and flaky straw—have enormous bows of white organdie at the nape and organdie bonnet strings under the chin. No veil, but white organdie flowers with pink-and-green leaves nestle inside the crowns. Short mantillas of Chantilly-type lace, mounted on wire loops instead of combs, are provided with headbands of velvet or tulle to match the wearer's hair. Imposing mantillas of Belgian lace that sweep down into trains are attached to Princess Eugénie crowns—crystal-bead flowers, pearlized leaves, wisps of fraudulent aigrettes, and real white coq feathers tipped with iridescent teardrops. They're airy and not as fussy as they sound. For bridesmaids, Mr. J. is in favor of cartwheels or hats with drooping brims (twenty-two inches across, whichever kind you choose) of horsehair or Milan-type straw. The vast wired and draped taffeta bows at the front of their low, round crowns (a throwback to the early twentieth century) duplicate the color of the dress; the hats are in a lighter shade. These are $35, and can be turned out in three days; the veils, which run between $45 and $450, also run between a day and two weeks. William J. operates only by appointment—Circle 5-8956.

THE Gazebo, at 27 East 67th Street, will arrange right-out-of-the-garden flowers for weddings, and none of them wired. Bouffant bridal bouquets (fourteen inches wide) make use of white daisies and baby's-breath, or else of—all together—white carnations, pink freesias, pink and white roses, and forget-me-nots, which the Gazebo will wrap in the lace (starched) of the wedding veil or the fabric of the wedding gown. For bridesmaids, there are tight cluster bouquets of yellow roses, yellow ranunculus, yellow-to-bronze freesias, white daisies, and coral carnations, or symphonies in lavender and purple—

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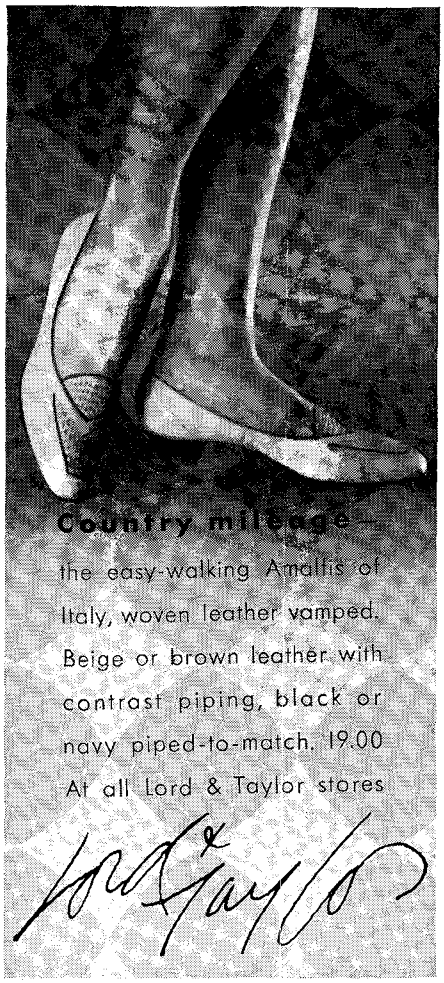

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sweet peas, pansies, freesias, carnations, and lace flowers—swathed in white-and-gold brocade. For flower girls, there are white wicker baskets of sweet peas, pansies, freesias, lace flowers (all lavender), and purple anemones, or of yellow and gold marigolds, yellow freesias, yellow ranunculus, and green mignonette. Ribbons with floral embroidery, from France and Switzerland, are attached to each and every one. The bridal bouquets range from $35 to $75, the bridesmaids' bouquets from $30 to $55; the flower girls' baskets hover around $15.

BENDEL's new Cachet Shop, which is ready-to-wear, isn't thinking about weddings at all. Good-looking wraparound raincoats (for day or evening) have standaway collars, plus kimono sleeves that stop at the elbows. These are of black, red, or white wool jersey; $60. Sportier ones, of white or beige cotton poplin, with trim turnover collars, long, slender sleeves, and immense buttoned patch pockets, are $30 for three-quarter length and $35 when they go farther down. Bias scoop-neck sheaths with broad pleated ruffles over the bosom are for both the beach and the street. They're of India cottons—mustard, blueberry, gold, and charcoal solid colors, or diagonal stripes, mostly red. Short-sleeved pyramid dresses of faded-blue denim have navy patch pockets. Cachet Reserve is Bendel's name for goods of its own design, which can be picked off the racks, or done to order (there's a book of swatches) if you can spare two weeks. Among them are long shifts of white cotton, without collars or sleeves, in an enormous black poppy print. They're piped in black velvet to match the string sash. Ankle-length shirt dresses evolve out of a blend of white cotton-and-silk with wavy dark-blue stripes. Casual jackets of navy denim are lined with perky red bandana cotton to match the long skirts. Similar but more formal jackets of red cotton velvet have linings of white cotton on which sprays of red carnations and yellow daisies appear. The long sheaths that go with the jackets are of the flowered cotton. Cachet Reserve ensembles add up to $105 and $115, but anything may be bought as a separate. Sizes are 6 to 16.

THE Five Four Shop, at Lord & Taylor, has suits and dresses designed by Estevez for both short and short-waisted women, sizes 6 to 16. Cocoa silk upon which black polka dots are showered makes halter-neck dresses with whirlaway swirling skirts that can

"Oh Switzerland! The further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it and the sheer joy of it and the glory and the majesty and solemnity and pathos of it grow.... There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world, but only these take you by the heartstrings. I wonder what the secret of it is. Well, time and again it has seemed to me that I must drop everything and flee to Switzerland once more. It is a longing—a deep, strong, tugging longing—that is the word. We must go there again....."

Mark Twain

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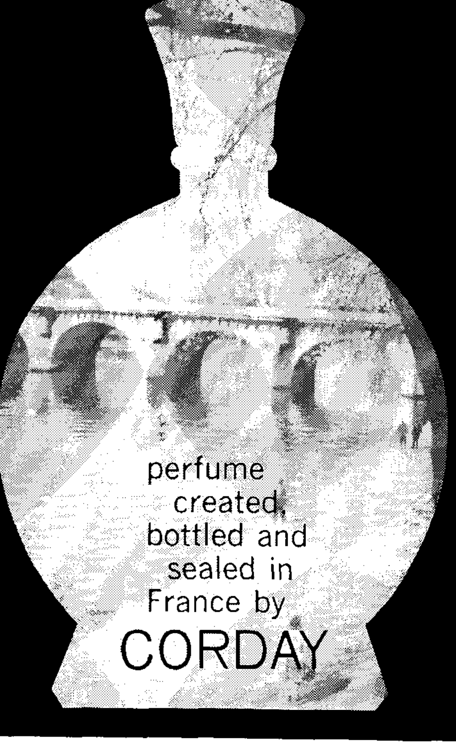

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begin the day on a shopping tour (short-sleeved boleros go above them then) and end it at dinner and an opening night. Twosomes of silk-and-cotton—brief décolleté jackets with broad fence collars and bodices of pink-and-white checked cotton, plus slender skirts in rose—would do for country-club life, if there is any left. Afternoon dresses of surah in a pattern of black and brown leaves are pointed up below their round necks by big, droopy self bows. For life after five, and there's still plenty of that, we find a trio of slim or full-skirted dresses in silk-and-cotton that are typical of Señor E.'s art—slashes between the knotted bands over the chest, slashes on the shoulder blades, or slashes that go down to the waist in back. The dresses are done in several Easter-egg colors, but I liked them best in black. The going rates for the Estevez collection are $40 to $110.

THE Queen of Diamonds, at 33 St. Marks Place, near Second Avenue, devotes a lot of time to bead jewelry. If you don't see what you want, ask for it and it shall be done. Chokers appear (without asking) in combinations of semiprecious carnelians, bloodstones, Korean green jade, rose quartz, yellow amber, and ivory; $16.50, federal tax included. Necklaces twenty-one inches long are of bits and pieces of red coral and blobs of make-believe lapis lazuli. Opera-length ones (twenty-four inches) mingle this lapis with Hindu carved gold-metal balls. Earrings, too—hoops of clear glass that looks like quartz (rose and such), bunches of pendent grapes (any old color), and chandeliers (slivers of sapphire glass set in silver filagree). Among the oddments for the youngest customers are intricate chokers or rope necklaces ending in a tassel of unpolished jet. Cleopatra head-dresses of black bamboo tubes and mauve wooden beads (for masquerades or movie premières, surely) look like old-fashioned bead curtains.

DE PINNA'S recently arrived For Cherubs Only corner deals with little boys sizes 3 to 7 and little girls up to 14. Ladies before gentlemen, so the first items are middy dresses of white bird's-eye piqué (they do, though, bring to mind the French Navy) that hang straight down the body but flip out at the hem. The collars and armholes are piped with bright-blue cotton; orange stripes roam the gilets; orange soutache braid makes the ties; orange pompons are planted on top of the piqué sailor caps. Shorts and long-sleeved tunics (for the French Riviera, not the French

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Navy) are of jersey in red, white, and blue stripes. Bands of white crocheted cotton and tassels appear at the hem. Snug-on-the-hips trousers of aqua-and-white or yellow-and-white silk-cotton-and-rayon tweed are mated with ruffled six-tier bodices of white eyelet-embroidered cotton. Giddy maillots, bathing dresses, and beach shirts—well, they're of turquoise cotton with chartreuse and Shocking-pink birds in chartreuse and pale-pink cages—finish off the girls' list. Boys and girls together are allowed the reversible hooded sailing jackets of water-repellent duck (red, white, and blue stripes) on one side and white terry cloth on the other. The deck pants of striped duck are non-reversible and (but who cares?) non-water-repellent. Only the boys are allowed the grown-up single-breasted jackets and shorts that will do for the beach, for class, for the Hayden Planetarium, and for visits to Ookie, at the Aquarium. These are of faded-blue denim with flap pockets or of blue-and-white striped seersucker with patch pockets. Ice-cream suits, for such ordeals as birthdays and Sunday school, are of a nubbly beige silk-and-rayon. They fasten with natural bone buttons. Good news: All the suits can go in the washing machine.

THE Young World, which is Bloomingdale's way of handling child psychology, has an abundant crop of Sally Victor Junior hats of ersatz straw for girls from the age of three on into the age of terror, the teens. In the youngest bracket are white poke bonnets whose wavy brims are wreathed with daisies, poppies, and forget-me-nots. Poppies, bachelor's-buttons, buttercups, and yellow snowdrops are plain to see on the medium-crown rollers in natural straw with narrow upturned and scalloped brims. Small bows of red grosgrain and velvet pinch in the crowns of white moppet caps. Beehives of white popcorn straw are bound at the base with navy grosgrain ribbon. Black velvet streamers tipped with three fat about-to-bloom buds dangle down the back of picture hats done in fake leghorn. The top price is $10.95. —M. M.

•

CLARKSVILLE, ARK. (AP).—The mystery of human footprints in stone are no nearer a solution today than when they were discovered in 1850. The footprints are on the top and side of a huge stone on a farm in Johnson County. The stone is six feet wide and ten feet high and geologists say it has been there for hundreds of years.
oof —*The Herald Tribune.*

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change in Dressing-Up to Go-Out

Wives know it was about time, husbands seem to have more fun. This change: Night-Out Blue, a new black-blue tropical that is an executive whirl-wind up to 5 P.M., the life of whatever the missus plans for the evening. A stripe, check, plaid in Dacron polyester-worsted, $90.

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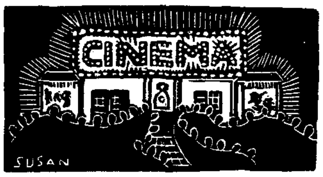
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Men in Trouble

I REMEMBER the play "Sweet Bird of Youth" as revealing our most celebrated playwright at his incomparable worst—Tennessee Williams, the mad surgeon of dramaturgy, rushing about the stage and performing ghastly mutilations on his hero and his hero's girl friend while his heroine, an aging, alcoholic Hollywood actress, is kept alive by repeated applications of booze, dope, oxygen, and sex. A revolting play, quite unbelievable, and I'm glad to say that it appears to have marked the end of Dr. Williams' quack-medical phase. Now Richard Brooks has written and directed a screen version of "Sweet Bird," and while the subject matter has been tubbed and damp-dried to the point of being practically ladies'-magazine material—still shocking, that is, but shocking in a fashionable way (a sadistic attack on the hero, filmed with inexcusable relish, causes him to lose his good looks but not his masculinity)—the picture is even more unbelievable than the play. Building on a fake foundation, Mr. Brooks has erected a fake structure of enormous size, which a child of five could push over with one hand. Taken seriously, it is an absurdity, and I predict that it will be the box-office smasheroo of '62.



Paul Newman and Geraldine Page repeat the roles they created on Broadway. Mr. Newman is Chance Wayne, ex-bartender, ex-extra, and current beach boy and gigolo; Miss Page is Alexandra Del Lago, the battered actress whom the beach boy attempts to use as a means of making good in Hollywood. Someday I hope to see Mr. Newman in a picture that doesn't require him to take off his shirt; here it is off most of the time, and if his chest isn't being fumbled at and crooned over by Miss Page, it is being fumbled at and crooned over by a young blonde named Shirley Knight, who plays the part of his once innocent girl friend, Heavenly Finley. An actor can't do much more than feel ticklish under such circumstances, and I think I detected an occasional look of desperate longing on Mr. Newman's face, as if he were thinking how nice it would be to be ugly and fat and middle-aged and allowed simply to *act*. Miss Page has the conventionally juicy role of fading star and squeezes the last drop of pleasure out of it; now and then, by force of personality and as if unbeknownst to her employers, she brings a dead line to life, but by the time she reaches her climactic scene, in which a long-distance conversation with Walter Winchell (I assure you I am telling the gospel truth) convinces her that, far from having been a flop in her last picture, she has scored her greatest hit, she plays it in a way that is reminiscent of Shelley Berman and *his* telephone soliloquies.

Ed Begley is Heavenly's father, a crooked political boss; Rip Torn is her witless, cruel brother; and Mildred Dunnock is her witless, kindly aunt. They don't so much overact as give their all to overwritten parts. I would say that I was sorry for them, but the fact is that they seem to have enjoyed themselves. Maybe they knew, as I didn't, that the picture was going to have a happy ending: Chance and Heavenly, one a bum and the other a dolt, go off together into the night—to marry, I fear, and raise a jumble of Jukes.

THE handsome young man who gives his name to "Bell' Antonio" has even more to worry about than Chance Wayne. He comes of a long line of self-celebrating Sicilian Don Juans, and on returning home from several years of supposed incessant conquests in Rome he is expected by his proud parents and friends to imperil the virtue of every marriageable girl in town. But, alas, poor Antonio has a secret, and it is that, cherished by his mother and intimidated by his father, he is incapable of making love to "nice" girls. In terror of being found out, he marries a girl so innocent that she sees nothing exceptional about a relationship that stops with romping and kissing. Soon enough, however, she catches on, and Antonio's problem becomes a public scandal. The picture moves slowly through the gray reaches of his wretchedness as he loses his wife to another man and his lusty father to death; finally, he gains a second wife in the person of a servant girl, whom, since she is socially beneath him, he is able to get with child, but whom he doesn't love. Directed by Mauro Bolognini, from a screenplay by Pier Paolo Pasolini and Gino Vissentini, "Bell' Antonio" never makes up its mind whether to be a comedy or a tragedy and so fails to be either. Marcello Mastroianni plays Antonio, and a thoroughly subdued Claudia Cardinale plays the pure girl he marries. The picture is stolen by Pierre Brasseur, as the father, and by the city of Catania, in and about which this melancholy tale unfolds.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

[STORMY APPLAUSE] IN MOSCOW

[*Transcript of a speech delivered to the Twenty-second Communist Party Congress by Mikhail Sholokhov*]

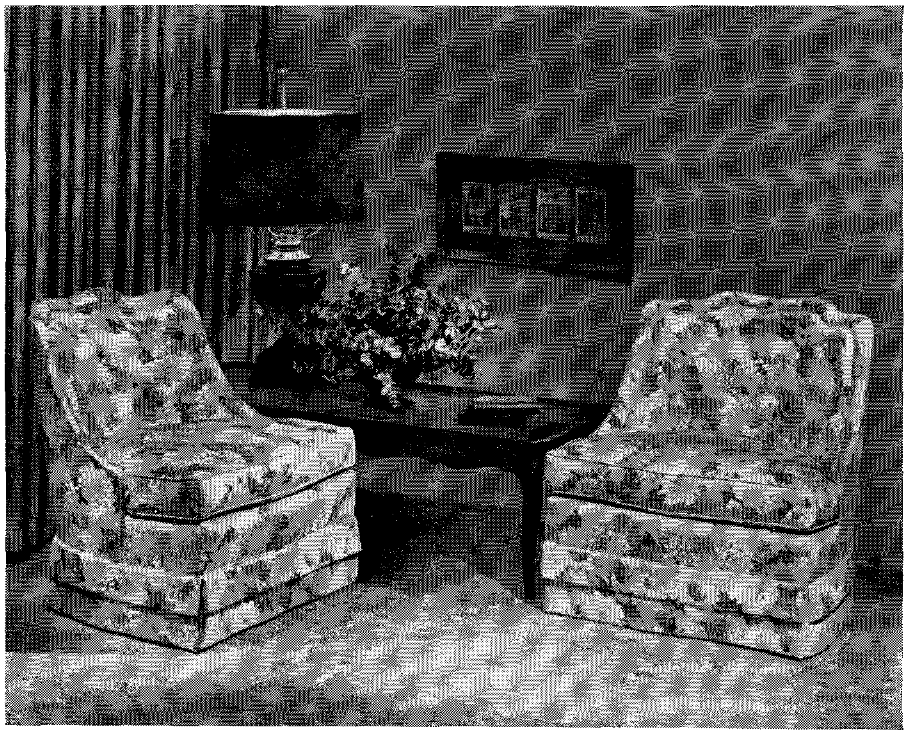
Dear comrade delegates! I believe I shall be speaking for all of you when I say that during these significant days of the Congress, as we adopt the new Program of our Leninist Party, life itself, the life of the Soviet people, seems to have acquired a new and special meaning. It is as if a fresh, bracing wind were blowing in our faces, unfolding before us shining horizons that beckon to us; we breathe more easily and deeply, and we clearly discern the contours of the desired future we shall undoubtedly attain within the next twenty years. [Stormy applause.]

How wonderfully magnificent and noble is the Program, the content and essence of which are designed to make toiling mankind happy and joyful.

How can one help saying thank you from the bottom of one's heart to those who drew up that Program, to those who embodied the dreams and age-old aspirations of the people in a clear-cut goal, foreseeing in Leninist fashion both our near future and our distant future, our cherished future. And, first and foremost, how can we help expressing our gratitude to the main designer of the Program, to our Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev! [Stormy applause.] I might use warmer words, dear Nikita Sergeyevich, but our personal friendship and my high regard for you somehow make that hard to do [laughter, stormy applause], and here are clearly obstacles. Besides, friendly love between men is always somewhat taciturn. [Laughter, stormy applause.]

When you stop to think of what our great Party has overcome and accomplished and what it still has to accomplish, honestly, a lump rises in your throat—it is all so fine! [Stormy applause.] And if, honestly speaking, you sometimes get to thinking about how proud you are of your Party and the Soviet people, and involuntarily you exclaim, with the rather rough tenderness you use in speaking to those you love, "How gifted you are, my dear people! And how strong you are, damn you, how strong in every way!" [Laughter, stormy applause.]

We all know that history has given us the job of scaling the steep slope leading to Communism. We also know that from time to time the going will be hard, and the strain will make our mouths dry. But think of the hitherto unknown horizons that will unfold before us from the summit of that height. And from what vivifying and healing springs will our weary yet always cheerful travellers drink! [Stormy applause.]



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THE BRIDE IN THE CREEK

MADNESS was something we saw a lot of in the Australian outback. The first case I remember was that of Henry, who worked on my father's farm. We knew there was something strange about Henry, because he liked to eat platefuls of baked suet. Whenever a sheep was killed, Henry would ask my father to clean out the white fat that clung to the red cave of the sheep's belly like stone lace, and then he would ask my mother to bake it. Transferred to the oven, it swelled and became crisp and brown, and Henry would *stand and eat it crunchingly*, slowly, with a knife and fork, plate after plate. We children used to watch him with astonishment, because the amount he ate seemed huge, although in weight it was probably not extraordinary. It was like eating spun sugar, and the fact that the eating was done with a knife and fork made the process elaborate and grotesque.

I think Henry was unbalanced before he came to us, but we were never sure. My father tended to be tough with sensitive people. One cold morning, he discovered Henry on the ground, frozen with the frost, staring angrily at the sky. My father hauled him to his feet and shook him. Henry apparently shook my father back, because there was some kind of a scuffle, which my father, who was slim compared to Henry but about the same height, described later as a psychological test. For a long time I believed, having seen films of the Wild West, that they had stared tensely at each other until Henry dropped his eyes and sullenly went back to work, but later, when I learned something of the relation between employer and employee, I laid less emphasis on the strength of my father's character.

Henry was good to children. We used to go into the paddocks and pick mallee roots together, and he showed me how to find the juiciest grubs in the roots and cook them as the aborigines do. They tasted like roasted peanuts. One day, however, I was watching Henry chopping wood, and I asked him a question that produced the first sign, for me, that he was reaching a crisis. The question was something like "Do you like chopping wood?" Usually he would answer a question like that with "It's not the greatest job in the world," or "Good for your muscles, son," or "Better than cracking stones," or even, with a smile, "I'm just keeping the handle warm for you." He always threw the question back to me, but this time he looked sur-

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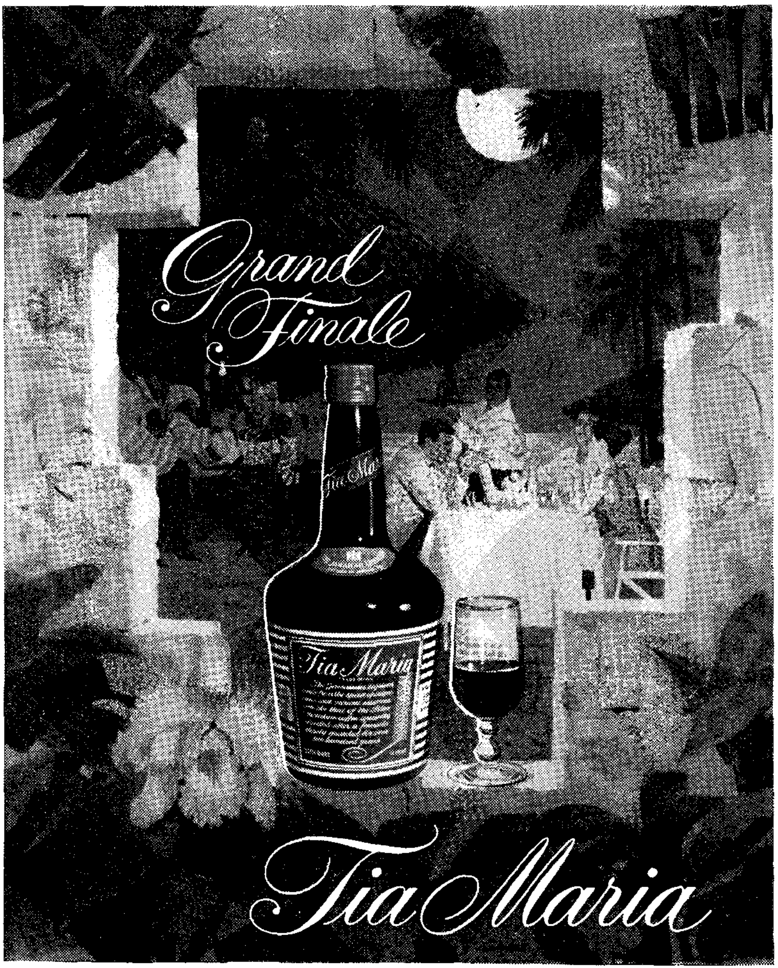
prised and, with his mouth dropping open, stopped chopping and stared at me. I didn't repeat the question, because he seemed to have heard it, but after a while he asked, "What did you say?," and I became frightened, because I knew I had in some way angered or hurt him. But I repeated the question. Suddenly he swung the axe in the air, whirling it above his head, spinning around and around as he did so, until he stumbled over the log he was using as a chopping block and fell to the ground. Without looking at me, he quickly got to his feet and went on chopping. I sidled off. When I told my parents what had happened, they said—this was before my father found that Henry "took" fits—that he was probably playing, but I knew he hadn't been.

The climax came when Henry locked himself in his small room with an axe, knives, and a gun and refused to come out, saying that he would kill himself. Someone rang for the police, who were thirty miles away, and while we waited, my father and some neighbors tried to entice Henry out. He just shouted "No!" Finally, the police came. They broke into the room and came out with Henry, helpless in a strait jacket. He stumbled between the two policemen, and his face, which was covered with blood, looked as if he were crying, although there was no sound of sobbing and no sight of tears. Apparently, he had been hitting himself on the head with the axe. We all thought that he could have killed himself quite easily if he had used the knives or the gun. But perhaps he wanted only to hurt himself.

NOT long after Henry was taken away, Joe Robbins "went mad." Joe was a strikebreaker; at least, that was the dramatic description of him used in the neighborhood. Technically, he was just a shearer who had worked when the others were on strike for higher pay, but the fact that he was a shearer was hardly ever mentioned when his name came up. He was called either a strikebreaker, as if it were his profession, or an Englishman, when people spoke of him. Each description was meant to convey something inexplicable.

Joe was a thin, small man, with a sharp face and red skin. His skin was unusual for a shearer; most shearers were pale, from working indoors in heat, and their skin glistened from the oil in the wool. He wore shoes with pointed toes, which was another thing different about him; most of the shear-



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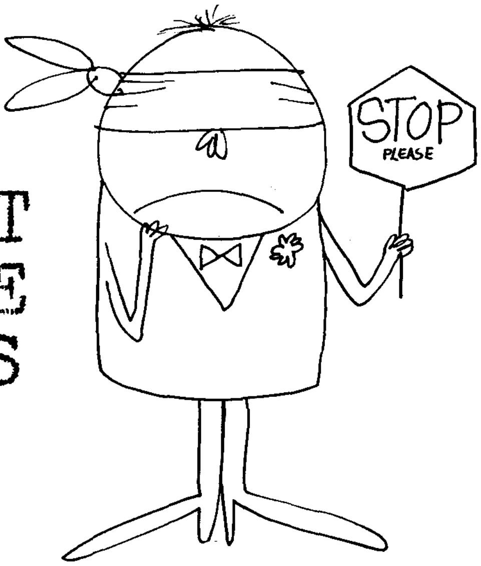

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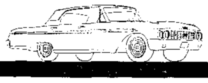

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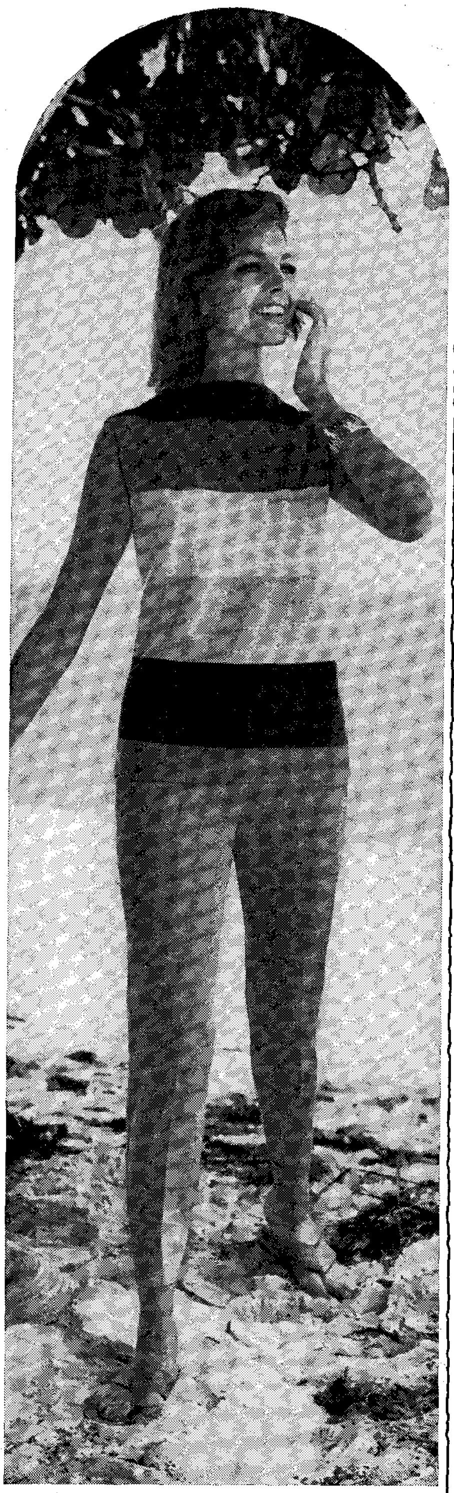

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ers wore light sneakers. His trouser legs were about twenty-four inches in width at the bottom, which even in the Oxford-bag period looked wide. With his small feet and pointed shoes, he had a dainty look, like a dandy sailor.

He came to shear at our place more than once, but when the trouble with the shearers broke he was elsewhere. The shearers went on strike for higher wages; the contractors sacked them in a body and looked for new men. They did not succeed in finding them, even though this was depression time, so they went to each shearer individually, asking if he would come back at slightly higher wages but without establishing a principle. Joe was the only one who did, but newcomers from outside the district joined him, and the strike was broken. My father was grateful to Joe, and didn't mind paying extra wages when the team came to our place. He used to say it was hard for farmers to have abiding principles because their income was so seasonal. After the shearing, Joe went back to his own work, which was, during the off season, that of a mechanic in a breakdown garage.

A week later, the local newspaper reported that Joe had been in a fight, which had put him into hospital. When he came out, he sued two men for assault, losing the case. The magistrate decided there was no way of knowing whether the two men had provoked Joe or merely had defended themselves vigorously against him. The language that had started the fight was handed up to the magistrate on slips of paper, so no one knew exactly what the provocation was. The odd thing was that one of the men was a union organizer in the district and the other was a farmer whose sheep Joe had broken the strike to shear.

Joe got into more and more fights. It became quite the normal thing for him to be in a fight. On almost every public occasion, when the men got to drinking, swigging beer out of bottles, some group would start talking about Joe Robbins, someone would get angry, and Joe would be sought out in some way and fought. Joe drank very little, which was a help to him, as most of the men he fought, or had to fight, were bigger than he was. There was little satisfaction, however, in beating a drunken man, which he often did if the fight went to an end.

Eventually, people began talking about Joe in a different vein. "Well, I don't hold it against him for being an Englishman," you'd hear them say. "After all, we're all from good British stock. And there are two points of view

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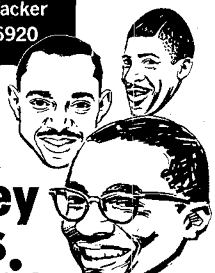

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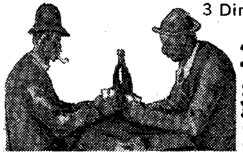

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on this strikebreaking business. Some of the chaps were honest enough, though there were Bolsheviks behind it, too, mark my word. But what I can't stand is the way he goes around bragging about winning fights. It's enough to put anyone's back up."

Actually, it's hard to know how much bragging Joe did. Every time I saw him, he looked morose and quiet. He had no friends. He was a tetchy, argumentative sort of fellow, with a sneer always close to his lips, but he didn't *say* much, as far as I could see. He had not been a braggart before the strike.

When, finally, a friend of ours fought with him, it seemed obvious that Joe would have to leave the district, for our friend, a gymnast, was the most amiable of men because his physique and good looks were generally admired. He said Joe had said "Good morning!" in a shop one day in such a way that he seemed to be testing the gymnast's attitude toward him. Our friend answered "Good morning" in a way that he admitted was meant to irritate Joe. He said he meant to convey to Joe by saying "Good morning" in a very level way that he could not be forced into respect. Anyway, before anyone knew what was happening, the two men were scuffling. Our friend walked off after a few punches, angry with himself, leaving Joe winded on the floor.

After that, Joe went away. We did not know where he had gone, and although there was some talk about his disappearance, his name soon slipped out of conversation. It was as if he had been part of our society only because of the trouble he caused it. He had owned so little and lived in such obscure friendlessness that no one knew the nature of his absence.

Then a rider looking for stray cattle found him in the scrub, dead. There were no marks on his body, and he ap-

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peared to have died from thirst. Backtracking his journey, searchers found that he had walked for miles in a semicircle, and it was at first assumed that he had wandered there, either lost or in a delirium, after setting off, for reasons unknown, into the bush. Then a gun was found near where the body had been lying. It was an automatic revolver, fully loaded. On each bullet were initials scratched with what seemed like the point of a pin. The initials were those of people Joe had fought.

So a new theory arose. He must have gone off one night with the intention of shooting his enemies in one long, horrible sweep, and got lost. There was also a counter-theory, proposed by people who, according to my father, enjoyed complicating life. This was that Joe had intended to commit suicide and thus condemn his adversaries by his own death but had lost courage as well as his way. Within this group, some psychological deviationists posed an alternative—that Joe had not lost his way but had wandered locked in thought, and had finally died not from thirst but of fright at the prospect of suicide and the overwhelming loneliness of the bush. The local schoolteacher, who was one who held this view, cited D. H. Lawrence's fear of the Australian bush, recounted in "Kangaroo," and pointed out that Joe had been timid, which was, he explained carefully, part of his "aggressiveness."

But the coroner showed himself to be a man who believed that death was an occasion for quick dispatch of the dead rather than painful probing of the living. He declared Joe to have been insane, and, relieved, the district settled down to explaining it all that way.

THERE was some doubt about the Reverend Mr. Clarrify. Was he mad or not? My father thought he was a logical and coherent man, and my mother thought his sermons were inspiriting. But no one could get over the incident of the case of rotten oranges.

Reverend Clarrify ordered a case of oranges from the greengrocer, and when it was delivered he noticed that some of the oranges were bad. The minister called the shop, speaking clearly and unemotionally, and explained that some of the oranges were bad and he was afraid they would contaminate the rest. The greengrocer, Mr. Hottle, said he would send around fresh ones right away, and suggested that in the meantime the Reverend throw out the bad ones. Mr. Clarrify declined to do

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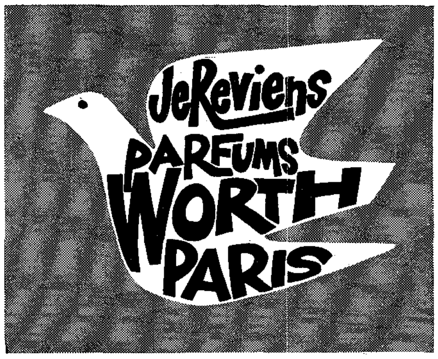

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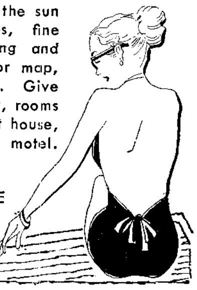

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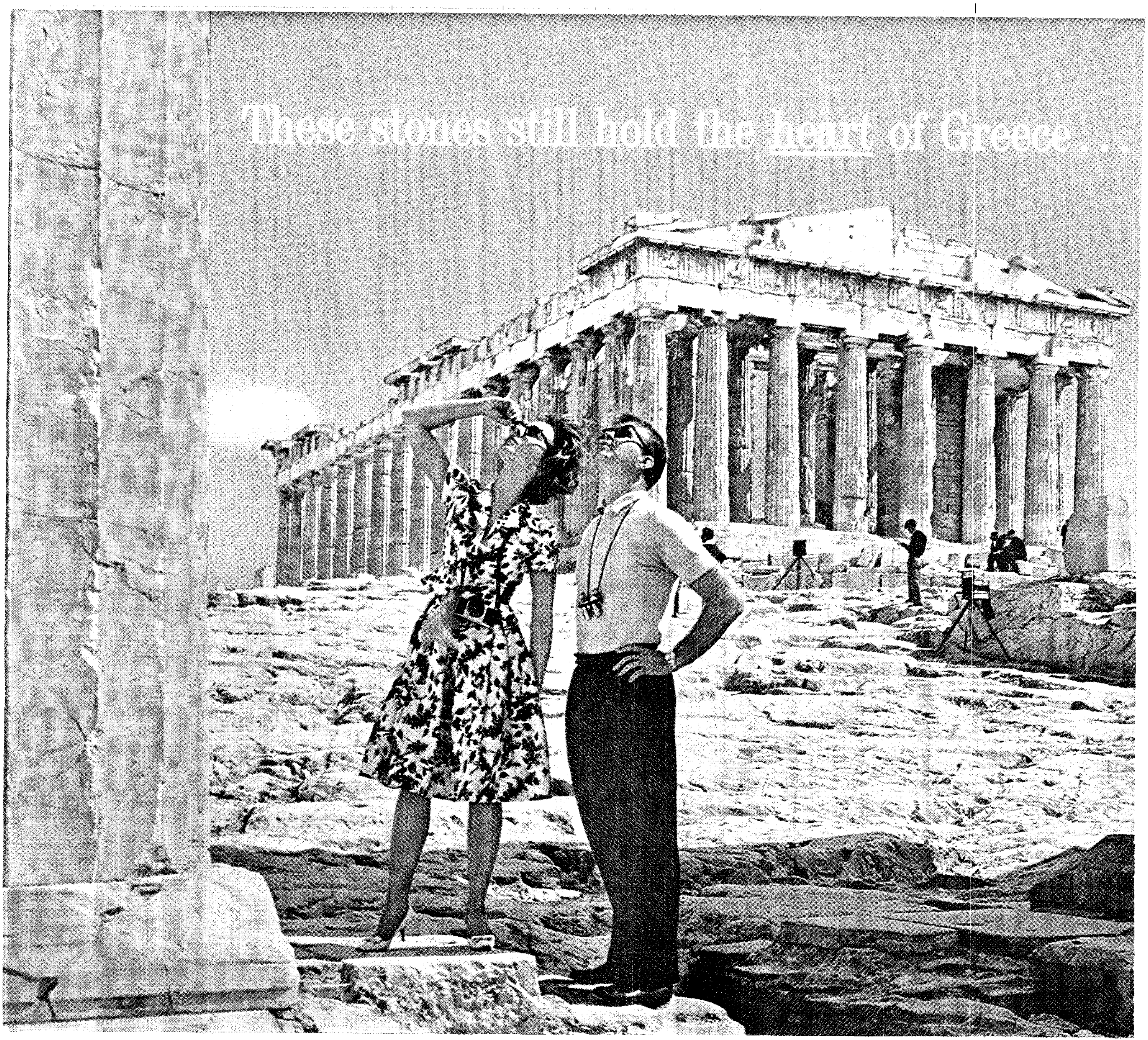
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this, on the ground that if there were bad ones—which was demonstrably true—some that appeared to be good must be close to badness, as they were all presumably packed together. Mr. Hottle, who was puzzled but also embarrassed, finally came around with a dozen fresh oranges and from the case took twelve of what seemed the worst, including those the Reverend Clarrify had first detected. With a smile of reassurance at the minister, he pronounced the whole case fit and well. But the Reverend continued to look worried. "I think they are turning," he said with a smile back at Mr. Hottle.

The following Sunday, Mr. Clarrify produced the case in church and preached over it, making out that it was a lesson to be learned from nature; namely, that the smallest evil could destroy the greatest good. He was passionate, but—confusing his congregation—the oranges lay in bright rows, shining healthily in the open case. Mr. Hottle said quietly afterward that the whole thing seemed farfetched to him and if he didn't know the minister as well as he did (which wasn't really very well at all) he would suspect a scheme to ruin his business. "I bought the fruit in good faith," he said. "All right, two or three were bad. So I give him a dozen new ones! What does he want?"

"Of course," Mr. Hottle said the following Sunday, when the Reverend Clarrify preached over the case of oranges again, "*eventually* any fruit will go bad. I don't see the point."

However, the minister preached twice more on the oranges, which were by then rotting violently in the box—now placed on the stand used for coffins at funeral services. He announced from the pulpit that he was leaving the case of oranges to lie in the church "as a symbol." Before the next service, he had left the district, and we never heard of him again. The oranges were removed before his successor took over, and the incident was closed publicly. It was still talked about privately, but most people seemed to feel they were not helped by brooding too much about it.

I MUST add an experience of my own. One day, in the heat of early afternoon, I was walking along a creek bed when I saw approaching me a woman dressed as a bride. She was completely in white, in an ankle-length satin dress, white high-heeled shoes, and a white veil, which she held away from her face with both hands, as if to see where she was going. I thought she was a vision, at first. Her whiteness looked

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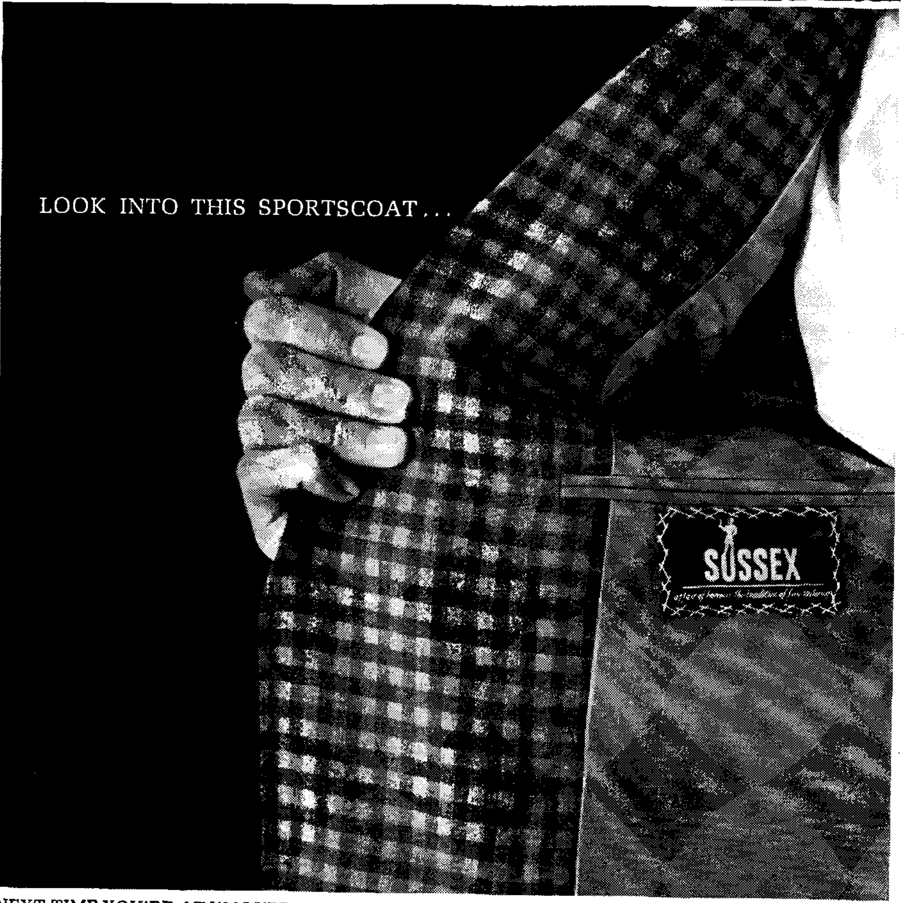

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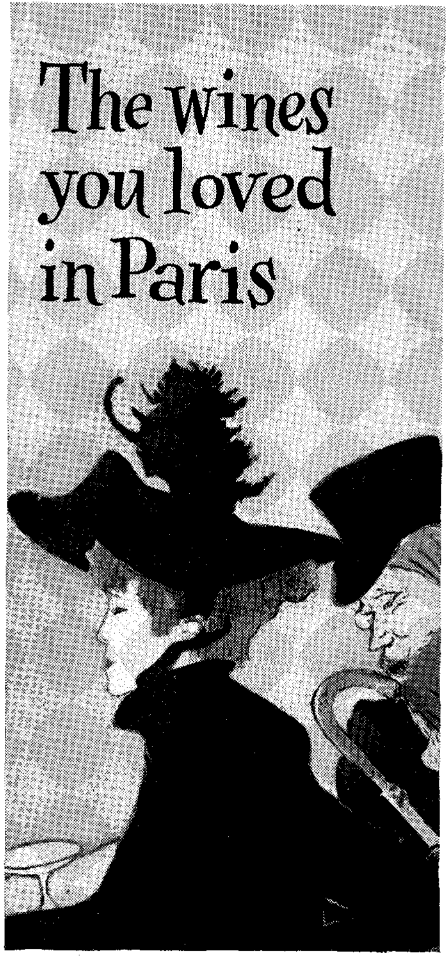

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dramatic in the dappled green-brown sunlit, dry old creek bed, full of the scattering sounds of lizards, snakes, and rabbits. But I heard her shoes crackle on the ground as she came toward me, and I noticed that she was crying. Although she was walking quickly, she appeared to be wandering. After all, where could she be going? "What is a bride doing in a creek?" I asked myself.

She seemed very tall when she stopped in front of me. "I have lost my loved one," she said. "Oh, my love!" And she burst out in a fresh series of sobs and ran away from me.

I followed. I did not know what to do, but it was impossible not to follow.

She turned back. "Will you take me to him?"

"Who—is it?" I asked.

She looked uncertain for a moment, then said, "Take me to the road."

I led her back the way she had come; the road was close by. When we got there, she looked quickly up and down. "Which is the way to the . . ." She hesitated.

"To the township?" I asked, and pointed toward it.

"All right, then," she said and, turning in the other direction, strode off. She hurried, occasionally running two or three steps. I watched her out of sight, absorbed by the anger of her walk.

When I told them about her at home, after running all the way to the house, they could not make head nor tail of it. We turned over all the various possibilities, but one important piece of evidence was—to my shame—missing. I had not noticed whether or not she was wearing a wedding ring. This would have established whether she was on the way to or from a wedding—presumably hers, although my mother was not sure that I had described a bridal gown; she thought it might have been just a dress one might wear *to* a wedding, for which my imagination had supplied a veil.

"If she was married," my father said, watching my mother, "she would not have described the man as her loved one." This created a long discussion of other subjects.

Someone suggested that she might have fallen or been pushed from a car or a truck. "Was she untidy or bruised?" I was asked.

I had seen no evidence of it, I said, beginning to feel that I was a fool.

"Why didn't you *ask* her what had happened?" someone else wanted to know.

I tried to explain that it was only

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after she had gone that I felt sure she existed, but this is not an easy idea to convey.

Later on, inquiries were made around the district, but no one knew anything about her. Eventually, most people forgot the bride in the creek, but I remembered her for years in dreams, in which I tried to stop the picture and enlarge her hand, searching wildly for the third finger, or see scrapes or bruises, while she harshly laughed through her tears and kept vanishing.

AN unexpected mutant was the actor who came to play Shakespeare. He was normal for a few months, but he began declaiming texts all by himself in the middle of a roadway, or jumping and skipping along the side of the road, bedecking himself with dandelion necklaces, imagining fierce sword fights, wringing his hands with grief. He was taken away, and later he recovered, we were told.

And I suppose there were cases of madness in the district we never even knew about. —BRUCE GRANT

•

PHOTOGRAPHY

The jack-in-the-pulpit fills
The lens, registers as true
On cellulose and silver
Inside the box. White petals,
Veined as hands, hold actual dew,
Sun-glistened bits of moisture.

Still, this flower's a flower.
The photographer takes light,
Shadow, angle to enhance.
Focussed on child or three deer
With shutter and *f*-stop set,
He exults in rare instants,

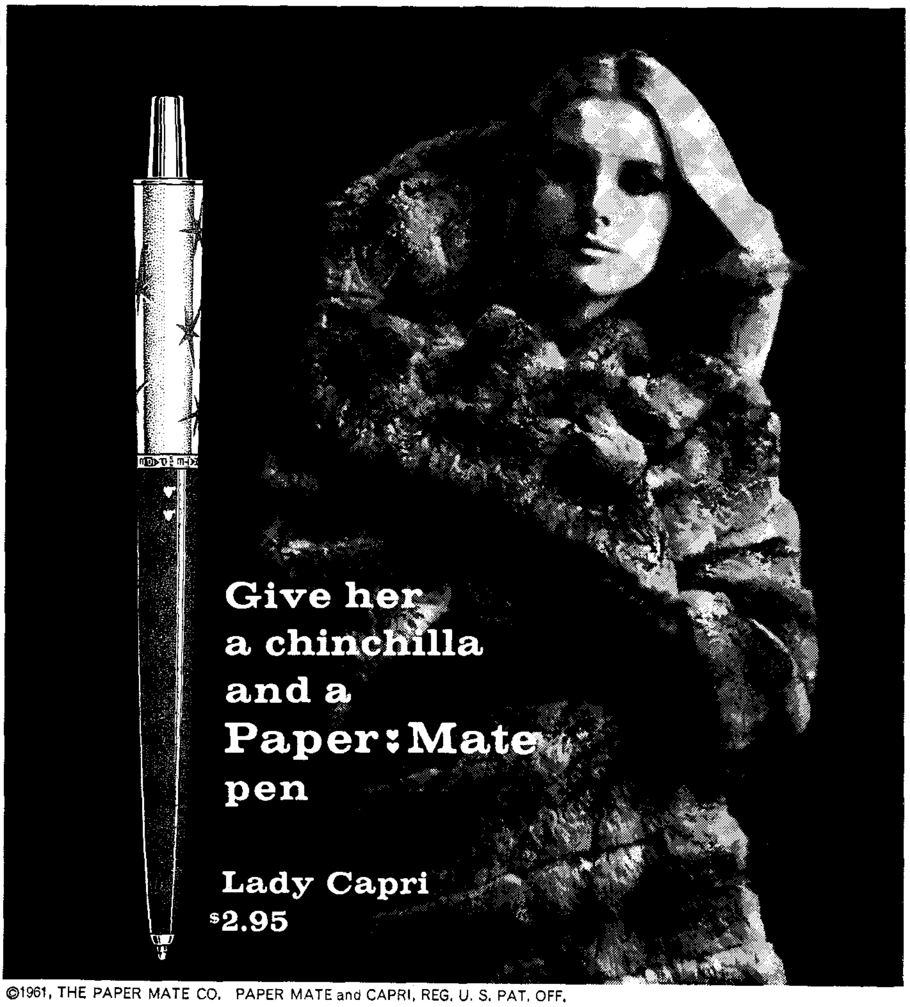
But is rendered a captive
By what's before him. Faithful
To objects, cameras prove
Old men old, the city dove
Wet. They are lid and pupil,
See what we see, without love.

—JOAN SWIFT

•

The new alphabet makes it possible for words to be written as they sound. It furnishes a new letter for sounds frequently used in English, such as "th" and "ing."... The letters C, X and Q are dropped, but nineteen new ones are added. As a result, in learning to read, the system will force children to learn to spell words incorrectly.—*The Times.*

They haven't been having any trouble.



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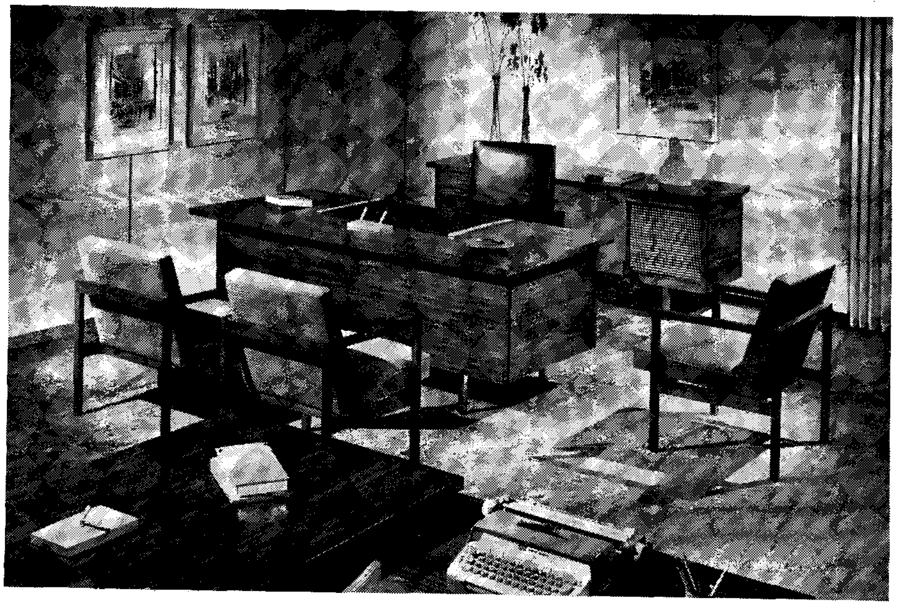

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE OLD FOLKS BEHIND HOME

SARASOTA, MARCH 20

THIS winter, a local mortician named Willie Robarts sent Sarasota residents and visitors a mailing of cards printed with his name and with the schedule of baseball games to be played here by the Chicago White Sox, who conduct their spring training in Payne Park, right in the middle of town. This must be interpreted as a pure public service, rather than as an attempt to accelerate business by the exposure of senior citizens (or "senior Americans," as they are sometimes called here) to unbearable excitement; only last night I was informed that a Sarasota heart specialist has ordered one of his patients to attend every Sox game as a therapeutic measure. Big-league ball on the west coast of Florida is a spring sport played by the young for the divertissement of the elderly—a sun-warmed, sleepy exhibition celebrating the juvenescence of the year and the senescence of the fans. Although Florida newspapers print the standings of the clubs in the Grapefruit League every day, none of the teams try especially hard to win; managers are looking hopefully at their rookies and anxiously at their veteran stars, and by the seventh or eighth inning, no matter what the score, most of the regulars are back in the hotel or driving out to join their families on the beach, their places taken by youngsters up from the minors. The spectators accept this without complaint. Their loyalty to the home club is gentle and unquestioning, and their afternoon pleasure appears scarcely affected by victory or defeat. If this attachment were deeper or more emotional, there would have been widespread distress here three years ago when the Boston Red Sox, who had trained in Sarasota for many years, transferred their spring camp to Scottsdale, Arizona, and the White Sox moved down from Tampa, but the adjustment to the new stocking color, by all accounts, was without trauma. The Beach Club Bar, out on Siesta Key, still displays photographs of Bobby Doerr and Dom DiMaggio and other members of the fine Red Sox teams of the forties, and at the ballpark I spotted a boy of ten or twelve wearing a faded junior-size Red Sox uniform (almost surely a hand-me-down from an older brother), but these are the only evidences of disaffection and memory, and the old gentlemen filing into the park before the game now wear baseball caps with the White Sox insigne above the bill.

Caps are the preferred millinery for both male and female fans in Payne Park—baseball caps, long-billed fishing caps, perforated summer-weights, yachting caps with crossed anchors, old-fashioned, John D. Rockefeller linen jobs. Beneath them are country faces—of retired farmers and small-town storekeepers, perhaps, and dignified ladies now doing their cooking in trailers—wearing rimless spectacles and snap-on dark glasses. This afternoon, Payne Park's little sixteen-row grandstand behind home plate had filled up well before game time (the Dodgers, always a good draw, were here today), and fans on their way in paused to visit with those already in their seats. The ushers greeted the regulars by name, and I saw one of them offering his arm to a very old lady in a blue hair net and chatting with her as he escorted her slowly to her seat. Just after the national anthem, the loudspeaker announced that a lost wallet had been turned in, and invited the owner to come and claim it—an announcement that I very much doubt has ever been heard in a big-city ballpark.

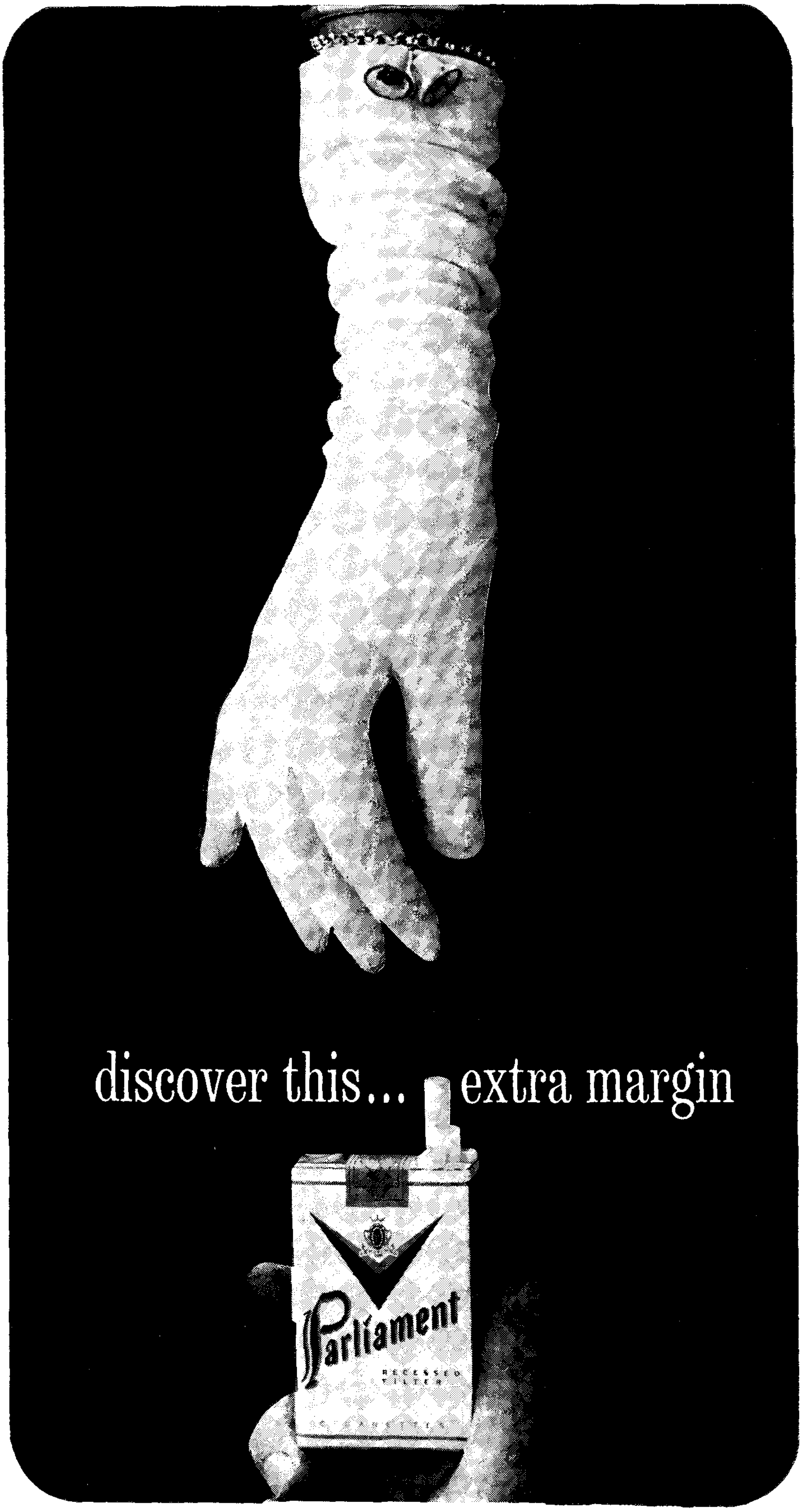
There were elders on the field, too. Early Wynn, who has spent half of his forty-two years in the major leagues and has won 292 games, started for the Sox. He pitched carefully, slowly wheeling his heavy body on the windup and glowering down on the batters between pitches, his big, Indian-like face almost hidden under his cap. He has a successful construction business in Venice, Florida, south of here, but he wants that three-hundredth game this year; as for the Sox, if they are to be contenders they must have at least fifteen wins from him. Duke Snider led off the Dodger second. He is as handsome and cheerful-looking as ever—he has the classic ballplayer's face—but he is a bit portly now, and beneath his helmet the sideburns were white. As he stepped up, a man somewhere behind me shouted, "C'mon, Duke! C'mon, Grandpa—belt one!," and a lady just in front of me murmured to her companion, "Now, really, I think that's *very* offensive." (Clapping and small, encouraging cries are heard in Florida parks, but boos and personal epithets are bad form.) Duke's feelings didn't seem hurt; he swung viciously and grounded out to second, running it out fast all the way.

Wynn pitched three innings, shutting out the Dodgers and giving up only two hits, and was succeeded by Herb Score. The crowd was pulling for Score with every pitch; they knew his story, which is the saddest in modern baseball. Although he has entirely recovered from the terrible injury he suffered when he was struck in the face by a line drive hit by Gil MacDougald in 1957, Score's confidence, his control, and, finally, his form have vanished, and he has never again approached the brilliance of 1956, when he won twenty games for the Indians, struck out 263 batters, and finished with an earned-run average of 2.53. Now he is up from the minor leagues, battling for a job. Today, at least, he was getting batters out, but watching him work was a nervous, unhappy business. Most of his pitches were high, and it was difficult to see why the Dodgers weren't hitting him harder. He kept running into bouts of wildness, and his delivery was a painful parody of what it used to be, for his arm would come to a full, hitching halt at the end of his windup, and he appeared to be pushing the ball. He escaped his four innings with only a lone, unearned run scored against him. Meantime, the White Sox were bleeding for runs, too, as they will be all season. They have traded away their power, Minoso and Sievers, for pitching and defense, hoping for a repetition of their 1959 surprise, and the run they scored in the seventh came on two singles and a stolen base—the kind of rally their supporters will have to expect this year.

The tension of a tied, low-scoring game appeared to distract rather than engross the crowd. The sun slid behind the grandstand roof, and there was a great stirring and rustling around me as sweaters were produced and windbreakers zipped up; seats began to be vacated by deserters, and the fans in the upper rows, who had been in the shade all afternoon, came down looking for a warmer perch. Brief bursts of clapping died away, and the only sound was the shrill two-note whistle of infielders encouraging their pitcher. The old people all around me hunched forward, their necks bent, peering out at the field from under their cap bills, and I had the curious impression that I was in a giant aviary. Out in right-field foul ground, members of the Sox' big pitching squad began wind sprints. They stood together in clusters, their uniforms a vivid white in the blaze of late sun, and four or five at a time would break away from the group and make a sudden sandpiper dash along the foot of the distant sea-green wall, all the way into deep center field, where they stopped just as quickly and stood and stared at the game. At last, in the bottom of the twelfth, the White Sox loaded the bases on some sloppy Dodger fielding, and Nellie Fox, his wad of tobacco bulging, delivered the single that broke the bird spell and sent everyone home to supper. "*There*, now," said the woman in front of me, standing up and brushing her skirt. "Wasn't that nice?"

SARASOTA, MARCH 21

WATCHING the White Sox work out this morning at Payne Park reassured me that baseball is, after all, still a young man's sport and a cheerful one. Coach Don Gutteridge broke up the early pepper games with a cry of "Ever'body 'round!," and after the squad had circled the field once, the ritual—the same one that is practiced on every high-school, college, and professional ballfield in the country—began. Batters in the cage bunted one, hit five or six, and made room for the next man. Pitchers hit fungoes to the outfielders, coaches on the first and third baselines knocked out grounders to the infield, pepper games went on behind the cage, and the bright air was full of baseballs, shouts, whistles, and easy laughter. There was a raucous hoot from the players around second when a grounder hopped over Esposito's glove and hit him in the belly. Two young boys with fielders' gloves had joined the squad in the outfield, and I saw



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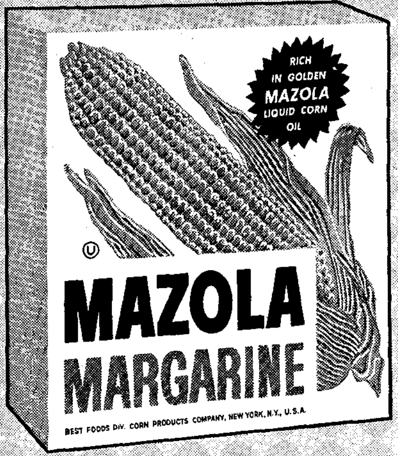
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Floyd Robinson gravely shake hands with them both. Anyone can come to watch practice here, and fans from nearby hotels and cottages wandered in after their breakfasts, in two and threes, and slowly clambered up into the empty bleachers, where they assumed the easy, ceremonial attitude—feet up on the row in front, elbows on knees, chin in hands. There were perhaps two dozen of us in the stands, and what kept us there, what nailed us to our seats for a sweet, boring hour or more, was not just the *whop!* of bats, the climbing white arcs of outfield flies, and the swift flight of the ball whipped around the infield, but something more painful and just as obvious—the knowledge that we had never made it. We would never know the rich joke that doubled over three young pitchers in front of the dugout; we would never be part of that golden company on the field, which each of us, certainly for one moment of his life, had wanted more than anything else in the world to join.

The Cardinals, who have been having a fine spring, were the visitors this afternoon, and their high spirits infected everyone. Minnie Minoso, grinning extravagantly, exchanged insults with his former White Sox teammates, and Larry Jackson, the big, fast Cardinal right-hander, laughed out loud on the mound when he got Joe Cunningham, who was *his* teammate last year, to miss badly on a big curve in the first inning. Stan Musial had the day off, and Al Lopez, the Sox' manager, had filled his lineup with rookies. My eye was caught by the Chicago shortstop, a kid named Al Weis, who is not on the team's regular roster but who was having a nifty day in the field. He started double plays in the first and second innings, and in the third he made a fine throw from deep short to get Jackson, and then robbed Gotay with a diving spear of a low, hot liner. At the plate, though, he was nervous and uncertain, anxious to succeed in this one short and, to him, terribly important afternoon. He struck out in the first inning and again in the second, stranding two base runners.

At about this time, I began to pick up a dialogue from the seats directly behind me—a flat, murmurous, continuous exchange in Middle Western accents between two elderly men.

"Look at the skin on my hands, how dry it is," said one.

"You do anything for it?" asked the other.

"Yes, I got some stuff the doctor gave me—just a little tube of something. It don't help much."

I stole a look at them. They were

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both in their seventies, at least. Both were sitting back comfortably, their arms folded across their stomachs.

"Watch that ball," said the first. "Is that fair?"

"No, it's foul. You know, I haven't seen a homer this year."

"Me neither."

"Maybe Musial will hit one here tomorrow."

The White Sox, down one run after the first inning, could do nothing with Jackson. Weis struck out again in the fifth, made a wild throw to first in the sixth, and then immediately redeemed himself with another fast double play. The voices went on.

"This wind melts your ice cream fast, don't it?"

"Yes, it does. It feels nice, though. Warm wind."

In the top of the eighth, with the bases loaded, Weis grabbed another line drive and doubled up the runner at second base. There were chirps from the stands.

"It don't seem any time at all since spring training last year."

"That's because we're older now. You take my grandson, he's always looking forward to something. Christmas and his birthday and things like that. That makes the time go slow for him. You and me, we just watch each day by itself."

"Yes. You know, I didn't hardly think about life at all until I was sixty-five or seventy."

"I know."

Weis led off the bottom of the eighth, and popped up to left. He started still another double play in the ninth, but his afternoon was ruined. The Cardinals won the game, 2–0.

This evening, I looked up Al Weis's record. He is twenty-two years old, and was an All-Scholastic player at Farmingdale High, on Long Island. In his three years in organized baseball, he has played with Holdrege, in the Nebraska State League; with Lincoln, in the Three-I League; and with Charleston, in the Sally League. His batting averages in those years—.275, .231, .261—tell the story: good field, no hit. Time has run out for him this spring, and it must seem to him that it went too quickly. Next week, he will report to the White Sox farm camp in Hollywood, Florida, for another year in the minors.

ST. PETERSBURG, MARCH 22

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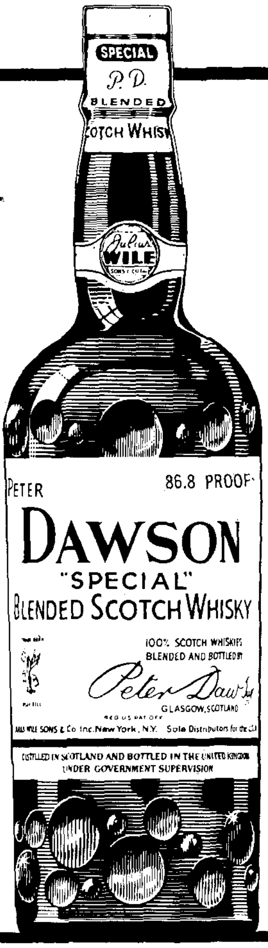
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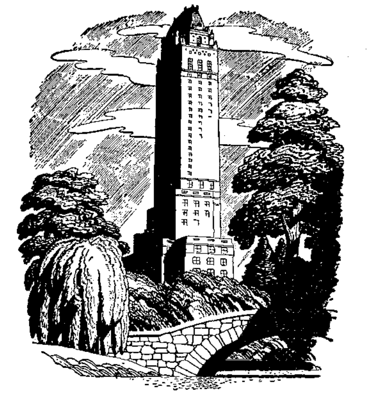

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was also the baseball capital of the world, for the game at Al Lang Field was the first encounter between the Yankees and the New York Mets, the new National League team that sprang—not simply full-grown but middle-aged—out of the forehead of George Weiss last winter. Some of the spectators' curiosity and expectancy about this game resembled the unbecoming relish with which party guests watch a newly divorced couple encountering each other in public for the first time, for they could watch General Manager Weiss, in his box behind the home dugout, and Casey Stengel, in the dugout, staring over at the team that had evicted them so scandalously two years ago. But there was another, more valid tension to be tasted; one sensed that this game was a crisis for the Mets—their first chance to discover, against the all-conquerors, whether they were truly a ball team. A rout, a laugher, a comedy of ineptitude might destroy them before the season ever began.

St. Petersburg fans are elderly, all right, but they are noisier, keener, and more appreciative than their counterparts to the south. For one thing, they know more baseball. Al Lang Field has for years been the late-winter home of two good teams, the Yankees and Cardinals; when the Yankees moved to new quarters at Fort Lauderdale this year, the Mets moved in to take their place. I had guessed that this switch of home teams might cause some confusion of loyalties, but I was wrong. There was a respectable burst of applause when Mickey Mantle stepped up to the plate in the second inning, but this was almost immediately smothered by a full roar of pleasure when Charlie Neal collared Mantle's streaking grounder in short right and threw him out. Groans and headshakings followed when the Yanks collected three singles and a run off Roger Craig's pitching, but the Mets failed to collapse. Frank Thomas hit a double in the Mets' half of the inning—the first hit given up by Bill Stafford, the Yankees' starting pitcher, all spring—and there was another startled shout a few minutes later when Hodges and Chacon pulled off a sweet 3–6–3 double play on Maris's bouncer. The Mets not only belonged, they were winning converts every minute.

The Mets are an attractive team, full of echoes and overtones, and one must believe that George Weiss has designed their clean, honest, but considerably frayed appearance with great care. Gus Bell, Frank Thomas, Eddie Bouchee, and Richie Ashburn are former headliners whose mistakes will be forgiven

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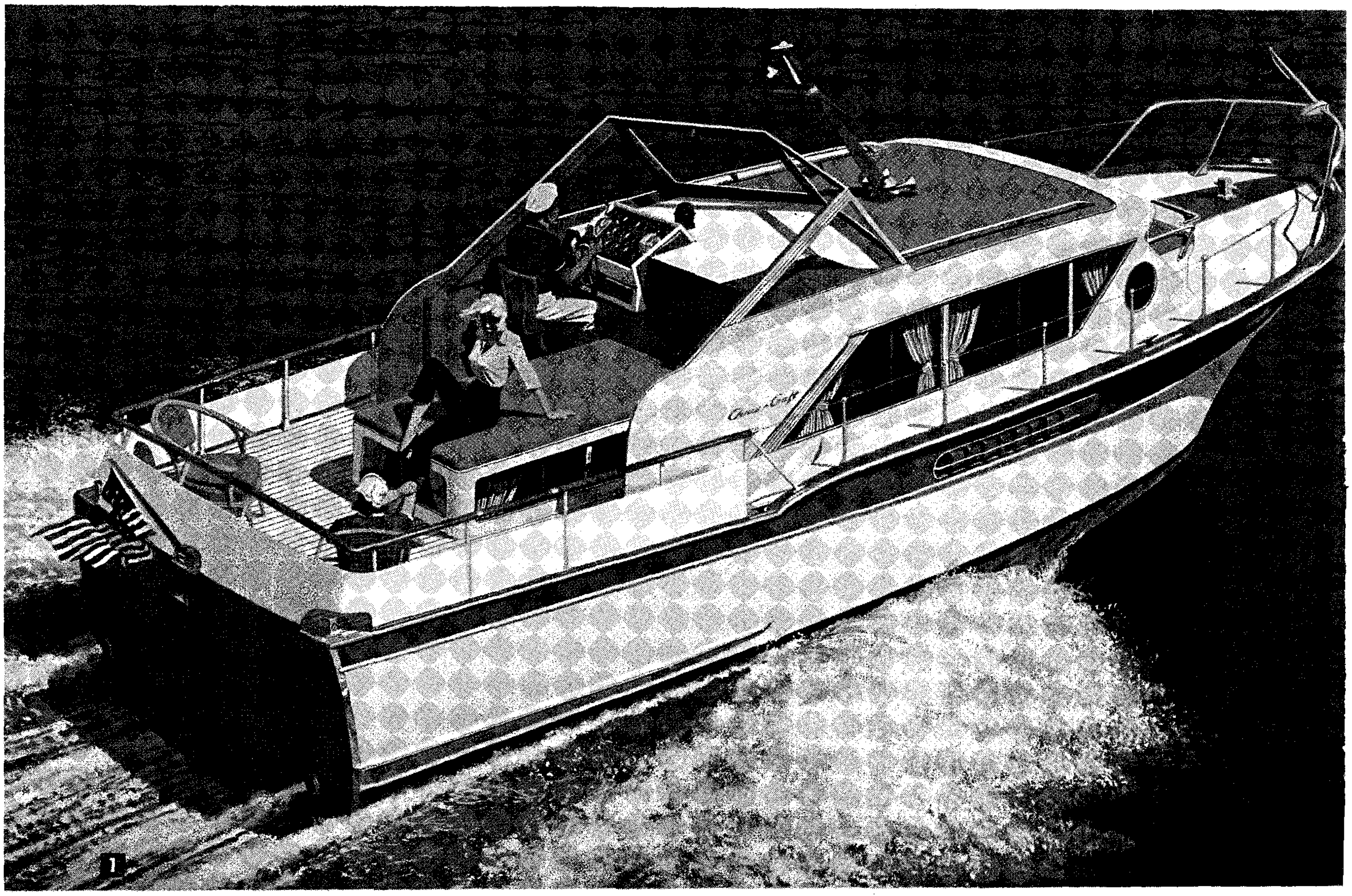

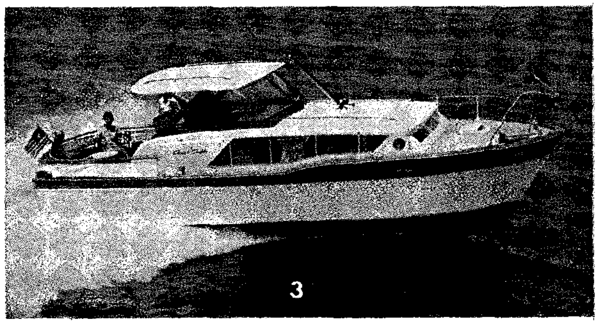

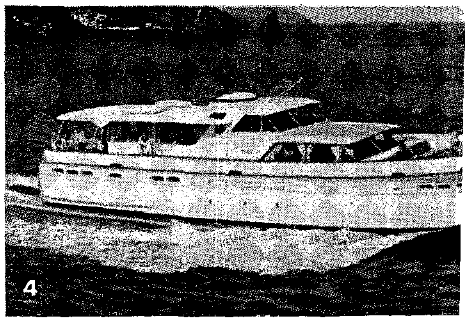

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and whose accomplishments will win sentimental affection. Coach Cookie Lavagetto and pitchers Roger Craig and Clem Labine will bring the older Dodger fans up to the Polo Grounds this summer. Neal and Zimmer look unchanged—Neal intense, withdrawn, talented, too tightly wound for an ideal infielder, and Zimmer eager and competitive, angrily trying to make pugnacity compensate for what he lacks in size, skill, and luck. Gil Hodges still cannot hit pitches over the outside corners, but his stance and his mannerisms at the plate are a cup of limeflower tea to those with memories: the bat is held in the left hand while he fiddles with his eyelashes with his right hand, then settles his helmet, then tucks up his right pants leg, then sweeps the hand the full length of the bat, like a duellist wiping blood off a sword, and then at last he faces the pitcher. Finally, there is Casey himself, a walking pantheon of evocations. His pinstripes are light blue now, and so is the turtleneck sweatshirt protruding above his shirt, but the short pants, the hobble, the muttering lips, and the comic, jerky gestures are unaltered, and today he proved himself still capable of the winning move.

The Mets went ahead, 3–2, in the sixth inning, on two Yankee errors, two walks, and Zimmer's single. After that, the St. Petersburg fans began a nervous, fingers-crossed cry of "Keep it *up*, Mets!" and welcomed each put-out with shouts of incredulity and relief. In the ninth, though, the Mets' second pitcher, a thin young Negro named Al Jackson, up this year from Columbus, gave up four singles and the tying run after Neal messed up a double play. With the winning runs on base, Stengel showed how much he wanted this game for his team, for he came out to the mound and relieved Jackson. (Pitchers are almost never yanked in mid-inning in spring training.) The relief man, Howie Nunn, retired Blanchard on a pop behind second for the last out. More wonders followed. Joe Christopher, another unknown, led off the Mets' ninth with a triple, and after Zimmer had fouled out, Stengel looked into his closet of spare parts, which is far less well stocked than his old Yankee cornucopia, and found Ashburn there. Richie hit the first pitch into right field for the ball game, and George Weiss nodded his head, stood up in his box, and smiled for the first time today.

I doubt whether any of the happy six thousand-odd filing out of Al Lang Field after the game were deluding themselves with dreams of a first-division finish for the Mets this year. The team is both too old and too young for

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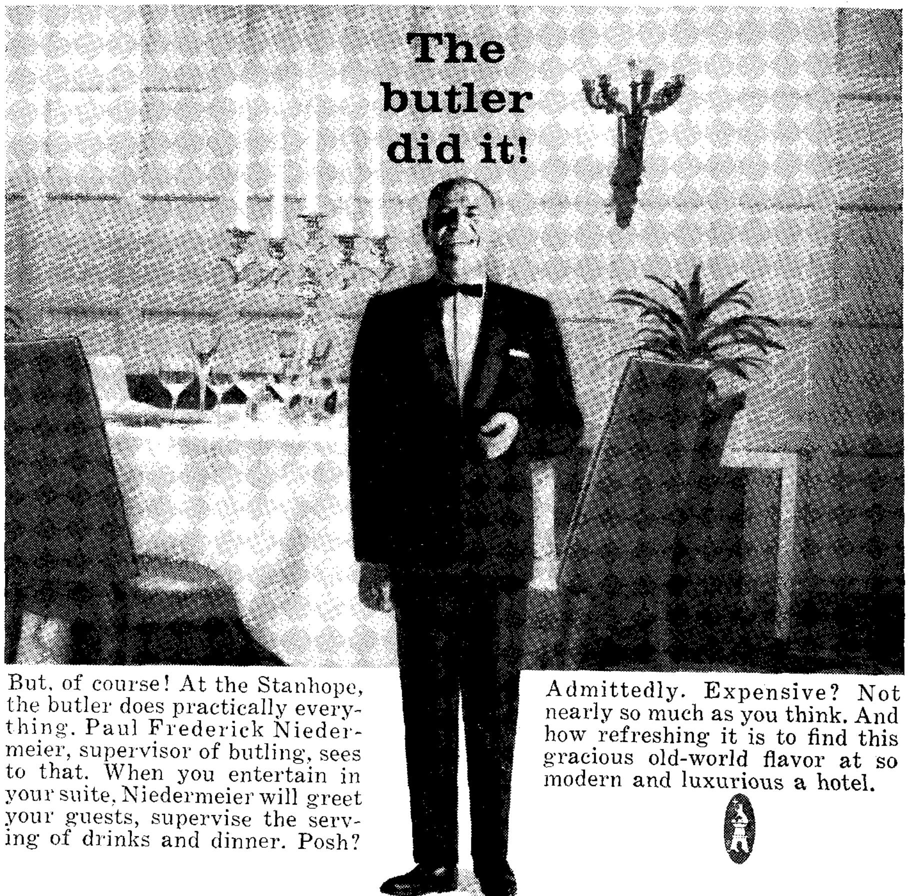
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sensible hopes. Its pitchers will absorb some fearful punishment this summer, and Chacon and Neal have yet to prove that they can manage the double play with any consistency. Still, though, the Mets will be playing in the same league with the Houston Colt .45s, another newborn team of castoffs, and with the Phillies, who managed to finish forty-six games out of first place last year and will have eight more games this year in which to disimprove that record. The fight for the National League cellar this summer may be as lively as the fight for the pennant. What cheered *me* as I tramped through the peanut shells and discarded programs and out into the hot late sunlight was not just the score and not just Casey's triumph but a freshly renewed appreciation of the marvellous complexity and balance of baseball. Offhand, I can think of no other sport in which the world's champions, one of the great teams of its era, would not instantly demolish inferior opposition and reduce a game such as the one we had just seen to cruel ludicrousness. Baseball is harder than that; it requires a full season, hundreds and hundreds of separate games, before quality can emerge, and in that summer span every home-town fan, every doomed admirer of underdogs will have his afternoons of revenge and joy.

TAMPA, MARCH 24

THE population of Tampa is 275,000. I looked it up this morning, but I could have saved myself the trouble. Anyone attending a game in the big, modern reinforced-concrete-shell grandstand of Al Lopez Field (named for the White Sox manager, who is a Tampa native) could figure out that this is the big town in these parts; he could tell it by the sound of the crowd alone—a steady, complex, cosmopolitan clamor made up of exhortation, laughter, outright booing, the cries of venders, and the hum of garrulous city talkers. Today the old people in the stands were outnumbered. There were young women in low-cut sun dresses, children of all ages (two boys near me were wearing Little League uniforms with "Western Fertilizer" emblazoned on the back), and Negroes and Cubans in the grandstand. The sun was hot and summery, and I felt at home: this was July in Yankee Stadium. Nevertheless, I had trouble concentrating on the first few innings of the game, which was between the Cincinnati Reds, who train here, and the visiting Dodgers. My mind kept returning to an incident—a sudden visual snapshot of a scene—in the game I saw yesterday in

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Bradenton, where Milwaukee had beaten the Yankees.

Bradenton yesterday was nothing like Tampa today. The weather was cold early spring, with low clouds and a nipping wind blowing in from left field. The stadium might have been a country fairgrounds, and the elders who had come early and filled up the park to see the mighty Yankees had the gravity, the shy politeness, and the silence of a rural crowd at a tent show. In Bradenton, Negroes have to sit in the bleachers; only colored people with names like Hank Aaron and Elston Howard are allowed within two hundred feet of home plate. A rain the night before had turned the infield into a mud pie, and while we waited patiently for it to dry, three bearded men wearing plumed Spanish helmets, silvery chest plates, short striped pants, and high boots trooped out in front of the dugout, carrying swords, to have their picture taken with Mickey Mantle. They were local citizens participating in Bradenton's annual de Soto celebration. Mickey grinned and brandished one of the swords for the photographer, and the conquistadors looked awed. At last, the game began, in tomblike silence. No one complained when Mantle, Howard, Boyer, and Berra failed to appear in the opening lineup. Hardly anyone cheered when the Braves got to Jim Coates for a run in the third. A man standing in front of the scoreboard in deep center field hung up a numbered placard for each ball, strike, and out. When the sun began to break through, another employee came out of the Braves' clubhouse beside left field and hung a dozen sweatshirts—white, with black sleeves—out to dry on a clothesline strung between two palm trees. The game turned out to be a good one; there was some small shouting when the Braves came from behind to tie the score in the bottom of the ninth on a home run by Tommie Aaron, Hank Aaron's kid brother, and some guffaws when the Yanks lost it on an error in the tenth. In spite of the score, and perhaps only because of the peacefulness and stolidity of the fans, I came away with the impression that the Braves have become a middle-aged team, now somehow past the point of eagerness and energy that has made them champions or fearsome contenders for the last nine years.

The incident that startled me at Bradenton was one of those astonishing juxtapositions that are possible only in spring training. In the seventh inning, with the sun now fully out and the grass turning soft and emerald

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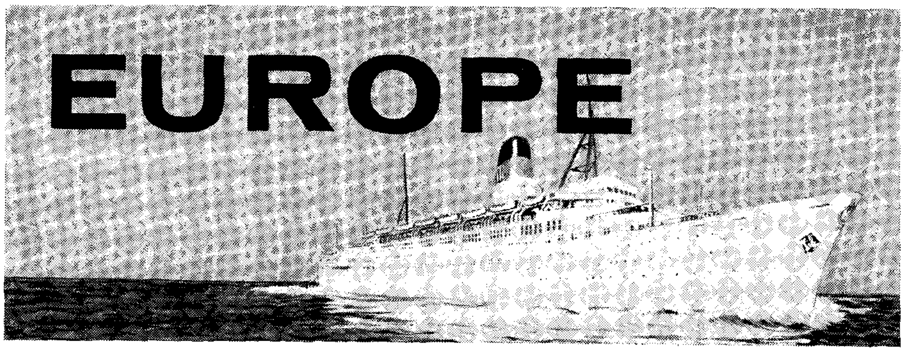

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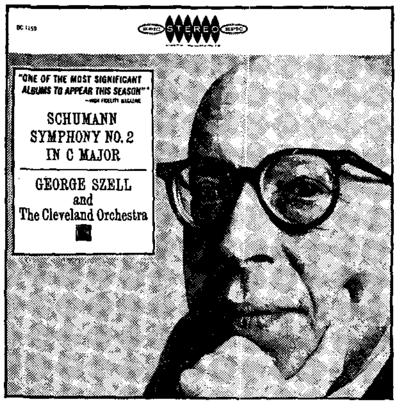
as it dried, Whitey Ford came in to pitch for the Yankees. At the same moment, in the Braves' bull pen in deep left field, Warren Spahn began throwing—not warming up but simply loosening his arm. Suddenly I saw that from my seat behind first base the two pitchers—the two best left-handers in baseball, the two best left- *or* right-handers in baseball—were in a direct line with each other, Ford exactly superimposed on Spahn. It was a trick photograph, a *trompe-l'œil:* a 158-game winner and a 309-game winner throwing baseballs in the same fragment of space. Ford, with his short, businesslike windup, was all shoulders and quickness, while, behind him, Spahn would slowly kick his right leg up high and to the left, peering over his shoulder as he leaned back, and then deliver the ball with an easy, explosive sweep. It excited me to a ridiculous extent. I couldn't get over it. I looked about me for someone to point it out to, but I couldn't find a recognizable fan-face near me.

The Tampa crowd this afternoon would have spotted it. They knew their baseball, and they were tough and hard to please. Joey Jay, the Reds' top starter, was having all kinds of trouble on the mound. His control was off, he had to throw too many pitches, and he kept shaking his head disgustedly. After the first two innings, the Dodgers were waiting for him to get behind and come in with a fat pitch. They batted around against him in the third inning, scoring five runs; two of them came on a home run by Daryl Spencer, and then in the fifth Spencer knocked another pitch over the fence. Manager Hutchinson left Jay in, letting him take his punishment while he got the work he needed. The fans, though the Reds are their team, seemed to enjoy it all. They booed Jay lightly; they didn't mind seeing him suffer a little—not with that $27,500 salary he won after a holdout this spring. They applauded Koufax, the Dodger pitcher, who was working easily and impressively, mixing fast balls and curves and an occasional knuckler, pitching in and out to the batters, and hitting the corners. Koufax looked almost ready for opening day.

There were fewer rookies and scrubs in the lineups today; the season begins in just over two weeks. These two teams will almost certainly fight it out with the Giants for the pennant, and although one cannot tell anything much about a team after seeing a game or two, I could not resist the temptation of comparison. The Dodgers have everything—power, speed, defense, almost first-class pitching, and a long bench.

"One of the most significant albums to appear this season," said the authoritative **High Fidelity** review of Maestro George Szell and The Cleveland Orchestra's illuminating performance of Schumann's Second Symphony.



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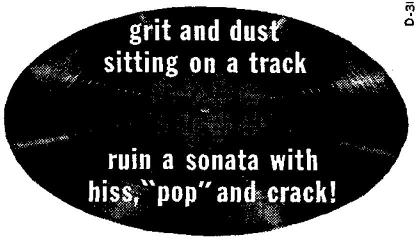

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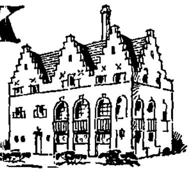

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The defending Reds, by contrast, are in trouble. Gene Freese, their third baseman, broke his ankle this spring and will miss much of the season. His possible replacement, a rookie named Cliff Cook, hits a long ball and showed a good arm here today, but he looks too big and immobile for an infielder. The Reds won last year with virtually a one-man bench—Jerry Lynch. Their three best starting pitchers—Jay, O'Toole, and Purkey—all pitched better in 1961 than anyone had known they could, a coincidence that may not be repeated. But National League pitchers are going to have another miserable summer trying to get past the middle of the Reds' batting order—Pinson, Robinson, Post, and Coleman—and if the team can keep the scores close until the late innings, it still has Brosnan and Henry, an incomparable pair of relievers, to call upon. Hutchinson is a resourceful, luck-making manager. The Reds lost today, but somehow they looked meaner and hungrier than the Dodgers, and along about the seventh inning a bolt of pure intuition fell out of the Florida sky, struck my peeling forehead, and convinced me, at least for an instant, that the Reds will repeat.

Almost immediately, I was sorry that I had felt the need to start picking winners and losers. Baseball would be competitive and overserious soon enough. The city crowd around me here, the big park, and the approaching time for headlines, standings, and partisanship had made me knowing and Northern again. Already I had begun to forget the flavor of Florida baseball—the older, easier pleasures of baseball in the spring in the country.

—Roger Angell

•

George Ferriman, 1505 W. Washington, took the oath of office as city councilman last night at the beginning of a regular city council meeting in city hall. Fred Watson, city attorney, administered the oath of office.

Ferriman is a former councilman, and was appointed to the present council by Mayor Dr. J. J. Clarke Jr. He replaces C. D. Hopkins who resigned because he was moving from Artesia.

Tons of water were poured on the building from three sides.—*Artesia (N.M.) Press.*

Yeah, but you can't fight City Hall.

•

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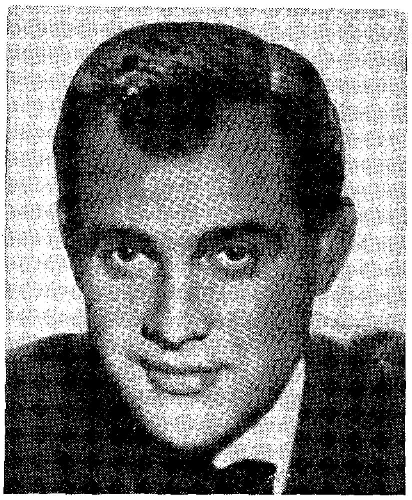

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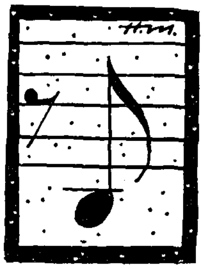
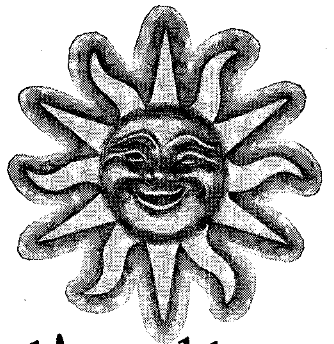
MUSICAL EVENTS

Past, Present, and Future



I HAVE for some time been noting with satisfaction a change that is gradually taking place in the basic character of contemporary music. Little by little, it seems to be moving away from the ideals of the first half of the century. The sins of that period, which were tied up with its ideals, lay generally in the direction of pointless elaboration, and they had something in common with those of the *castrato* singers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whose tendency to clutter music with all sorts of technical display finally brought about a revolution aimed at directness and simplicity. This time, it was the composers rather than the singers who indulged in technical exhibitionism, and their endless preoccupation with ingenuity—expressed in novel systems of structure, needless complexity, and adroit trickery—has now posed an important question. They proved themselves to be, in the words of James Branch Cabell, "monstrous clever fellows," but what, one is beginning to ask, did all their cleverness have to do with the art of music?

I was reminded of this problem last week while listening to the repertoire of contemporary opera put on at the City Center by the New York City Opera, which I attended with some regularity, beginning with Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw." This was done by the company with exemplary musical polish and had costumes and scenery (by Alvin Colt and Jac Venza, respectively) as beautiful as any I have ever seen in an opera house. "The Turn of the Screw" is a monstrous clever opera, written with a fabulous professional command of orchestration and no end of elaboration. Its score (or much of it) is based on a tone row containing all twelve notes of the piano keyboard, which is put through a series of variations that recur throughout the opera. Its vocal line is entirely artificial, having no relation whatever to the inflections of language, and vacillating between a kind of singsong declamation and a kind of free *fioritura* vaguely reminiscent of eighteenth-century music but following no perceptible laws of musical logic. It is true that this very complicated method of composi-



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tion arouses one's intellectual curiosity here and there, and that its somewhat eerie effect is better suited to Henry James's famous ghost story than it would be to a more human and universal subject. But long before the end of the opera I found myself in a state of acute boredom. Mr. Britten's ponderous technical methods were all out of proportion to the simple needs of his drama, and the process of chasing his structural devices through the score merely took one's mind off what was happening on the stage. "The Turn of the Screw" is, I think, a poor opera, and a prime example of opera as it existed during the age of pointless elaboration. At the opposite pole is Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe," a work by a thoroughly accomplished composer who has obviously thought things over and decided to abandon all the vanities and sophistries of that age in favor of complete simplicity. I am not sure that history will regard "The Ballad of Baby Doe" as a great opera, but I *am* sure that it will regard it as a revolutionary one. I missed it last week, but I remember several performances of it with affection. It is one of the most unpretentious of recent operas, and its dramatic effect, by some magic, far exceeds its moderate interest from the point of view of musical structure.

From here, if you will bear with me in this long dissertation, I should like to turn to two of the other operas being presented at the City Center—Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Consul" and Robert Ward's "The Crucible." Mr. Menotti has been writing skillful, inspired, and very successful operas for about twenty-five years. Some of them, naturally, have been better than others. "The Consul," to my mind, is his masterpiece thus far; it is a work of such immediate import, such stunning eloquence, and such marked originality that in hearing it last week, for perhaps the tenth time, I was touched all over again by its humanity, grace, and profound musical meaning. It was superbly produced, with Patricia Neway, as usual, in the role of Magda Sorel, and with a fine supporting cast, including Norman Kelley in his inimitable impersonation of the magician. Werner Torkanowsky conducted it very ably—though he should dispense with a conductor's platform, since he is so tall that his movements sometimes tend to obscure the stage.

But I have had my say many times about the sterling qualities of "The Consul" in the twelve years since its première. It is now virtually a clas-

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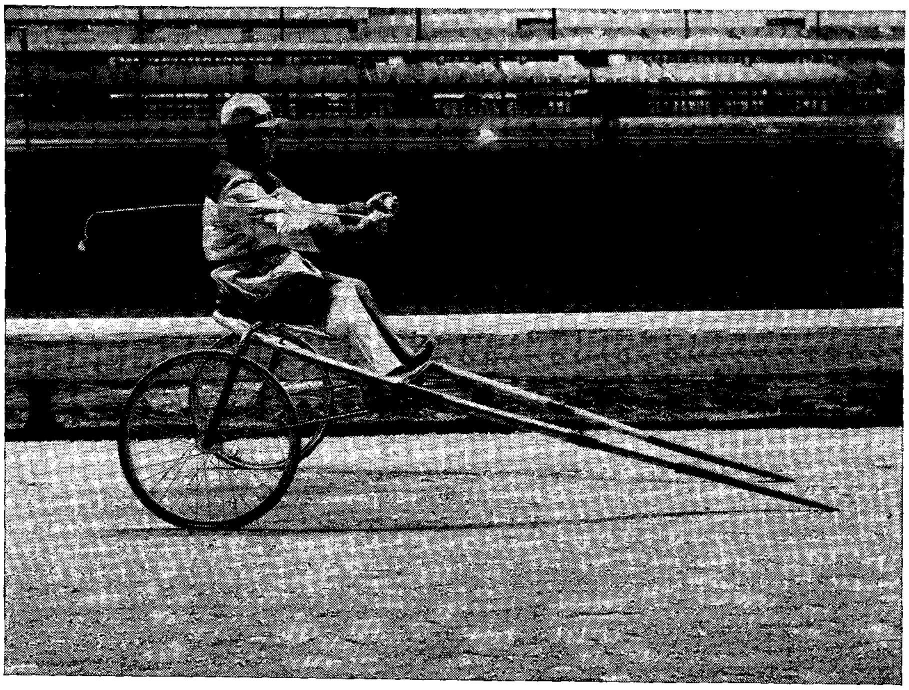

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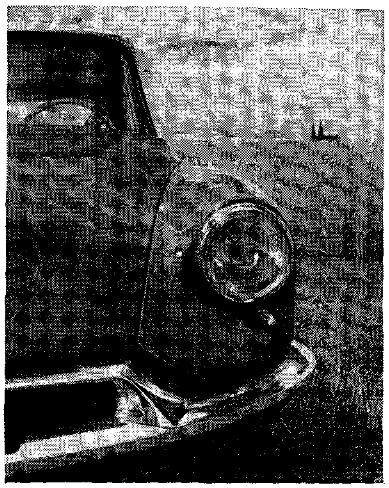

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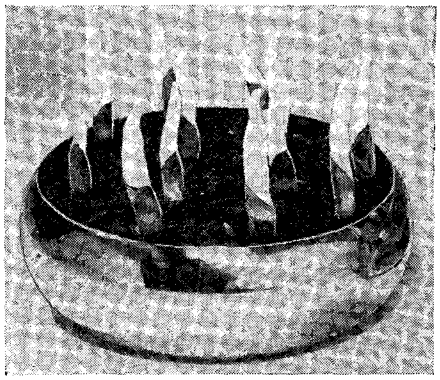

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sic. "The Crucible," on the other hand, is comparatively new on my horizon. I attended its première last fall and was deeply impressed by it, though I thought its first act a bit wordy. I now realize that I was wrong in thinking this, having been led astray by my lack of thorough acquaintance with the work. I was so busy identifying a large cast of characters and listening to what they had to say that I mistook my own preoccupation with words for the composer's. At last week's performance, although—owing to inadequate rehearsal and the presence of nine new singers in the cast—things did not go quite as smoothly as they did last fall, I was able to get a clearer idea of this opera, which is, of course, a study of the human conscience based on Arthur Miller's play about the Salem witch trials. Again, the beauty, nobility, skill, power, and utter sincerity of Mr. Ward's music bowled me over. If a finer opera has been written since the days of Strauss and Puccini, I have not heard it. Where "The Turn of the Screw" is comparable to such things of its period as "The Rake's Progress" and "Wozzeck," "The Crucible" is comparable to the great masterworks of the classic repertory, and I like to think of it also as an example of the true music of the future. It is, in short, music of the most inspired sort, written by a master of his craft.

WHEN I heard recently that Leonard Bernstein was about to conduct Bruckner's Ninth Symphony with the Philharmonic, I greeted the news with some misgivings. Mr. Bernstein's great gifts have always lain at the brilliant and aggressive, rather than the meditative, end of the temperamental spectrum, and of all composers Bruckner seemed the least likely to profit from them. At Friday afternoon's Philharmonic concert, in Carnegie Hall, my misgivings proved justified, though I must say that from the technical standpoint the performance was wonderfully well rehearsed and clear. What was lacking was the special sort of maturity and insight that can transform this great and difficult work from a mere collection of notes into an apocalyptic vision.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Tall, slim, white-haired and serious, she has the thoughtful eyes of the scientist. She was one of the privileged few to question astronaut John Glenn after his triple orbit of the earth. She is short, friendly, and dark-haired.—*Portland (Oregon) Sunday Oregonian.*

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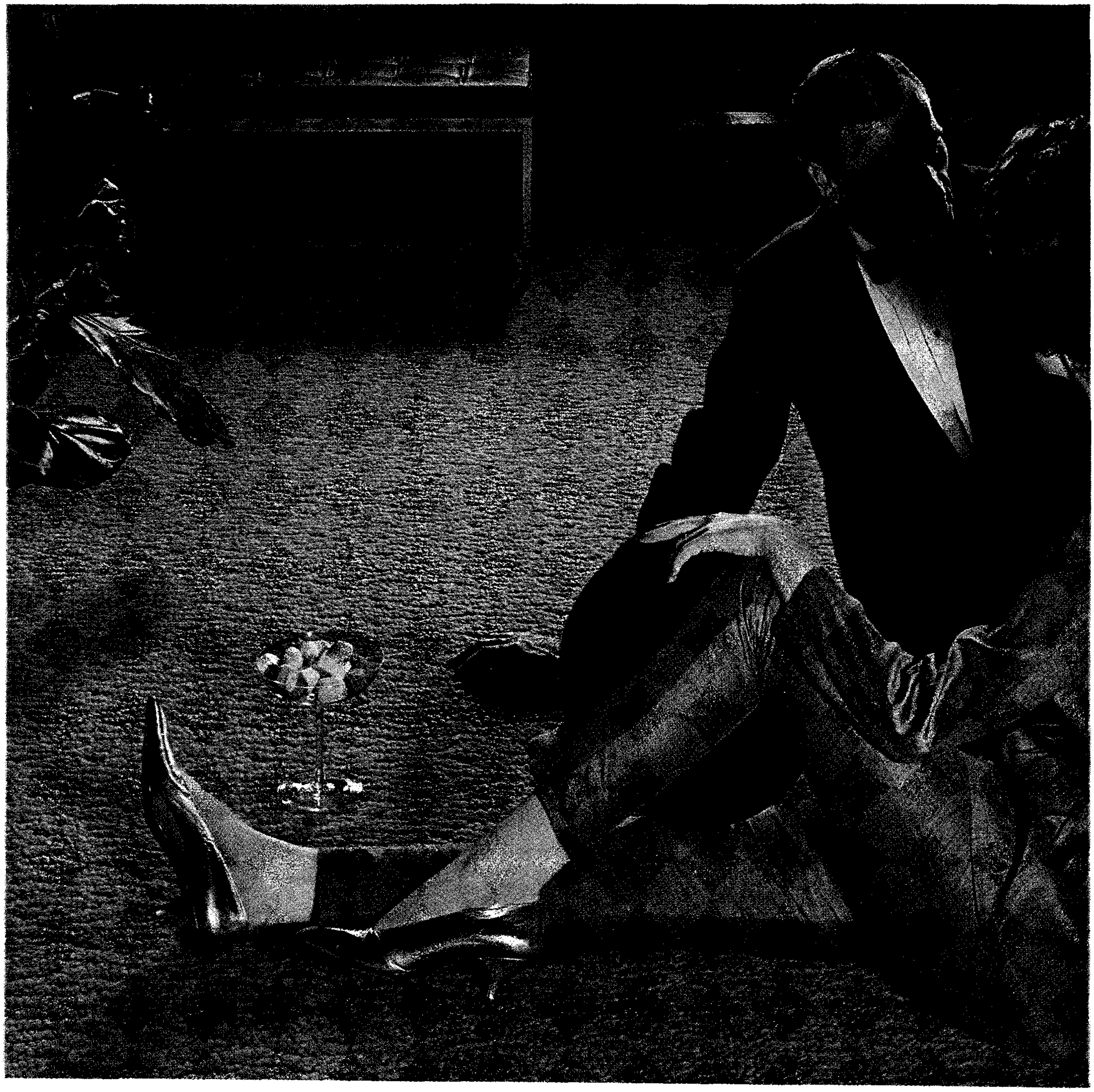

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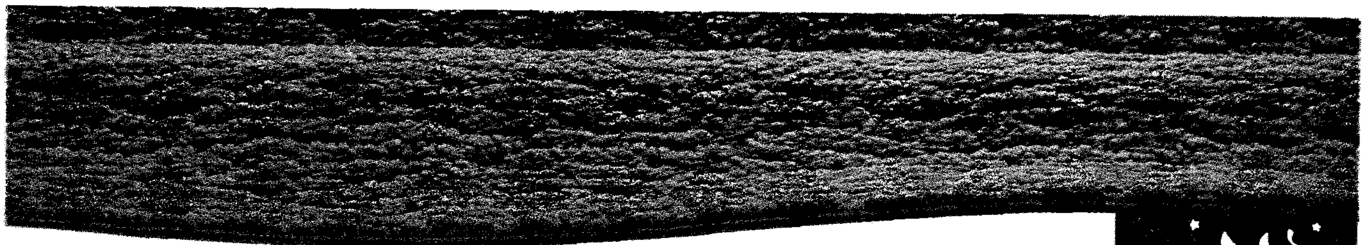

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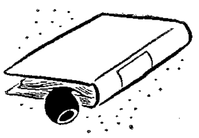
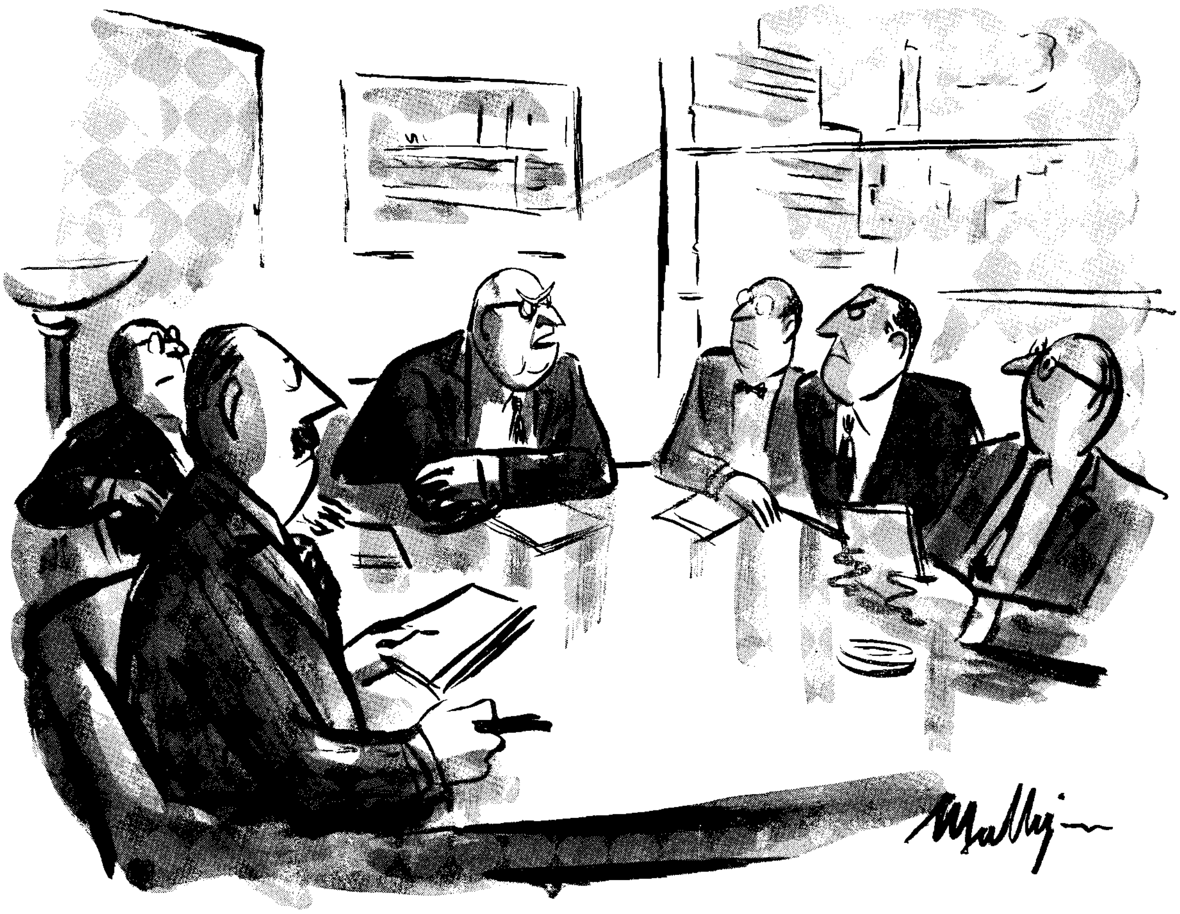
Substance and Shadow



NOVELS about commonplace people tend to be either commonplace or arty. One author, striving for the exact look of a dirty Brooklyn street, the exact sound of pigeons above a Bronx rooftop, takes on the drab, low-key tone of his materials; his book, a flawless mirror, *is* what it is about. But non-heroes in slums make the arty novelist poetic, and he negatively romanticizes them. The dirty Brooklyn street turns to mud, the Bronx pigeons to pterodactyls. Two totally different first novels about strikingly similar nobodies have now come along. A rare exception to the commonplace-arty rule, "Joy to Levine!" (Knopf), by Norma Stahl Rosen, is honest, accurate, charming, and funny; indeed, it belongs to the honorable lineage of Arthur Kober and the early Jerome Weidman. However, "A Long and Happy Life" (Atheneum), by Reynolds Price, is so arty it is very nearly a parody of the Southern Gothic novel.

"Joy to Levine!" deals with a love affair between semi-cripples, and it doesn't have a sentimental or hysterical bone in it. Indeed, the book is crowded with—well, funny misfits. Arnold Levine, its hero, is a complex but invigorating mess. Levine, the only child of a retired (insurance) Jewish widower, and a thirty-year-old graduate of college and art school, is the promotion director of the New York branch of the Rutborough Shorthand Company, an English firm founded in the nineteenth century by a wealthy condiments manufacturer. But Rutborough shorthand, "The Most Perfect System in the World," takes no less than two years to learn. Accordingly, the New York office is practically defunct; its employees, supported by the London office, have long ago learned how cozy endowed failure can be. Levine has been with Rutborough four years, but has pitied himself far longer. He is thin, ugly, frail, and nearsighted; he is missing his right pinky and he limps because of a childhood accident. He is also dishonest and cowardly, and gives his anxious, vicariously ambitious father selective, glossed-over accounts of his doings. (To his father, Levine is a potential vice-president of a bustling firm.) But the marvellous thing about Levine is that he *knows* all this, and constantly sneers at himself for walking with a limp (the leg has healed completely years ago), shaking hands with his left hand, not buying glasses, and fibbing endlessly to his father. Levine falls in love with Theresa Bialo, a fat, shy, inarticulate, Italian-looking Rutborough secretary with a Bronx accent. Her fatness is not fatness to him; it is a constant dream of rolling hills, endless meadows, richness, ease, and peace. But he has been unsuccessful with women, and he is so cautious with Theresa that he transmits only cool interest. As a result, Theresa gives up Levine and, prompted by her weight-conscious mother, leaves Rutborough to attend a reducing salon, Thincess. He plays the field for a time, and meets nothing but distasteful thin women: "There was something coldly intimate about a skinny girl. You put your hand on her back to guide her through a door and found yourself right down to the backbone. There was nothing sexy, let alone friendly, about a bone. When you took an elbow, it all but pierced your hand. When they gave you an arm, it was like two pieces of jointed wood, hanging on your own arm. . . . Except for a tough staccato of needle heels, they walked silent. Nothing spoke beneath their dresses. Nothing puffed and sighed or whispered 'tsk tsk.' No shapes changed, grew astonishingly rich, and then hid themselves. Under the dress was skin. Under skin was bone." Levine and Theresa, whose course at Thincess shrinks her two dress sizes, have occasional disconsolate telephone conversations, and, after several months, finally meet again. Theresa weeps, Levine grows angry, and then Theresa—master comic stroke—proposes to Levine in Rutborough, which she was teaching him before their separation. In



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laborious Rutborough, Levine answers yes. Theresa, who turns out to be Jewish (her unpronounceable grandfather was labelled Bialo by an immigration official), grows steadily and believably, and so does Levine. She becomes a warm, knowing, still-rivers-run-deep type, and he a kindly realist bent on discarding his neurotic crutches. Their eventual pairing off produces an almost Surrealistic vision: two half people melting into one complementary, outsize whole. But the book is full of other good things. Here is a telephone conversation between Levine and his father:

> "You're not straining your eyes?" his father asked solicitously.
>
> Levine was in no mood. "Listen, Papa, I've been reading all my life."
>
> "I know that. A fabulous reader. I told Zelinka."
>
> "Who's Zelinka?"
>
> His father coughed lightly. "Mrs. Moscowitz."
>
> Levine used the silence to sit up a little higher in bed.
>
> "Guess who is Mrs. Moscowitz's nephew," his father said.
>
> "D. H. Lawrence."
>
> "No, Leonard Bernstein."
>
> "Stop," Arnold said.
>
> "My word of honor," his father said. "Leonard Bernstein, the optometrist."
>
> "Oh."
>
> "You heard of him? He has a wonderful practice. Nobody can see him without an appointment a week ahead."

Equally good are the sad, safe fortress of the Rutborough office (a perfect device that can be taken comfortably any way the reader wishes—as a fascinating backwater, as a decaying world, or as the mythological corpse from which the rich corn sprouts); Levine's chance conversations with a subway guard and the wife of the proprietor of a dry-cleaning establishment; and his father's marriage to Mrs. Moscowitz (Levine's father: "Her room is cold, mine is warm. That's how the whole thing started"). Mrs. Rosen has two priceless gifts: she can write, and she knows how to laugh in the face of life. "Joy to Levine!" is an auspicious beginning.

Reynolds Price's novel has to do with a semi-tragic love affair in a small North Carolina town, and is written in imitation Faulkner—a wearisome and hopeless style, and for a good reason: Faulkner, with his wondrous and often unpardonable convolutions, is inimitable. Even if he weren't, no age could stand more than one Faulkner. Ponder this garble, which opens Price's book:

> Just with his body and from inside like a snake, leaning that black motorcycle side to side, cutting in and out of the slow line

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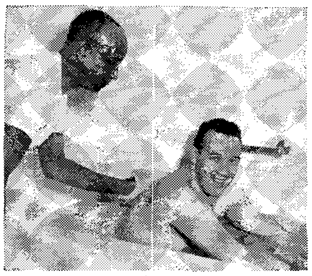

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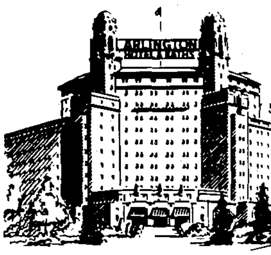

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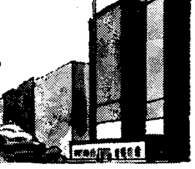

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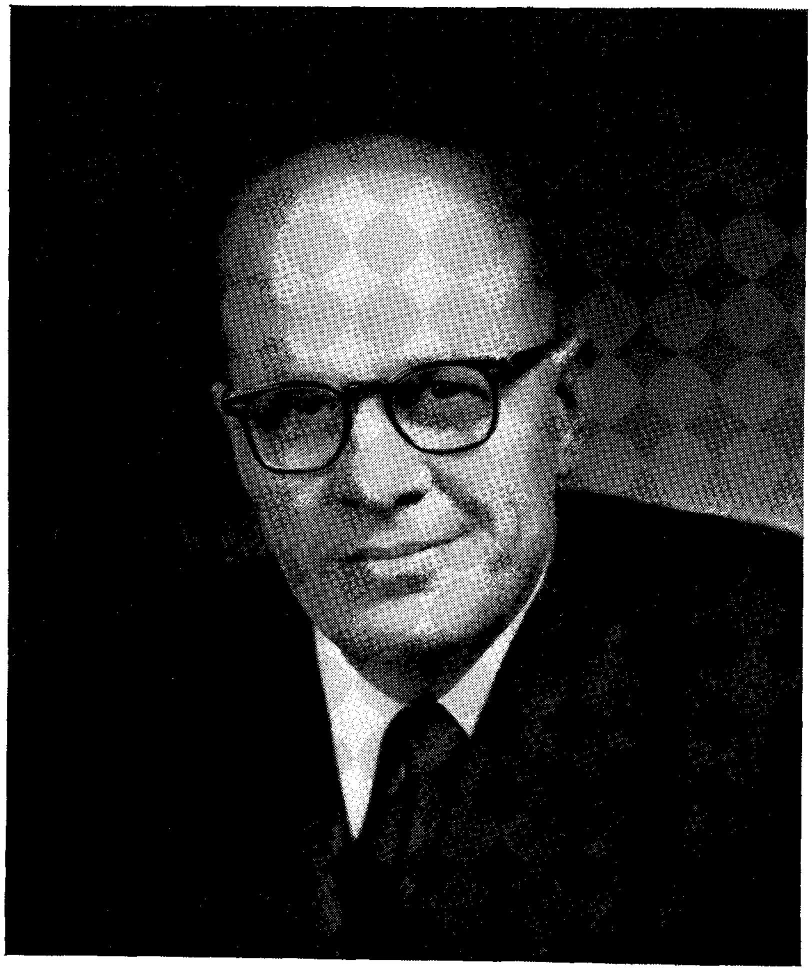

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of cars to get there first, staring due-north through goggles towards Mount Moriah and switching coon tails in everybody's face was Wesley Beavers, and laid against his back like sleep, spraddle-legged on the sheepskin seat behind him was Rosacoke Mustian who was maybe his girl and who had given up looking into the wind and trying to nod at every sad car in the line, and when he even speeded up and passed the truck (lent for the afternoon by Mr. Isaac Alston and driven by Sammy his man, hauling one pine box and one black boy dressed in all he could borrow, set up in a ladder-back chair with flowers banked round him and a foot on the box to steady it)—when he even passed that, Rosacoke said once into his back "Don't" and rested in humiliation, not thinking but with her hands on his hips for dear life and her white blouse blown out behind her like a banner in defeat.

Wesley Beavers, a native of the town of Afton, is an inarticulate twenty-two-year-old hellion who has just got out of the Navy. Rosacoke Mustian (seriously?) is slightly younger and lives with her mother, older brother, sister-in-law, and younger sister. For some reason, she has been in love with Beavers since the day, six years before, when she first saw him resting in a pecan tree. Beavers attempts to seduce Rosacoke, then departs to a new job, as a motorcycle salesman in Norfolk. Rosacoke, pining slowly away, writes him and gets illiterate, noncommittal postcards in return. When he comes home for a visit, Rosacoke, in desperation, seduces him, an experience climaxed by Beavers' blurting out, "I thank you, Mae." Rosacoke discovers that she is pregnant and that she hates Beavers. He offers to marry her, and while she is rehearsing the part of Mary in the Baptist church's annual Christmas pageant, she decides she will accept. (Is this set piece ironic, symbolic, or simply a confused mistake?) And that's the bittersweet end of the book. Had Price chosen to *tell* us his tale—which isn't a bad one—instead of primping it out of shape with Fancy Dan mannerisms, the hot encomiums that cover the book's dust jacket wouldn't sound quite so silly.

Peter De Vries' new novel, "The Blood of the Lamb" (Little, Brown), is not one book but two. The first, which lasts well over a hundred pages, is good standard De Vries. It is funny, oblique, and always a little off the ground, and it deals with the jerking, jolting growth to maturity of a devil-may-care Chicago boy named Wanderhope. At least, it is familiar De Vries on its tightly jocular surface. But underneath there is a queer, increasingly ominous tone. The narrator is a member of a stern Calvinist Dutch Re-

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1. "Cursed Psychologist!" He suddenly cut the conversation short in a rage, and without looking back, left the cell.

2. "Thus was held the funeral for Hector, tamer of horses."

3. *"Take up the bodies! Such a sight as this becomes the field, but here shows much amiss. Go bid the soldiers shoot."*

4. "O, God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

5. "And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

6. *"Shot herself! Shot herself in the temple! Fancy that!" "Good God, people don't do such* things!"

7. She sighed it at last all comically, all tragically away. "I can't indeed resist you."
   "Then there we are," said Strether.

8. On the second day a sail drew near, nearer, and picked me up at last. It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her returning search after her missing children, only found another orphan.

9. *Stein had aged greatly of late. He feels it himself, and says after that he is "preparing to leave all this, preparing to leave . . ." while he waves his hand sadly at his butterflies.*

10. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

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*Selections by Clifton Fadiman.

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formed family; his brother dies a heretic at an early age; their father becomes a drunk and goes mad; the narrator marries a woman who bears him a girl, takes to drink, and commits suicide. Suddenly this alien undertone turns to black anger, and the second book, of just under a hundred pages, begins. Wanderhope's child (she is eleven) gets leukemia and, after holding her own beautifully for some months, comes down with a staphylococcus infection in the hospital and dies. This book is written at white heat, in grief-stricken anger against God and man. The most sustained thing De Vries has done, it is a book of lamentation—terrible, naked, and almost unbearable. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL, by Robert Molloy (Doubleday). Mr. Molloy, a good novelist, has written a quiet, competent book about the tragedy of a fifty-three-year-old American named Gerry Crofts. It is tragedy in a very low key, hardly more, at its height, than a bewildered protest at the simple poverty of a life that could just as easily have been great. Gerry, who once hoped to be a serious musician, is an executive of a handbag factory in a suburb of New York called Fairmeadows. He owns a comfortable, old-fashioned, expensive house, and has been married for more than thirty years to a peevish, demanding woman who is satisfied with no one in the world except herself. This book is the story of Gerry's life, and of his one fumbling attempt to find, if not happiness or freedom, at least something of the variety of life. Mr. Molloy writes about almost colorless people with spectacular success, and he gives us a sadly diverting picture of social gatherings among the suburban bohemians, or semi-bohemians.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP, by Alison Lurie (Macmillan). This long, clever first novel, which is often very tedious, describes the lives of young faculty people in a New England college town. Emmy Turner, who is rich and beautiful and vague, and has been married for five years to a dull but ambitious young instructor, risks her quiet domestic life on an affair with an aggressive music instructor who talks a great deal. Then there are various college scandals and accidents and lengthy and frequently witty descriptions of local characters, including Emmy's clean-

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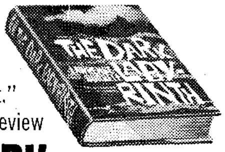

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ing woman. The atmosphere is brisk and young.

GENERAL

The Legacy of Hiroshima, by Edward Teller, with Allen Brown (Doubleday). An exciting catalogue of Dr. Teller's forthright opinions on a host of controversial questions. Our legacy, Dr. Teller believes, is a drastic speedup in the timing of world events; by the year 2045 there will be world government of some kind, he predicts, and the critical question is whether it will be democratic and free or Communist, with society itself, rather than the individual human being, serving as the measure of all values. Our own military strength, as Dr. Teller sees things, provides the chance that it may be free; he looks on preparedness and peace (with freedom) as two parts of a single goal, not as alternatives. Military strength may give us time and the opportunity to arrange world unity by consent, he believes. Consequently, he recommends, among other things, adequate shelters for the entire population, together with planning and stockpiling and everything else that national survival following an all-out nuclear attack would require. (He rejects the argument that survival is impossible, obviously.) Such preparation, combined with secure retaliatory forces, is the way to make sure that the attack will never come. At the same time—as the other part of the two-part effort—Dr. Teller favors a tremendous increase in our efforts to establish a just, secure, worldwide Government of Man, beginning with immediate abandonment of our goal of further increases in the United States' standard of living. Although Dr. Teller occasionally writes as if propositions were correct because Dr. Teller holds them, his appeal is powerful and impassioned—and he has been right so often in the past that his convictions, as convictions, can hardly be disregarded.

The Rothschilds: A Family Portrait, by Frederic Morton (Atheneum). Mr. Morton begins his chatty, awe-stricken chronicle in 1764, when Mayer Rothschild, a dreamy former rabbinical student, joined his brothers in a pitiful second-hand shop in Frankfurt am Main's wretched ghetto. Mayer, as Mr. Morton describes him, had none of the makings of a tycoon, but, despite formidable obstacles, he became one. His five sons extended the family's financial

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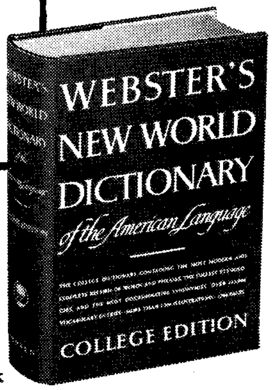

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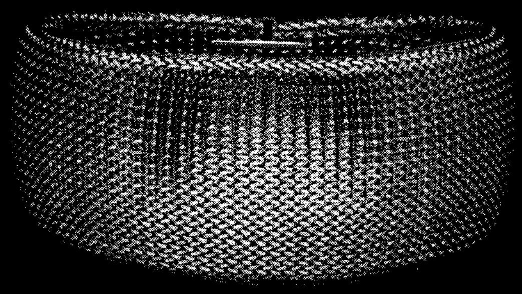

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empire throughout Europe; it flourishes today. Mr. Morton's book appeals to a natural human delight in the rise of an underdog, even if his methods are dog-eat-dog. Besides, the Rothschilds exemplify all sorts of worthy qualities—family loyalty, regal charity, piety, patriotism, impeccable manners, and every variety of chic that the world has seen in the past two centuries. Yet the main activity of the House of Rothschild has been the acquisition of money—a pursuit that the author's fan-magazine approach to his subject can neither disguise nor ennoble. Mr. Morton has made a silk purse out of a silk purse.

GEORGE ORWELL: FUGITIVE FROM THE CAMP OF VICTORY, by Richard Rees (Southern Illinois). A primer on George Orwell, written by an Englishman who knew him and who published some of his earliest work. Sir Richard is meticulous about the biographical facts, carefully criticizes all of Orwell's works, and gets in his own perspicacious views of an honest, puzzling, attractive man.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BALLAD OF THE RUNNING MAN, by Shelley Smith (Harper). The suspense in this English mystery story depends on the carrying out of a flamboyant plan rather than on its outcome, which is indicated on the first page. Rex Buchanan, a handsome, reckless ex-R.A.F. pilot who is only scraping a living in the post-war world, hits upon an idea for defrauding life-insurance companies. With the help of his beautiful young wife, Paula, he embarks on his scheme, which is calculated to bring them an enormous amount of money in about three years. The story, which is well told, begins in London, goes on to a suburb of Birmingham and from there to South Africa, and ends in France.

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